MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

SEPTEMBER 1941

No. 23

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JORDANS
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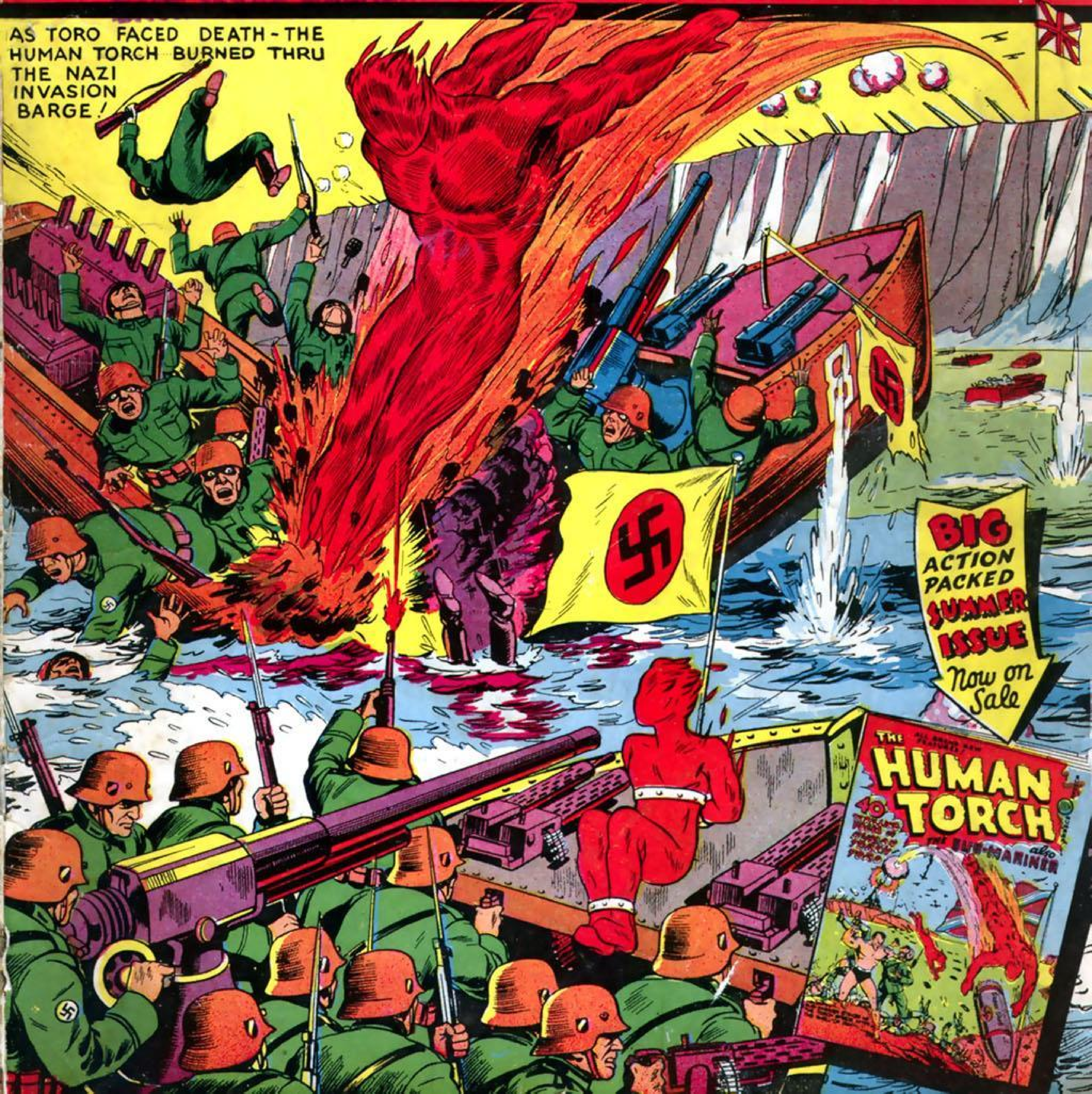
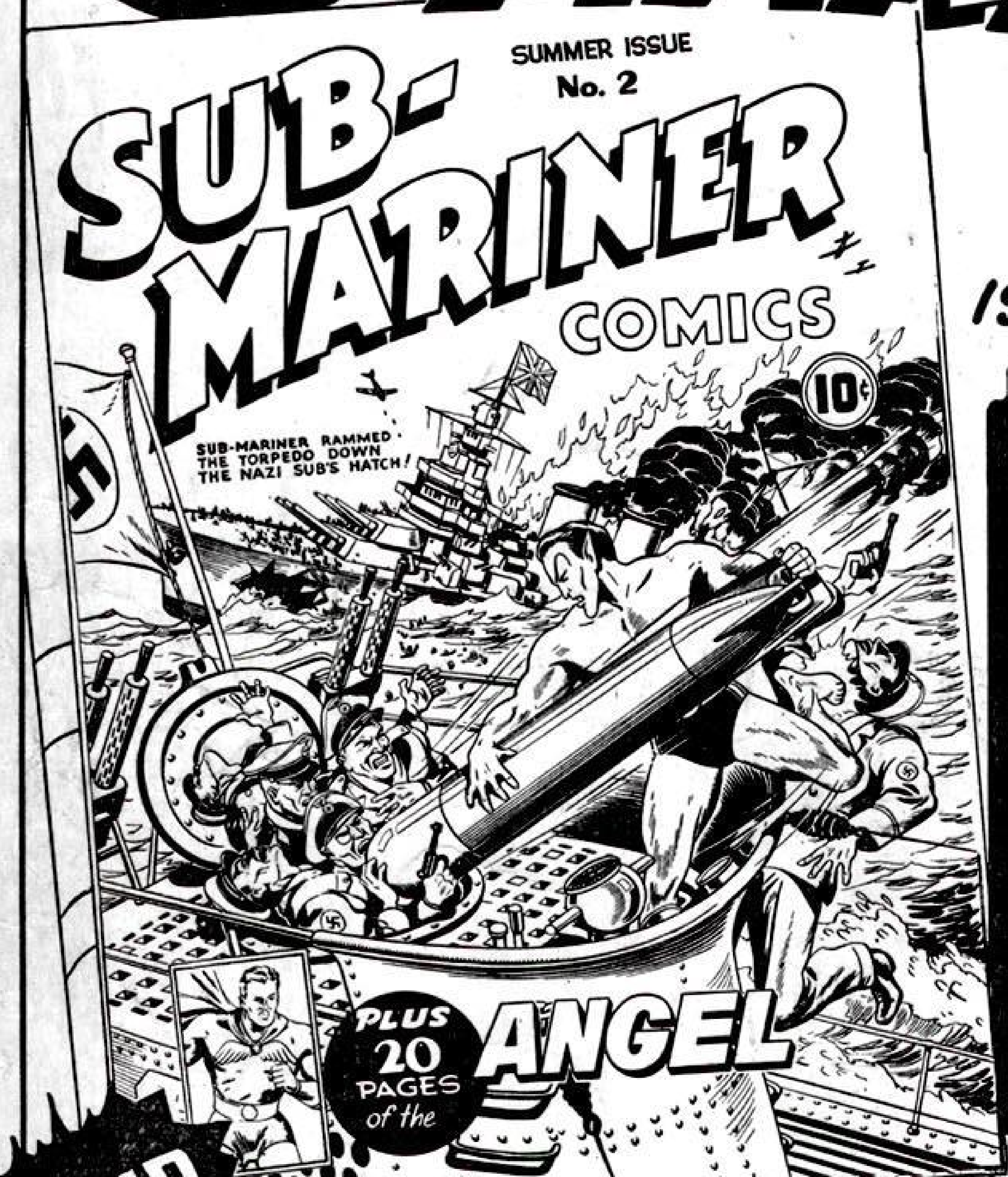
BACK ISSUE MAGAZINES


AS TORO FACED DEATH - THE HUMAN TORCH BURNED THRU THE NAZI INVASION BARGE!
BIG ACTION PACKED SUMMER ISSUE Now on Sale
THE HUMAN TORCH
40
also THE SUB-MARINER

BIG NEW SUB-MARINER



NO. 2

IS NOW ON SALE!

THRILL

TO THE BLOOD-CURDLING ADVENTURES OF THE MIGHTY MONARCH OF THE SEAS IN 40 PAGES OF SLAM-BANG *SUB MARINER ADVENTURES!*

ALSO

READ THE AMAZING TALE OF THE **SLAVES OF THE PYTHON** AS THE FIGHT-LOVING **ANGEL** BATTLES THE HUMAN SERPENT IN 20 FULL PAGES OF THE MOST SENSATIONAL COMIC ADVENTURE EVER PRINTED!

AND DON'T MISS YOUR COPY OF THE NEW

MYSTIC COMICS

WE DARE YOU TO LOOK BETWEEN THE COVERS OF AMERICA'S MOST EERIE, SPINE-CHILLING COMIC THRILLER!

• • •

THE THRILL-A-MINUTE ACTION STORIES ARE FOR REAL, RED-BLOODED YOUTHS WHO LIKE THEIR EXCITEMENT IN LARGE DOSES!

• • •

SO GET A COPY AND FOLLOW THE DARING ADVENTURES OF THE *BLACK MARVEL, THE TERROR, THE BLAZING SKULL, AND THE CHALLENGER*—LED BY THE NEWEST AND MOST DARINGLY DIFFERENT CHARACTER IN ANY COMIC MAGAZINE—***THE MIGHTY DESTROYER.***

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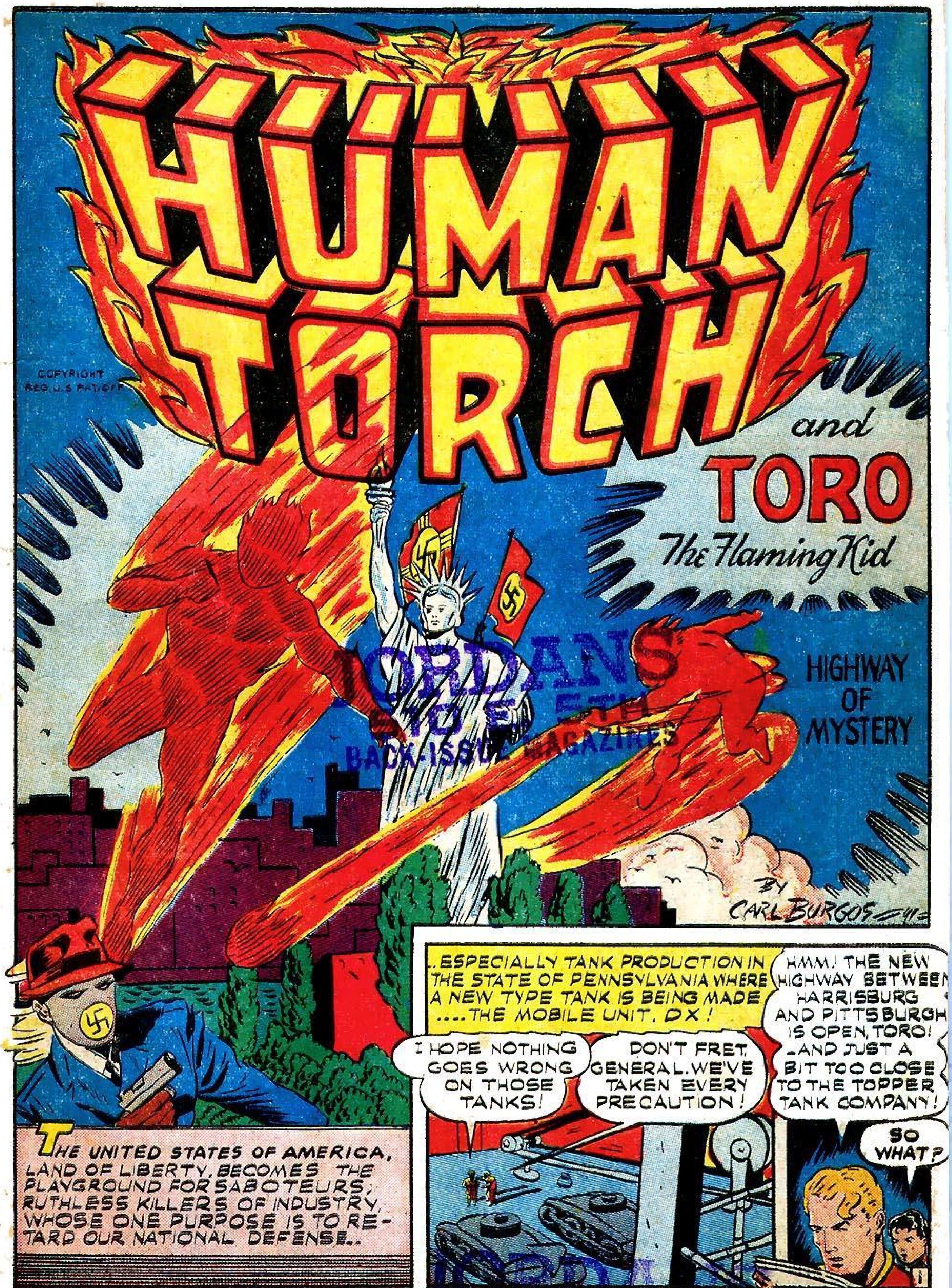
HUMAN TORCH
COPYRIGHT REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
and TORO The Flaming Kid
HIGHWAY OF MYSTERY
BY CARL BURGOS
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, LAND OF LIBERTY, BECOMES THE PLAYGROUND FOR SABOTEURS, RUTHLESS KILLERS OF INDUSTRY, WHOSE ONE PURPOSE IS TO RETARD OUR NATIONAL DEFENSE..
..ESPECIALLY TANK PRODUCTION IN THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA WHERE A NEW TYPE TANK IS BEING MADE ....THE MOBILE UNIT, DX!
I HOPE NOTHING GOES WRONG ON THOSE TANKS!
DON'T FRET, GENERAL. WE'VE TAKEN EVERY PRECAUTION!
HMM! THE NEW HIGHWAY BETWEEN HARRISBURG AND PITTSBURGH IS OPEN, TORO! ..AND JUST A BIT TOO CLOSE TO THE TOPPER TANK COMPANY!
SO WHAT?

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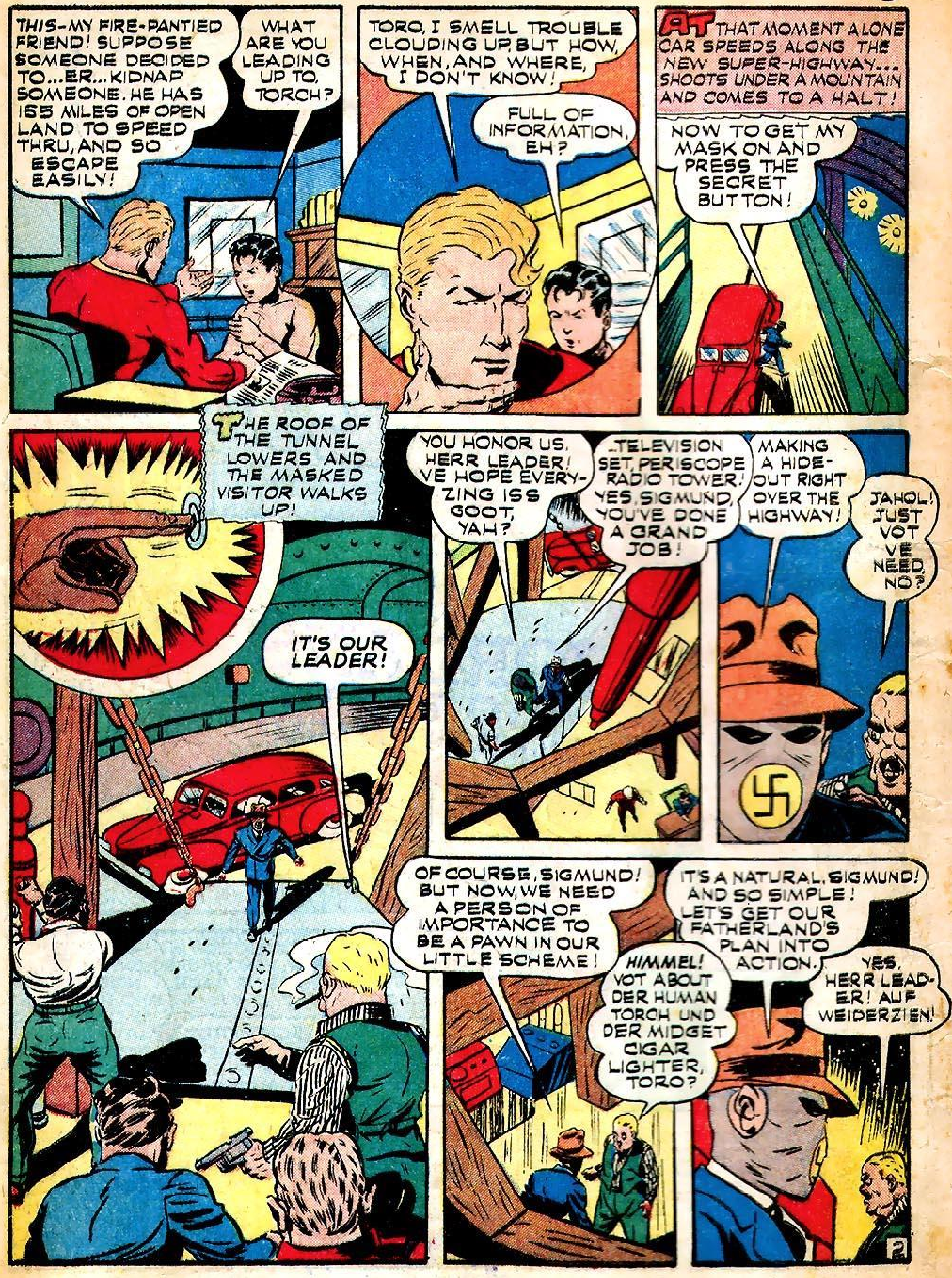
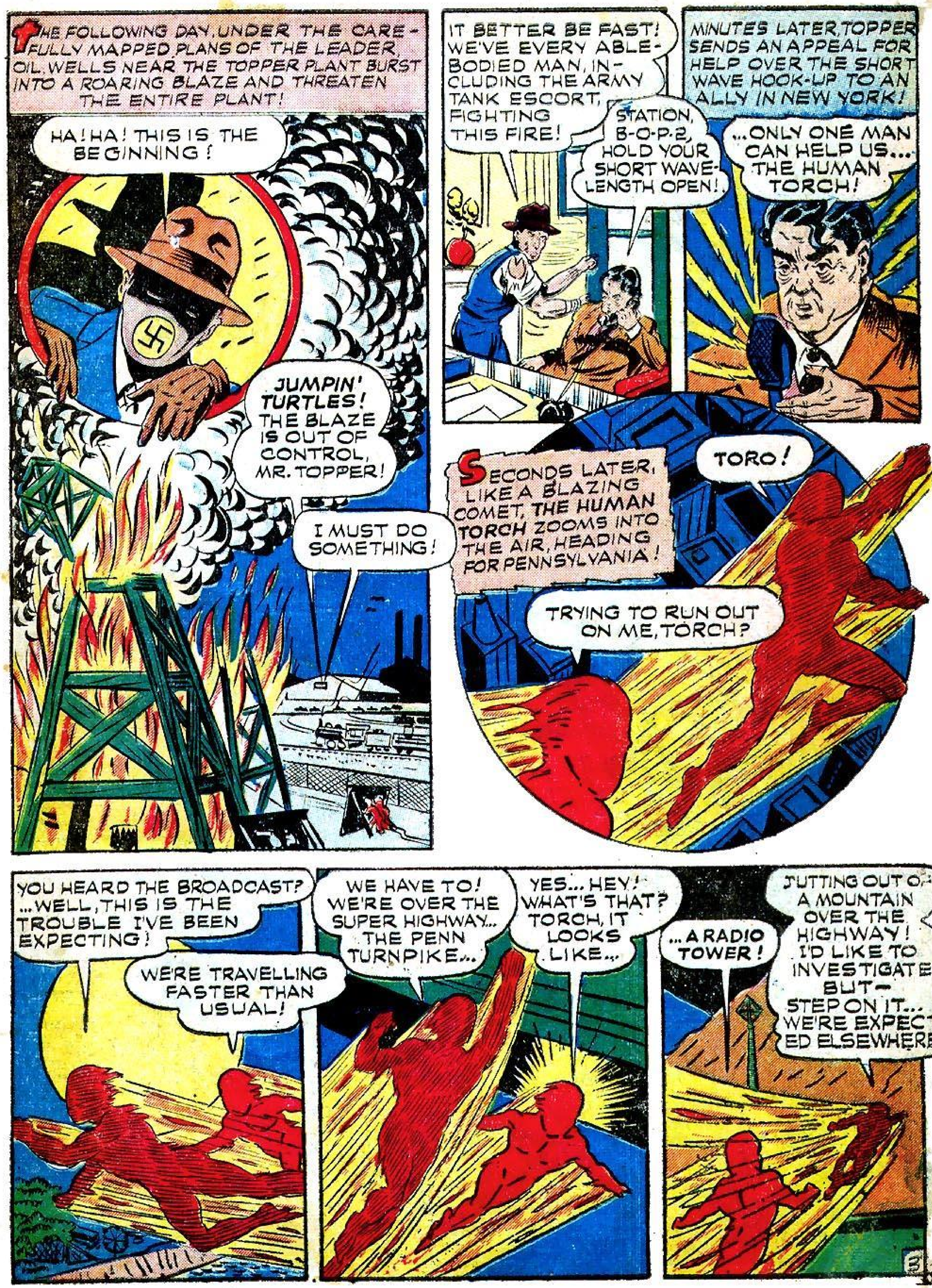
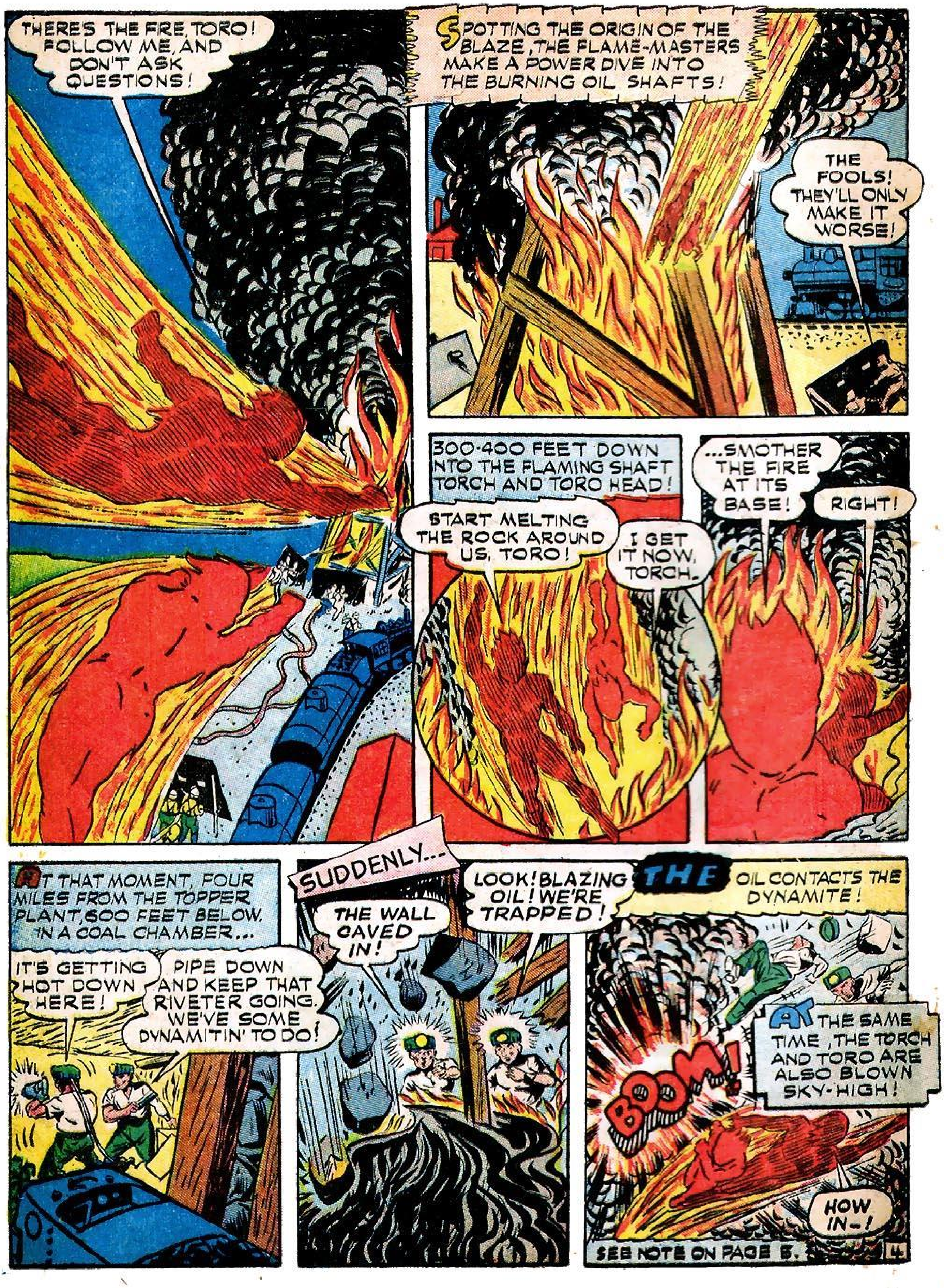
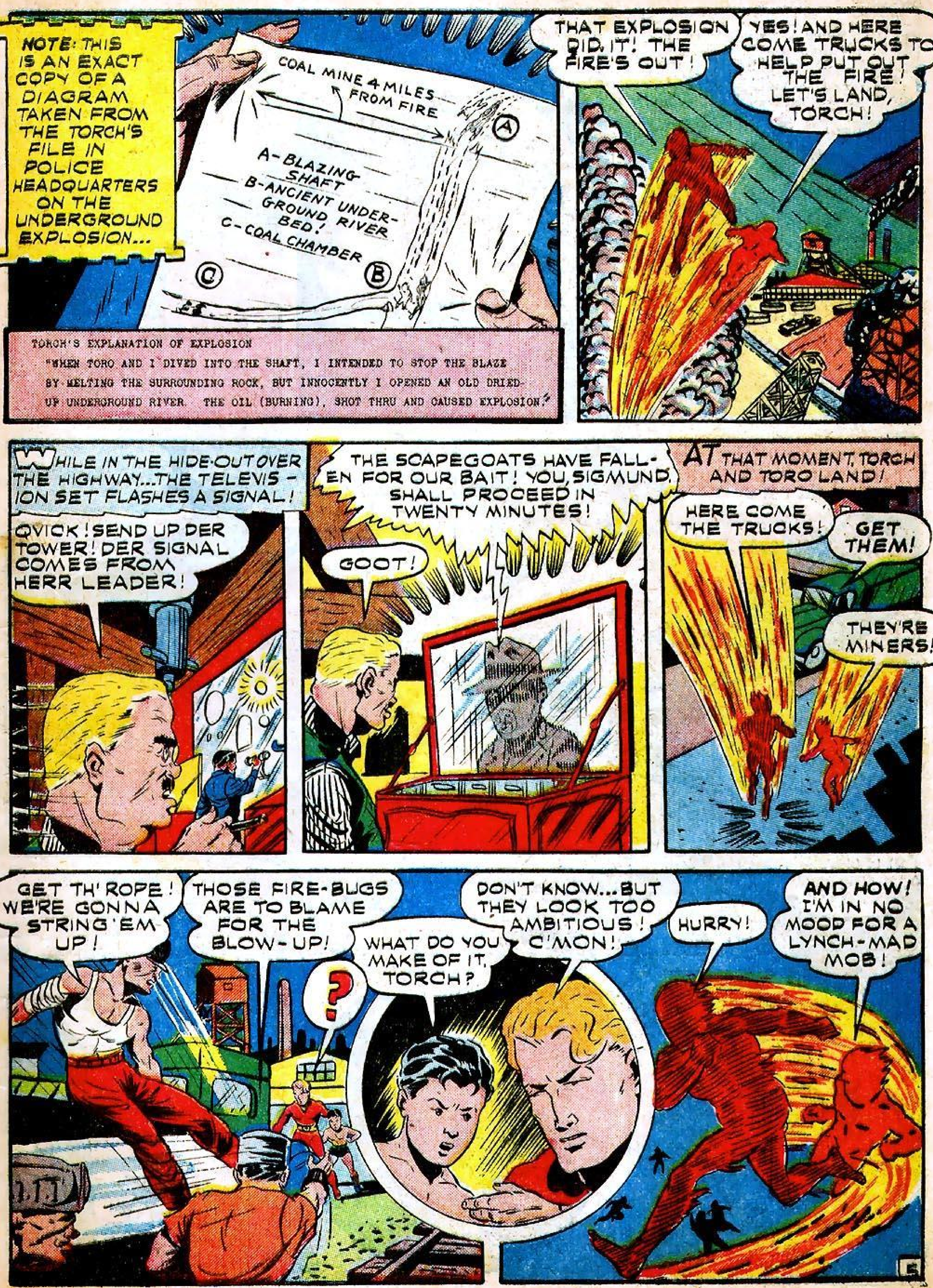
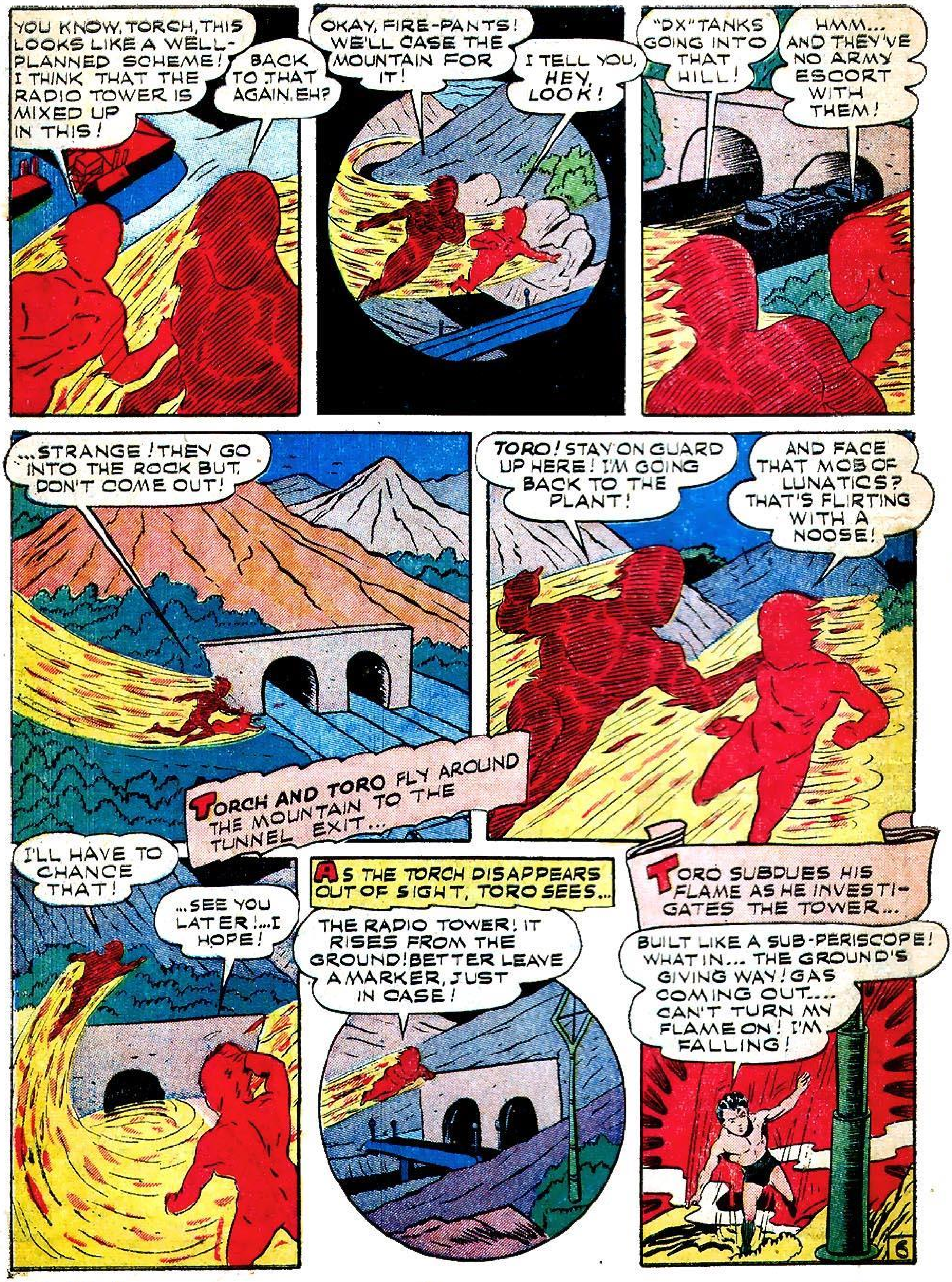
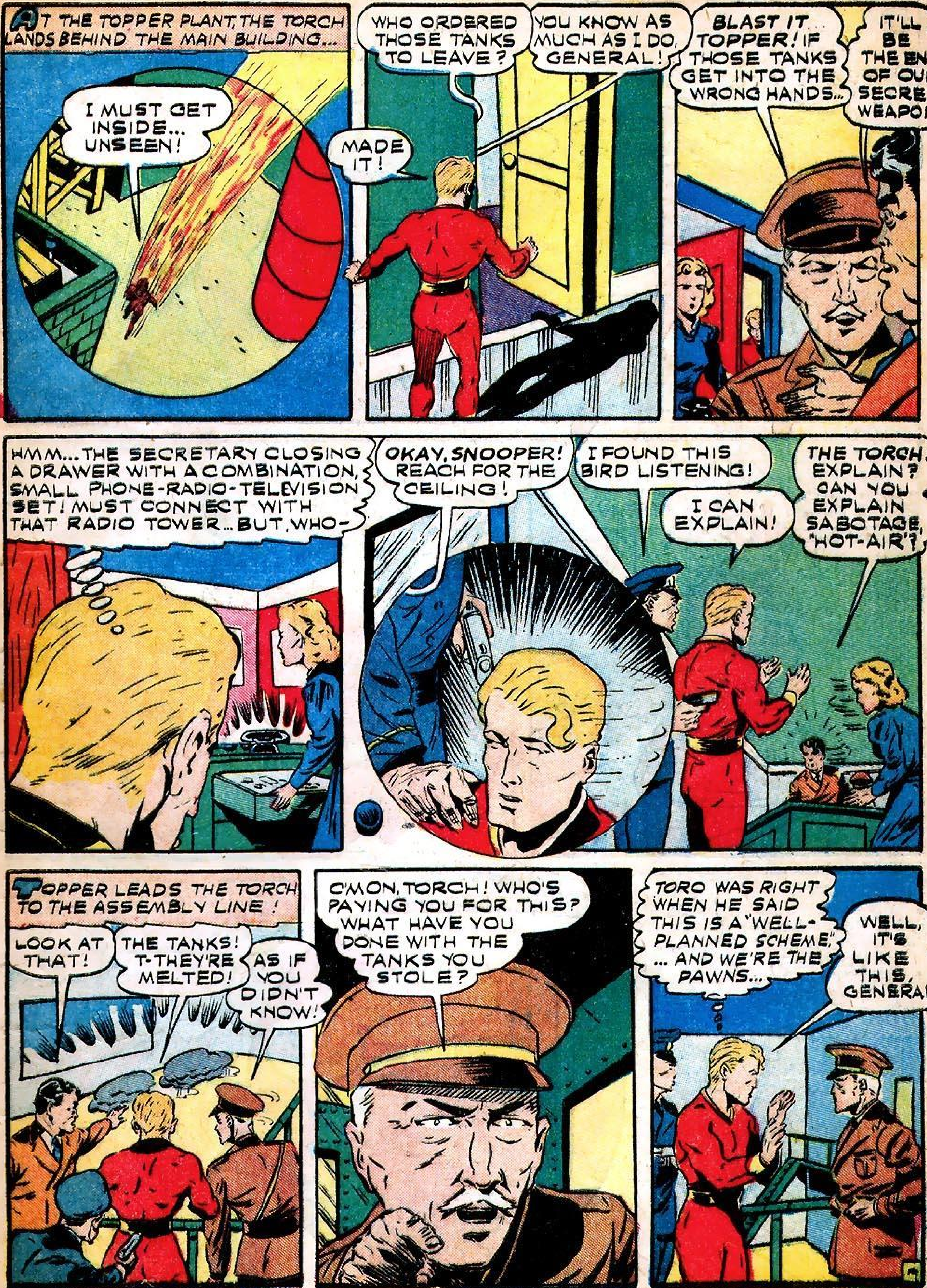

THIS-MY FIRE-PANTIED FRIEND! SUPPOSE SOMEONE DECIDED TO...ER...KIDNAP SOMEONE. HE HAS 165 MILES OF OPEN LAND TO SPEED THRU, AND SO ESCAPE EASILY!
WHAT ARE YOU LEADING UP TO, TORCH?
TORO, I SMELL TROUBLE CLOUDING UP, BUT HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE, I DON'T KNOW!
FULL OF INFORMATION, EH?
AT THAT MOMENT A LONE CAR SPEEDS ALONG THE NEW SUPER-HIGHWAY... SHOOTS UNDER A MOUNTAIN AND COMES TO A HALT!
NOW TO GET MY MASK ON AND PRESS THE SECRET BUTTON!
THE ROOF OF THE TUNNEL LOWERS AND THE MASKED VISITOR WALKS UP!
IT'S OUR LEADER!
YOU HONOR US, HERR LEADER! VE HOPE EVERY-ZING ISS GOOT, YAH?
...TELEVISION SET, PERISCOPE RADIO TOWER! YES, SIGMUND, YOU'VE DONE A GRAND JOB!
MAKING A HIDE-OUT RIGHT OVER THE HIGHWAY!
JAHOL! JUST VOT VE NEED, NO?
OF COURSE, SIGMUND! BUT NOW, WE NEED A PERSON OF IMPORTANCE TO BE A PAWN IN OUR LITTLE SCHEME!
HIMMEL! VOT ABOUT DER HUMAN TORCH UND DER MIDGET CIGAR LIGHTER, TORO?
IT'S A NATURAL, SIGMUND! AND SO SIMPLE! LET'S GET OUR FATHERLAND'S PLAN INTO ACTION.
YES, HERR LEADER! AUF WEIDERZIEN!

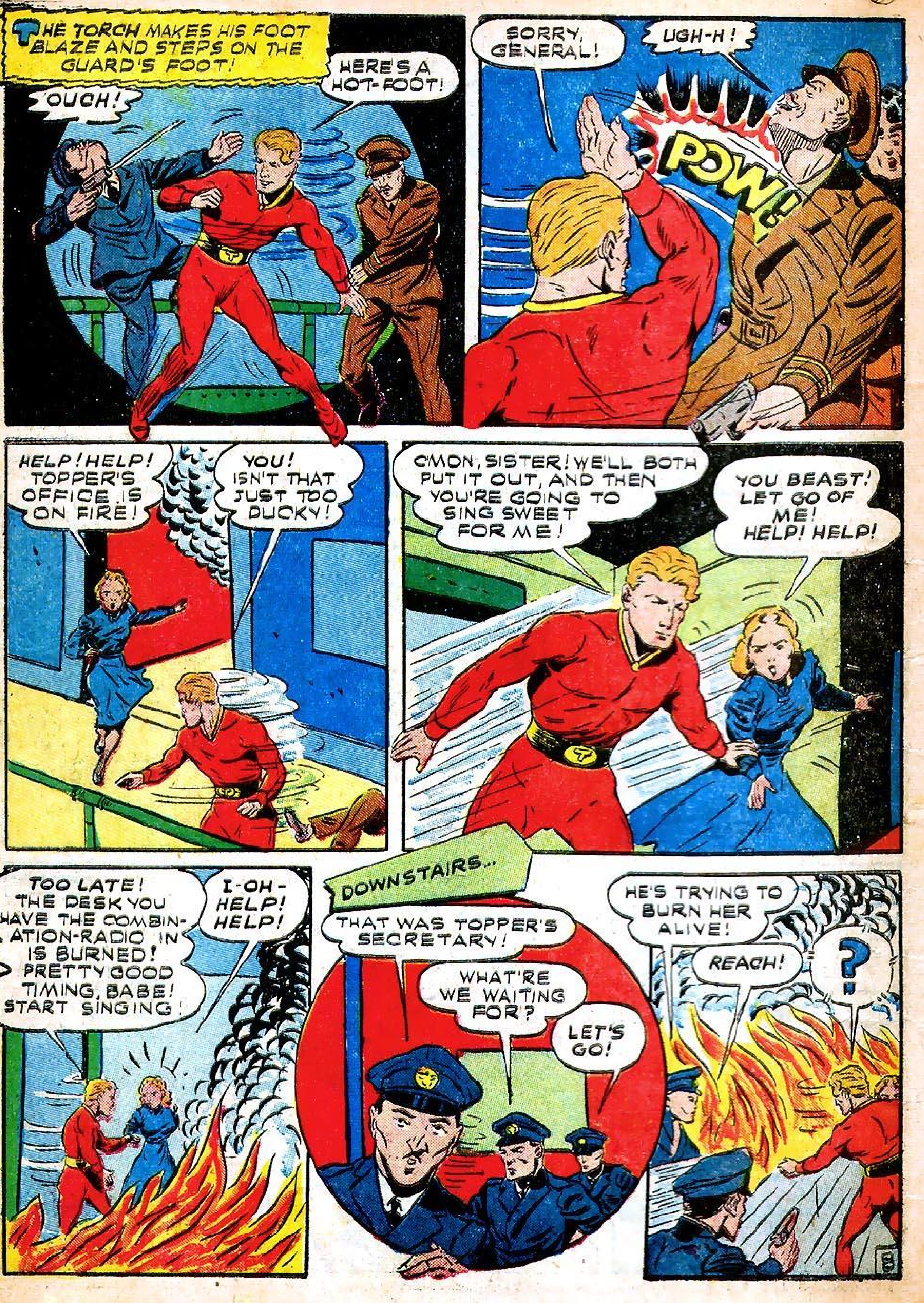

THE FOLLOWING DAY, UNDER THE CAREFULLY MAPPED PLANS OF THE LEADER OIL WELLS NEAR THE TOPPER PLANT BURST INTO A ROARING BLAZE AND THREATEN THE ENTIRE PLANT!
HA! HA! THIS IS THE BEGINNING!
JUMPIN' TURTLES! THE BLAZE IS OUT OF CONTROL, MR. TOPPER!
I MUST DO SOMETHING!
IT BETTER BE FAST! WE'VE EVERY ABLE-BODIED MAN, INCLUDING THE ARMY TANK ESCORT, FIGHTING THIS FIRE!
STATION, B-O-P-2, HOLD YOUR SHORT WAVE-LENGTH OPEN!
MINUTES LATER, TOPPER SENDS AN APPEAL FOR HELP OVER THE SHORT WAVE HOOK-UP TO AN ALLY IN NEW YORK!
...ONLY ONE MAN CAN HELP US... THE HUMAN TORCH!
SECONDS LATER, LIKE A BLAZING COMET, THE HUMAN TORCH ZOOMS INTO THE AIR, HEADING FOR PENNSYLVANIA!
TORO!
TRYING TO RUN OUT ON ME, TORCH?
YOU HEARD THE BROADCAST? ...WELL, THIS IS THE TROUBLE I'VE BEEN EXPECTING!
WE'RE TRAVELLING FASTER THAN USUAL!
WE HAVE TO! WE'RE OVER THE SUPER HIGHWAY... THE PENN TURNPIKE...
YES... HEY! WHAT'S THAT? TORCH, IT LOOKS LIKE...
...A RADIO TOWER!
JUTTING OUT O A MOUNTAIN OVER THE HIGHWAY! I'D LIKE TO INVESTIGATE, BUT— STEP ON IT... WE'RE EXPECTED ELSEWHERE!

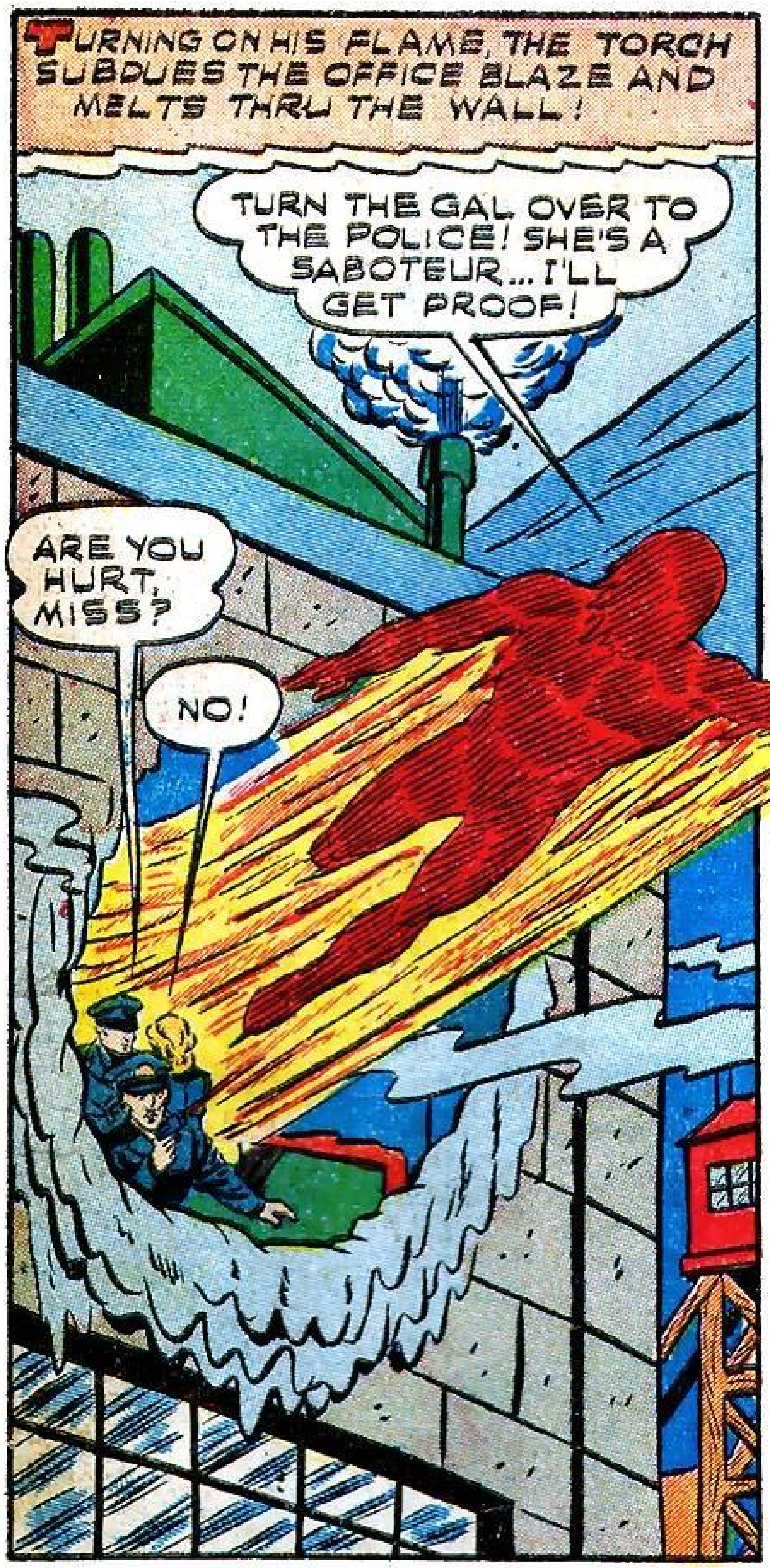

THERE'S THE FIRE, TORO! FOLLOW ME, AND DON'T ASK QUESTIONS!
SPOTTING THE ORIGIN OF THE BLAZE, THE FLAME-MASTERS MAKE A POWER DIVE INTO THE BURNING OIL SHAFTS!
THE FOOLS! THEY'LL ONLY MAKE IT WORSE!
300-400 FEET DOWN NTO THE FLAMING SHAFT TORCH AND TORO HEAD!
START MELTING THE ROCK AROUND US, TORO!
I GET IT NOW, TORCH.
...SMOTHER THE FIRE AT ITS BASE!
RIGHT!
AT THAT MOMENT, FOUR MILES FROM THE TOPPER PLANT, 600 FEET BELOW, IN A COAL CHAMBER...
IT'S GETTING HOT DOWN HERE!
PIPE DOWN AND KEEP THAT RIVETER GOING. WE'VE SOME DYNAMITIN' TO DO!
SUDDENLY...
THE WALL CAVED IN!
LOOK! BLAZING OIL! WE'RE TRAPPED!
THE OIL CONTACTS THE DYNAMITE!
BOOM!
AT THE SAME TIME, THE TORCH AND TORO ARE ALSO BLOWN SKY-HIGH!
HOW IN-!
SEE NOTE ON PAGE 5.

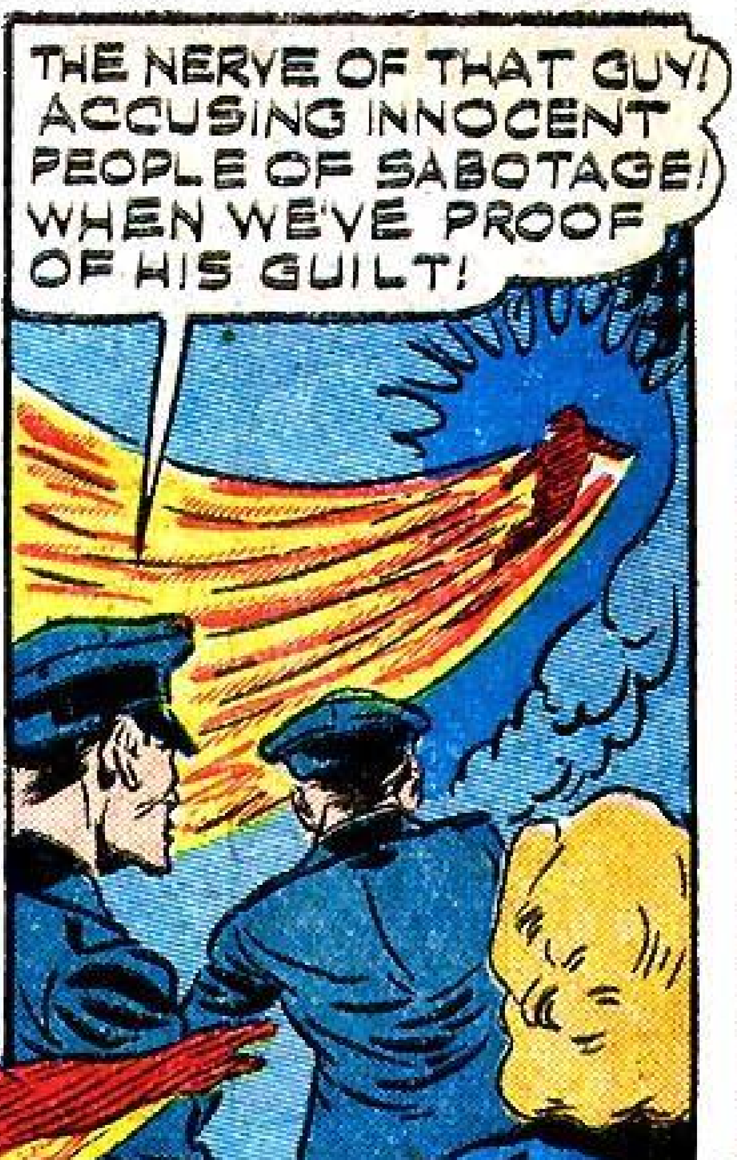

NOTE: THIS IS AN EXACT COPY OF A DIAGRAM TAKEN FROM THE TORCH'S FILE IN POLICE HEADQUARTERS ON THE UNDERGROUND EXPLOSION...
COAL MINE 4 MILES FROM FIRE
A
A-BLAZING SHAFT
B-ANCIENT UNDERGROUND RIVER BED!
C-COAL CHAMBER
C
B
TORCH'S EXPLANATION OF EXPLOSION
"WHEN TORO AND I DIVED INTO THE SHAFT, I INTENDED TO STOP THE BLAZE BY MELTING THE SURROUNDING ROCK, BUT INNOCENTLY I OPENED AN OLD DRIED-UP UNDERGROUND RIVER. THE OIL (BURNING), SHOT THRU AND CAUSED EXPLOSION."
THAT EXPLOSION DID IT! THE FIRE'S OUT!
YES! AND HERE COME TRUCKS TO HELP PUT OUT THE FIRE! LET'S LAND, TORCH!
WHILE IN THE HIDE-OUT OVER THE HIGHWAY...THE TELEVISION SET FLASHES A SIGNAL!
QVICK! SEND UP DER TOWER! DER SIGNAL COMES FROM HERR LEADER!
THE SCAPEGOATS HAVE FALLEN FOR OUR BAIT! YOU, SIGMUND, SHALL PROCEED IN TWENTY MINUTES!
GOOT!
AT THAT MOMENT, TORCH AND TORO LAND!
HERE COME THE TRUCKS!
GET THEM!
THEY'RE MINERS!
GET TH' ROPE! WE'RE GONNA STRING 'EM UP!
THOSE FIRE-BUGS ARE TO BLAME FOR THE BLOW-UP!
?
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, TORCH?
DON'T KNOW...BUT THEY LOOK TOO AMBITIOUS! C'MON!
HURRY!
AND HOW! I'M IN NO MOOD FOR A LYNCH-MAD MOB!

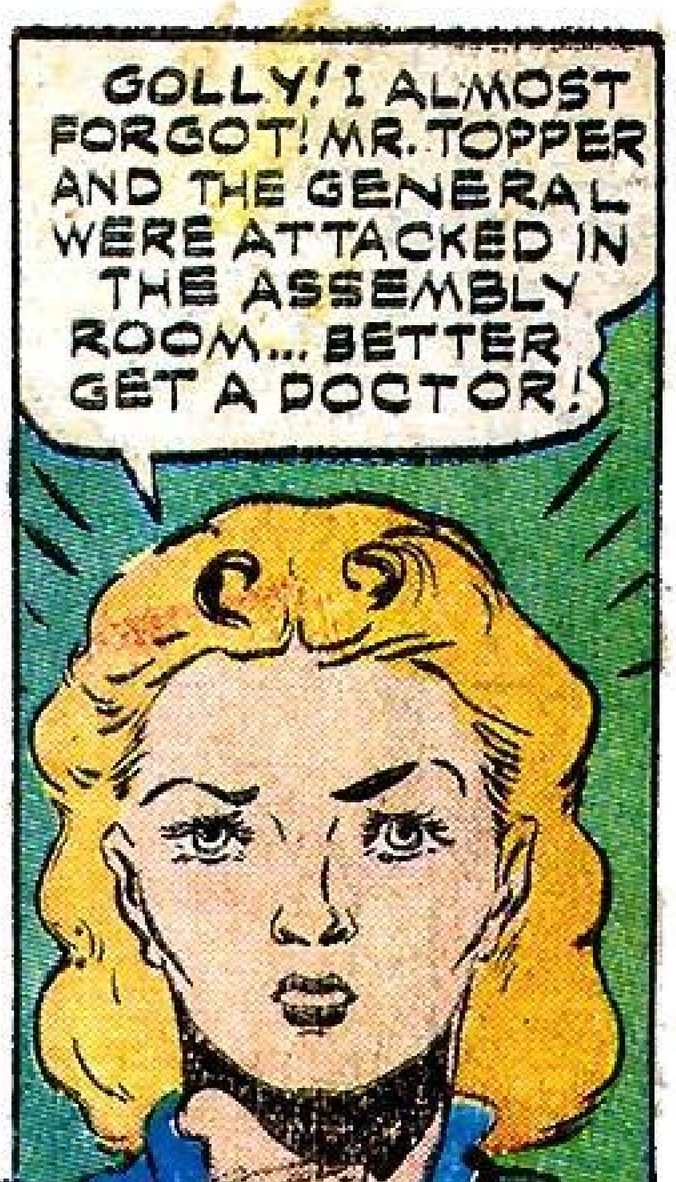

YOU KNOW, TORCH, THIS LOOKS LIKE A WELL-PLANNED SCHEME! I THINK THAT THE RADIO TOWER IS MIXED UP IN THIS!
BACK TO THAT AGAIN, EH?
OKAY, FIRE-PANTS! WE'LL CASE THE MOUNTAIN FOR IT!
I TELL YOU, HEY, LOOK!
"DX" TANKS GOING INTO THAT HILL!
HMM... AND THEY'VE NO ARMY ESCORT WITH THEM!
...STRANGE! THEY GO INTO THE ROCK BUT, DON'T COME OUT!
TORCH AND TORO FLY AROUND THE MOUNTAIN TO THE TUNNEL EXIT...
TORO! STAY ON GUARD UP HERE! I'M GOING BACK TO THE PLANT!
AND FACE THAT MOB OF LUNATICS? THAT'S FLIRTING WITH A NOOSE!
I'LL HAVE TO CHANCE THAT!
...SEE YOU LATER!...I HOPE!
AS THE TORCH DISAPPEARS OUT OF SIGHT, TORO SEES...
THE RADIO TOWER! IT RISES FROM THE GROUND! BETTER LEAVE A MARKER, JUST IN CASE!
TORO SUBDUES HIS FLAME AS HE INVESTIGATES THE TOWER...
BUILT LIKE A SUB-PERISCOPE! WHAT IN... THE GROUND'S GIVING WAY! GAS COMING OUT.... CAN'T TURN MY FLAME ON! I'M FALLING!

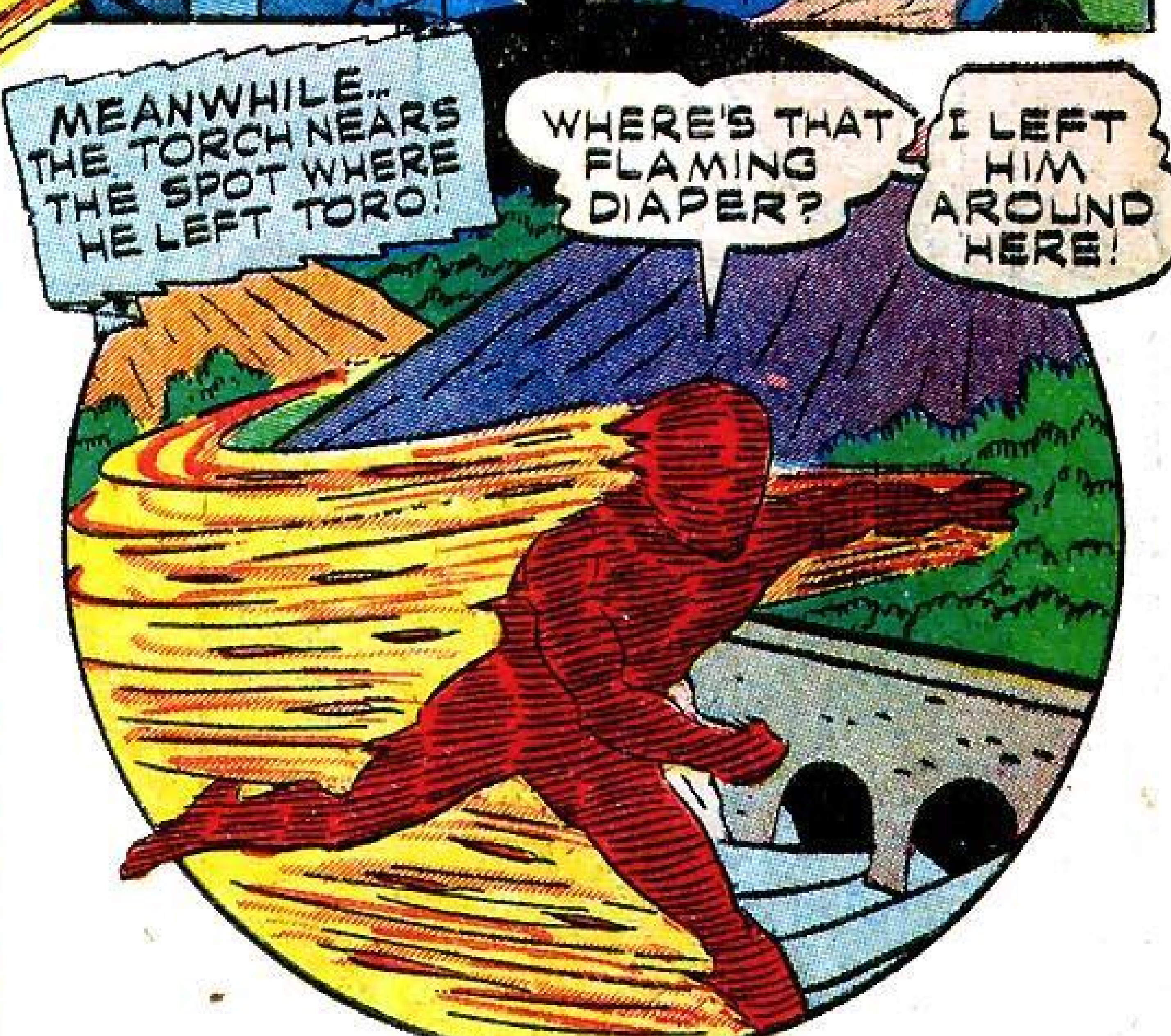

AT THE TOPPER PLANT, THE TORCH LANDS BEHIND THE MAIN BUILDING...
I MUST GET INSIDE... UNSEEN!
WHO ORDERED THOSE TANKS TO LEAVE?
YOU KNOW AS MUCH AS I DO, GENERAL!
MADE IT!
BLAST IT... TOPPER! IF THOSE TANKS GET INTO THE WRONG HANDS...
IT'LL BE THE END OF OUR SECRET WEAPON
HMM... THE SECRETARY CLOSING A DRAWER WITH A COMBINATION, SMALL PHONE-RADIO-TELEVISION SET! MUST CONNECT WITH THAT RADIO TOWER... BUT, WHO-
OKAY, SNOOPER! REACH FOR THE CEILING!
I FOUND THIS BIRD LISTENING!
I CAN EXPLAIN!
THE TORCH! EXPLAIN? CAN YOU EXPLAIN SABOTAGE, "HOT-AIR"?
TOPPER LEADS THE TORCH TO THE ASSEMBLY LINE!
LOOK AT THAT!
THE TANKS! T-THEY'RE MELTED!
AS IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW!
C'MON, TORCH! WHO'S PAYING YOU FOR THIS? WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE TANKS YOU STOLE?
TORO WAS RIGHT WHEN HE SAID THIS IS A "WELL-PLANNED SCHEME"... AND WE'RE THE PAWNS...
WELL, IT'S LIKE THIS, GENERAL:

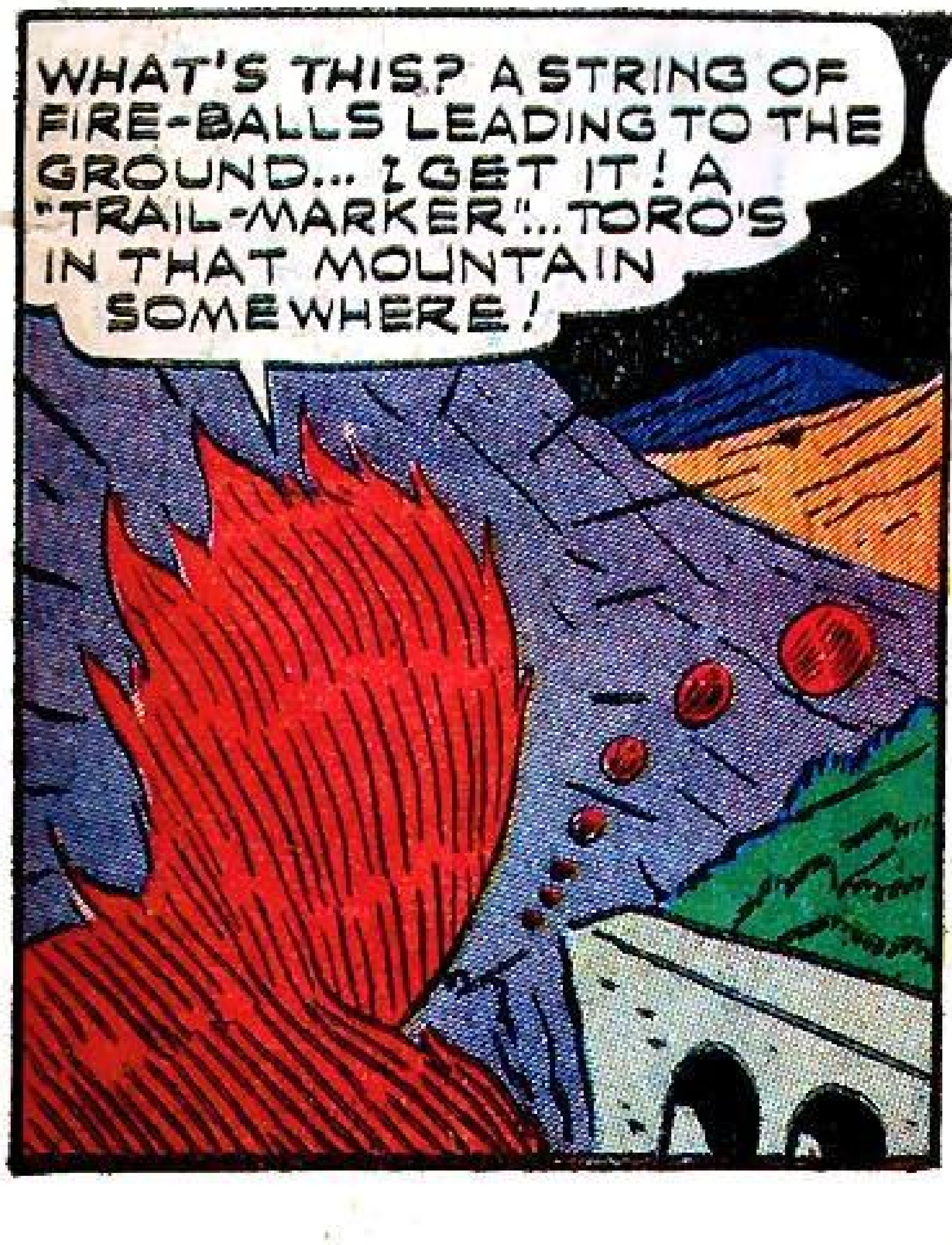

THE TORCH MAKES HIS FOOT BLAZE AND STEPS ON THE GUARD'S FOOT!
HERE'S A HOT-FOOT!
OUCH!
SORRY, GENERAL!
UGH-H!
POW!!
HELP! HELP! TOPPER'S OFFICE IS ON FIRE!
YOU! ISN'T THAT JUST TOO DUCKY!
C'MON, SISTER! WE'LL BOTH PUT IT OUT, AND THEN YOU'RE GOING TO SING SWEET FOR ME!
YOU BEAST! LET GO OF ME! HELP! HELP!
TOO LATE! THE DESK YOU HAVE THE COMBINATION-RADIO IN IS BURNED! PRETTY GOOD TIMING, BABE! START SINGING!
I-OH-HELP! HELP!
DOWNSTAIRS...
THAT WAS TOPPER'S SECRETARY!
WHAT'RE WE WAITING FOR?
LET'S GO!
HE'S TRYING TO BURN HER ALIVE!
REACH!
?

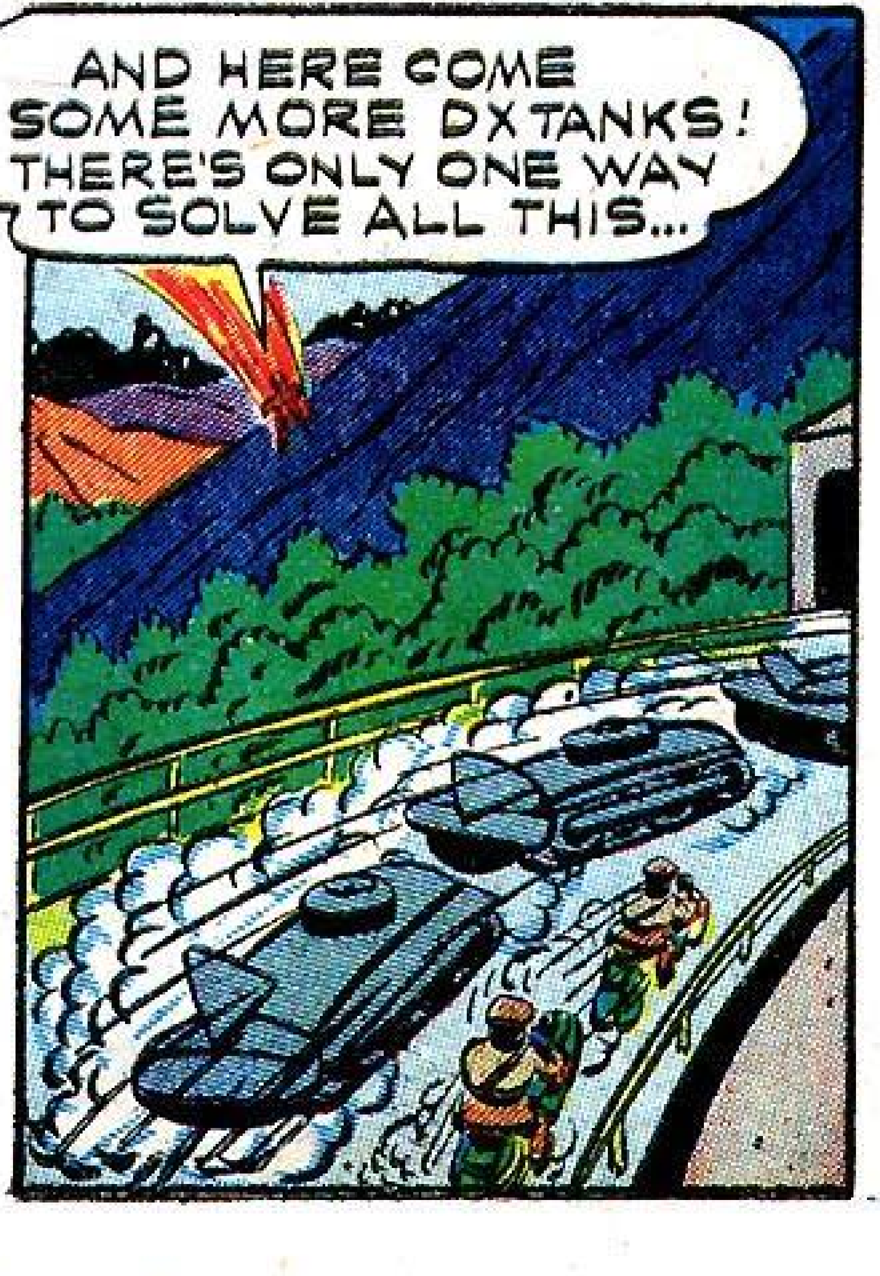

TURNING ON HIS FLAME, THE TORCH SUBDUES THE OFFICE BLAZE AND MELTS THRU THE WALL!
TURN THE GAL OVER TO THE POLICE! SHE'S A SABOTEUR... I'LL GET PROOF!
ARE YOU HURT, MISS?
NO!

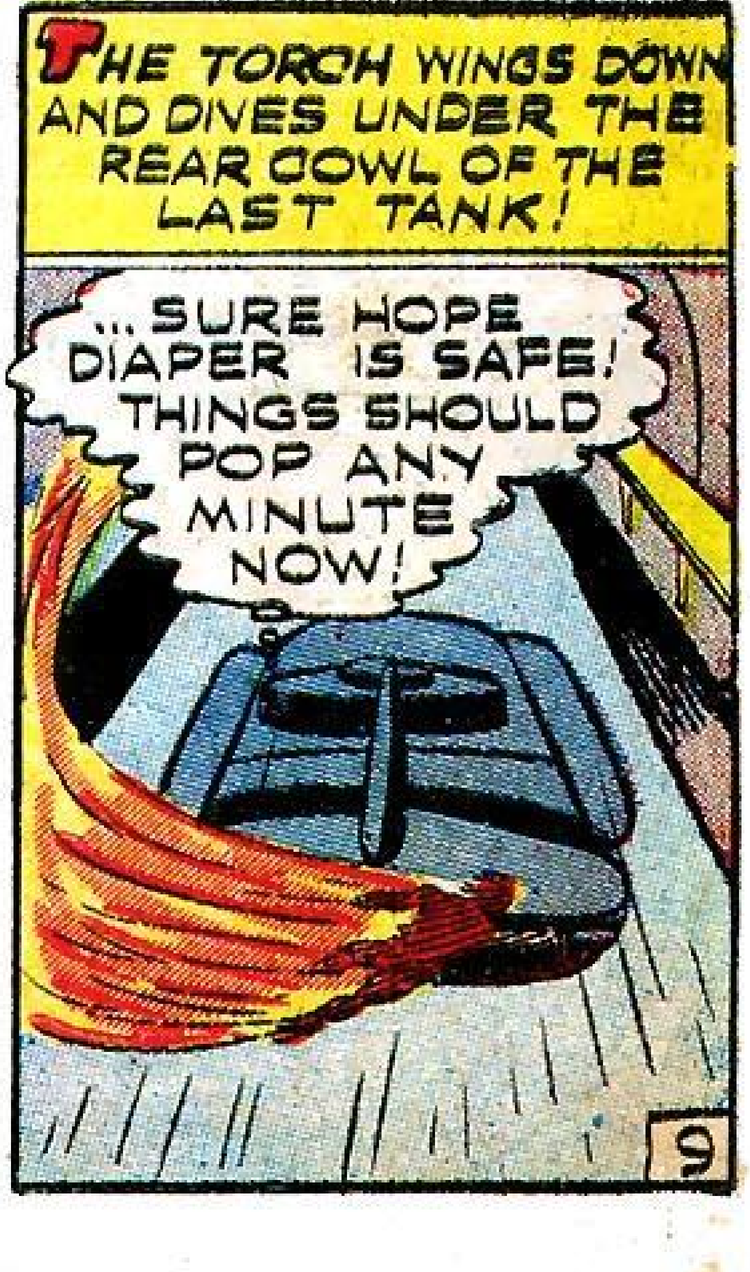

THE NERVE OF THAT GUY! ACCUSING INNOCENT PEOPLE OF SABOTAGE! WHEN WE'VE PROOF OF HIS GUILT!

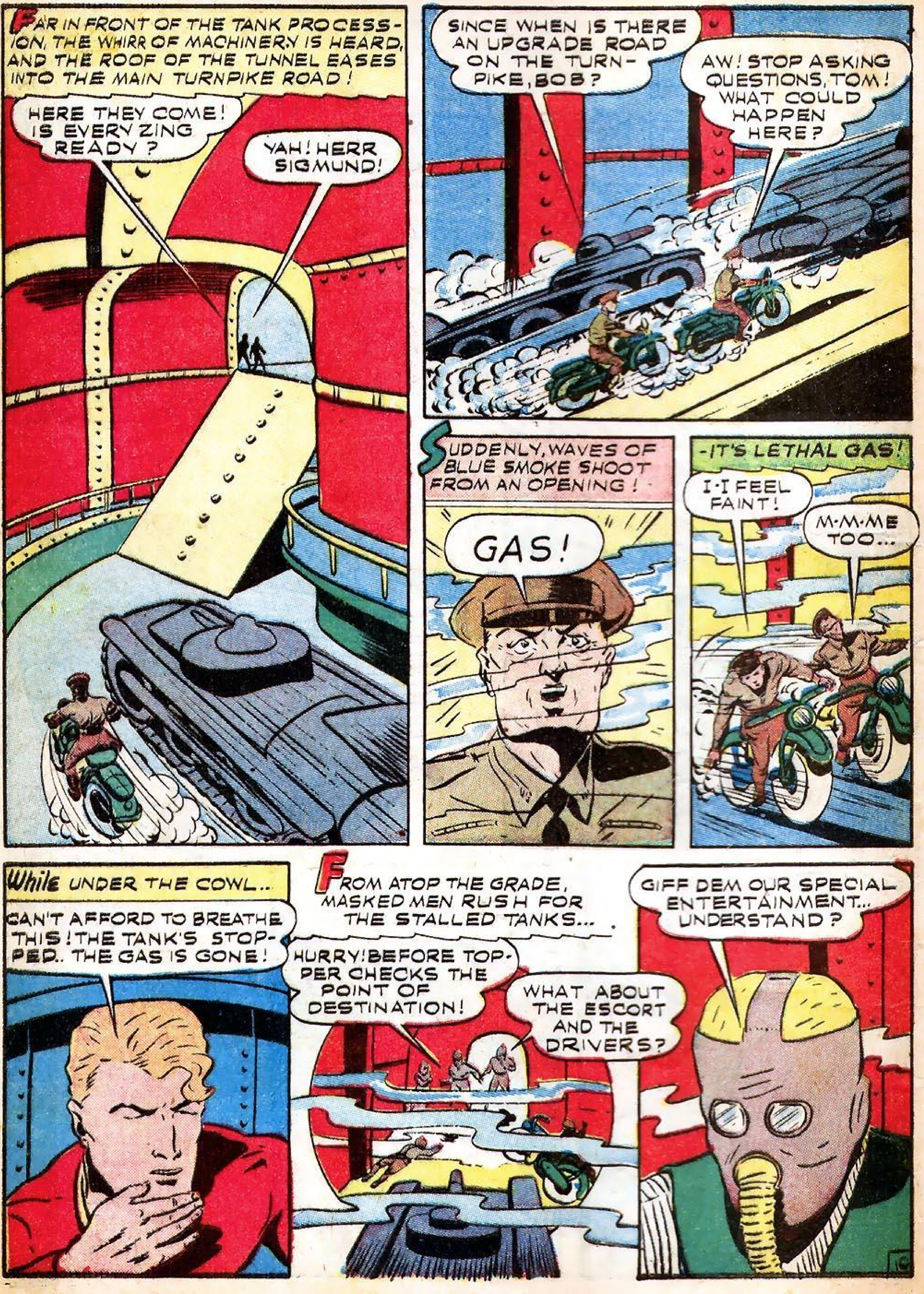

GOLLY! I ALMOST FORGOT! MR. TOPPER AND THE GENERAL WERE ATTACKED IN THE ASSEMBLY ROOM... BETTER GET A DOCTOR!

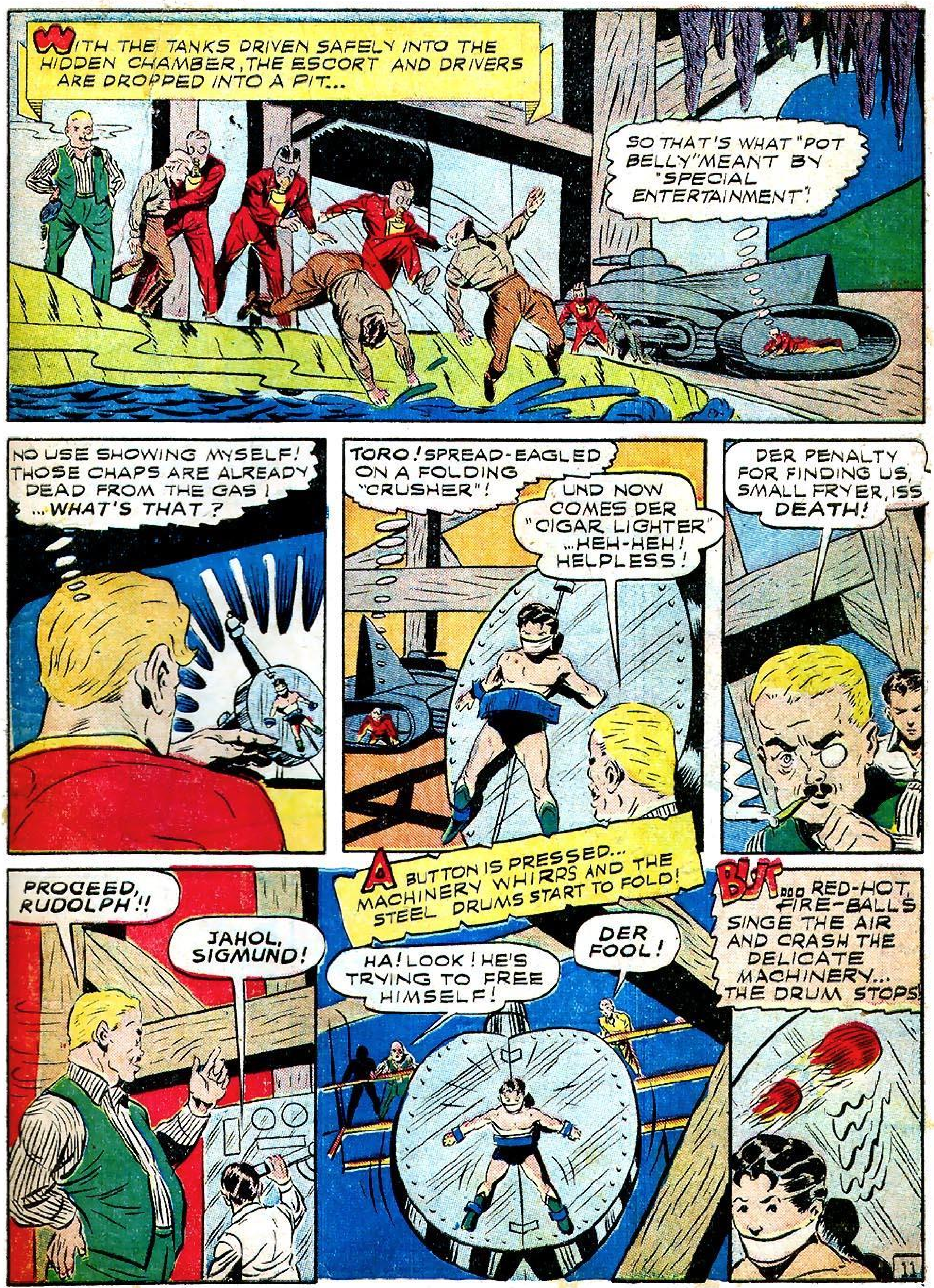

MEANWHILE.. THE TORCH NEARS THE SPOT WHERE HE LEFT TORO!
WHERE'S THAT FLAMING DIAPER?
I LEFT HIM AROUND HERE!

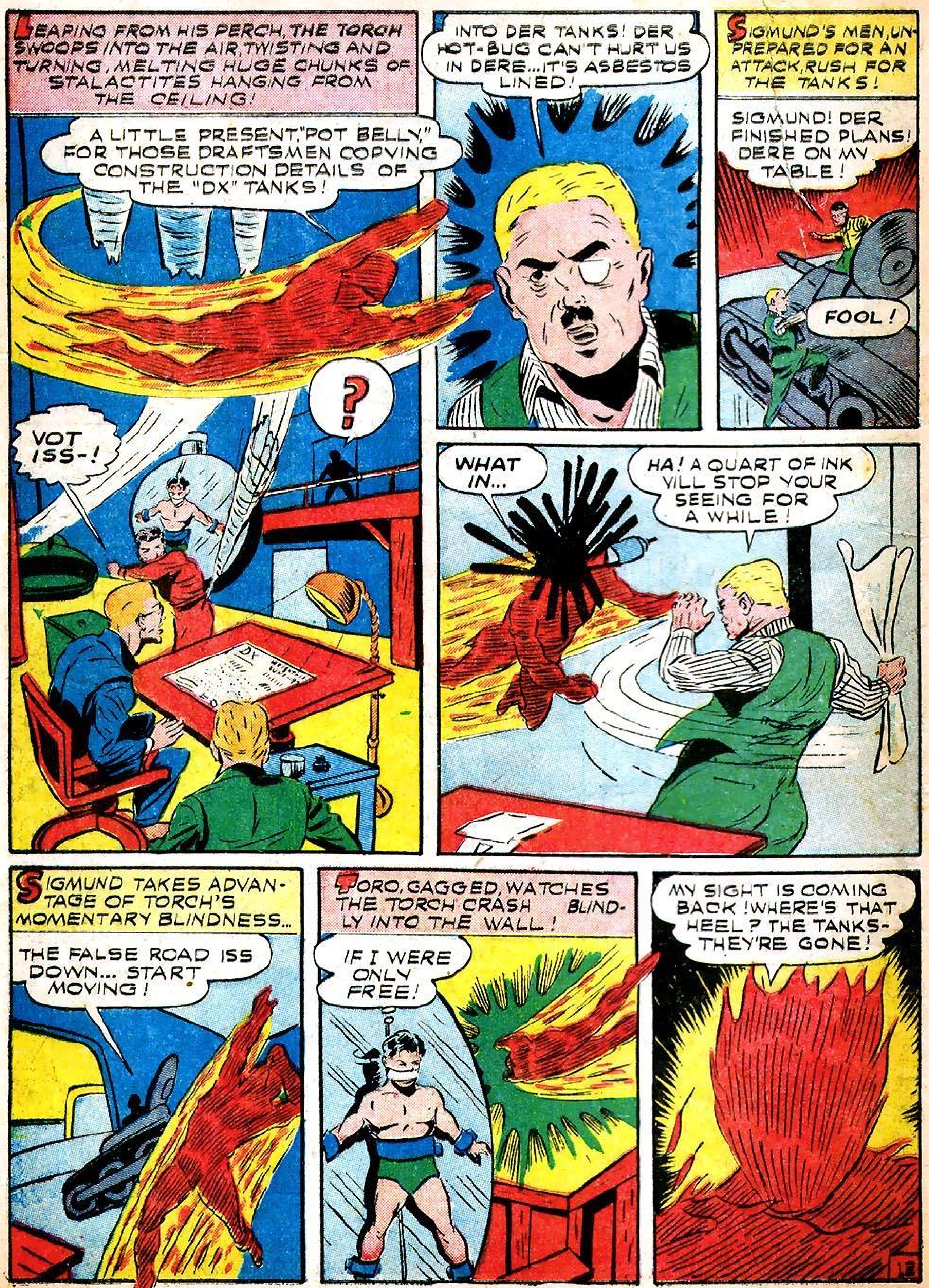

WHAT'S THIS? A STRING OF FIRE-BALLS LEADING TO THE GROUND... I GET IT! A "TRAIL-MARKER"... TORO'S IN THAT MOUNTAIN SOMEWHERE!

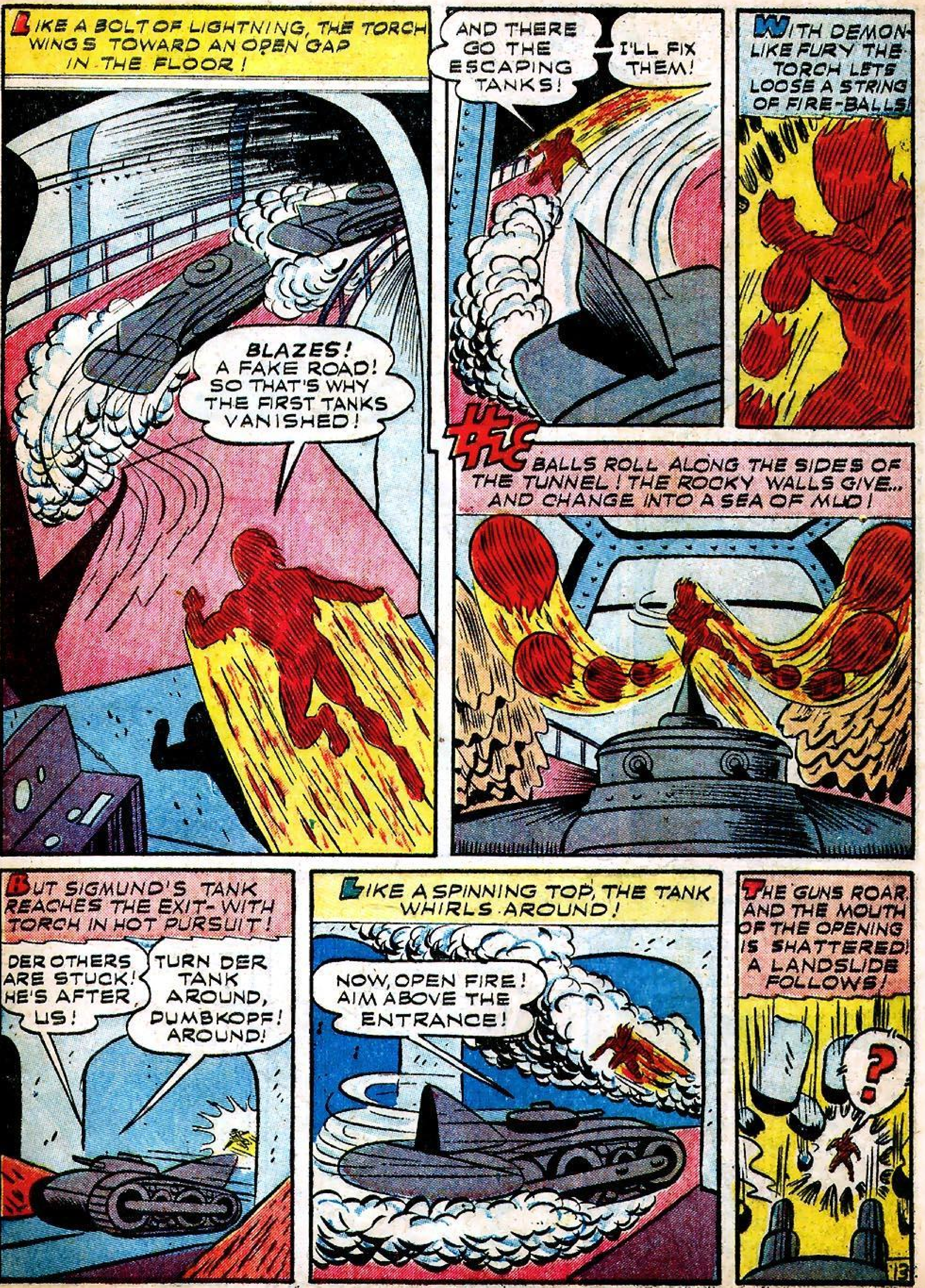

AND HERE COME SOME MORE DX TANKS! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO SOLVE ALL THIS...

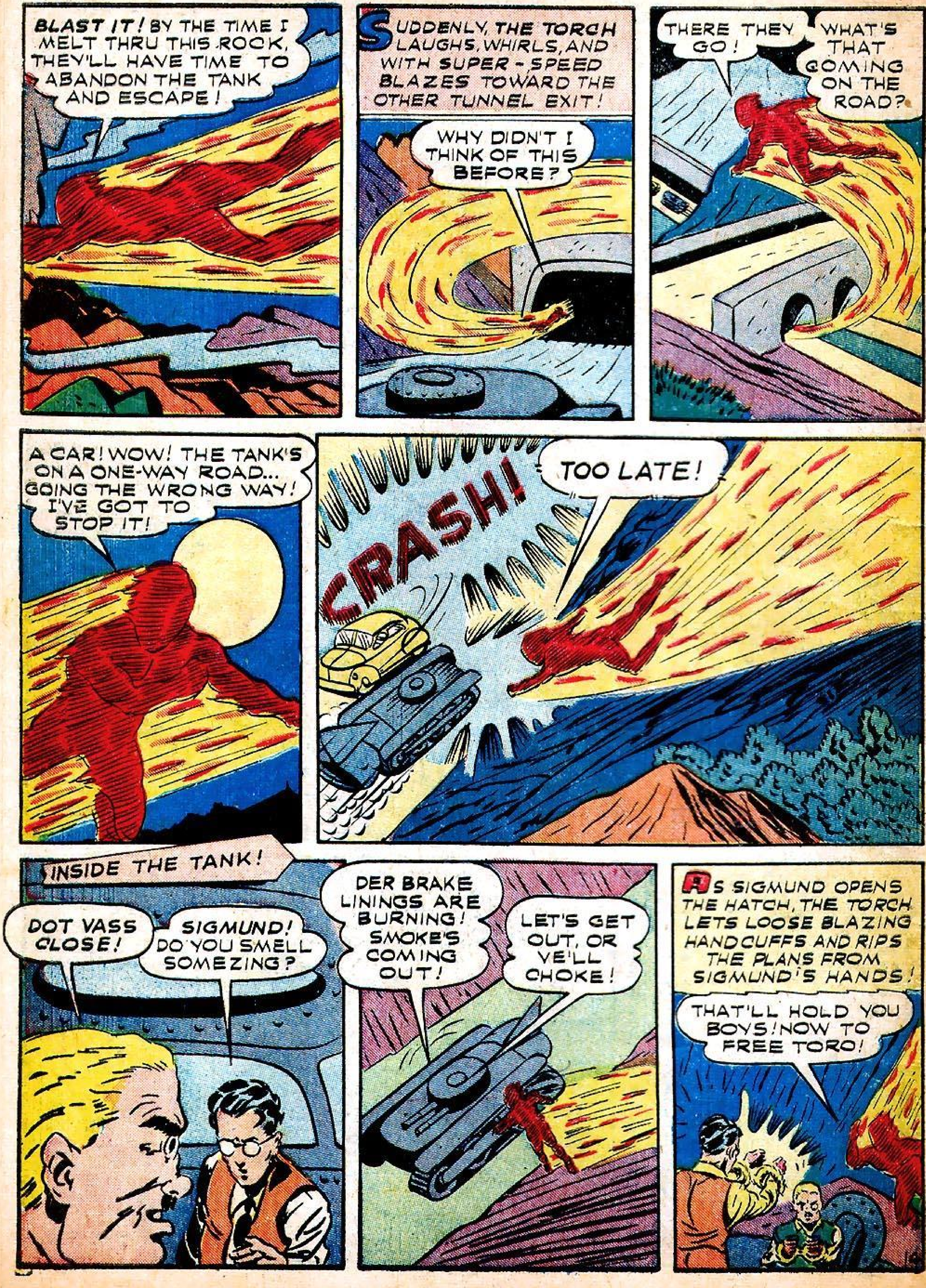

THE TORCH WINGS DOWN AND DIVES UNDER THE REAR COWL OF THE LAST TANK!
... SURE HOPE DIAPER IS SAFE! THINGS SHOULD POP ANY MINUTE NOW!

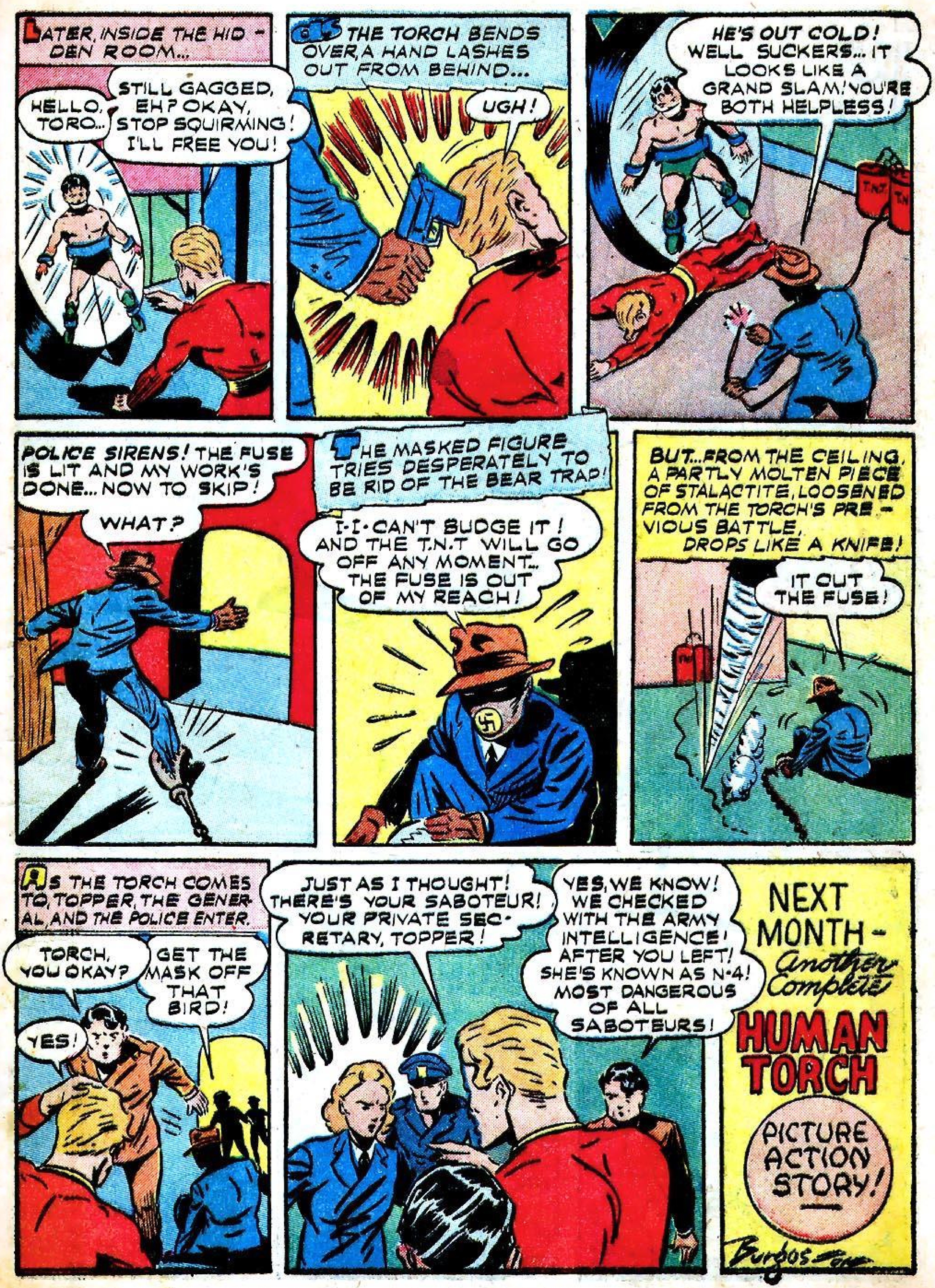

FAR IN FRONT OF THE TANK PROCESSION, THE WHIRR OF MACHINERY IS HEARD, AND THE ROOF OF THE TUNNEL EASES INTO THE MAIN TURNPIKE ROAD!
HERE THEY COME! IS EVERYZING READY?
YAH! HERR SIGMUND!
SINCE WHEN IS THERE AN UPGRADE ROAD ON THE TURNPIKE, BOB?
AW! STOP ASKING QUESTIONS, TOM! WHAT COULD HAPPEN HERE?
SUDDENLY, WAVES OF BLUE SMOKE SHOOT FROM AN OPENING!
GAS!
-IT'S LETHAL GAS!
I-I FEEL FAINT!
M-M-ME TOO...
While UNDER THE COWL..
CAN'T AFFORD TO BREATHE THIS! THE TANK'S STOPPED.. THE GAS IS GONE!
FROM ATOP THE GRADE, MASKED MEN RUSH FOR THE STALLED TANKS...
HURRY! BEFORE TOPPER CHECKS THE POINT OF DESTINATION!
WHAT ABOUT THE ESCORT AND THE DRIVERS?
GIFF DEM OUR SPECIAL ENTERTAINMENT... UNDERSTAND?

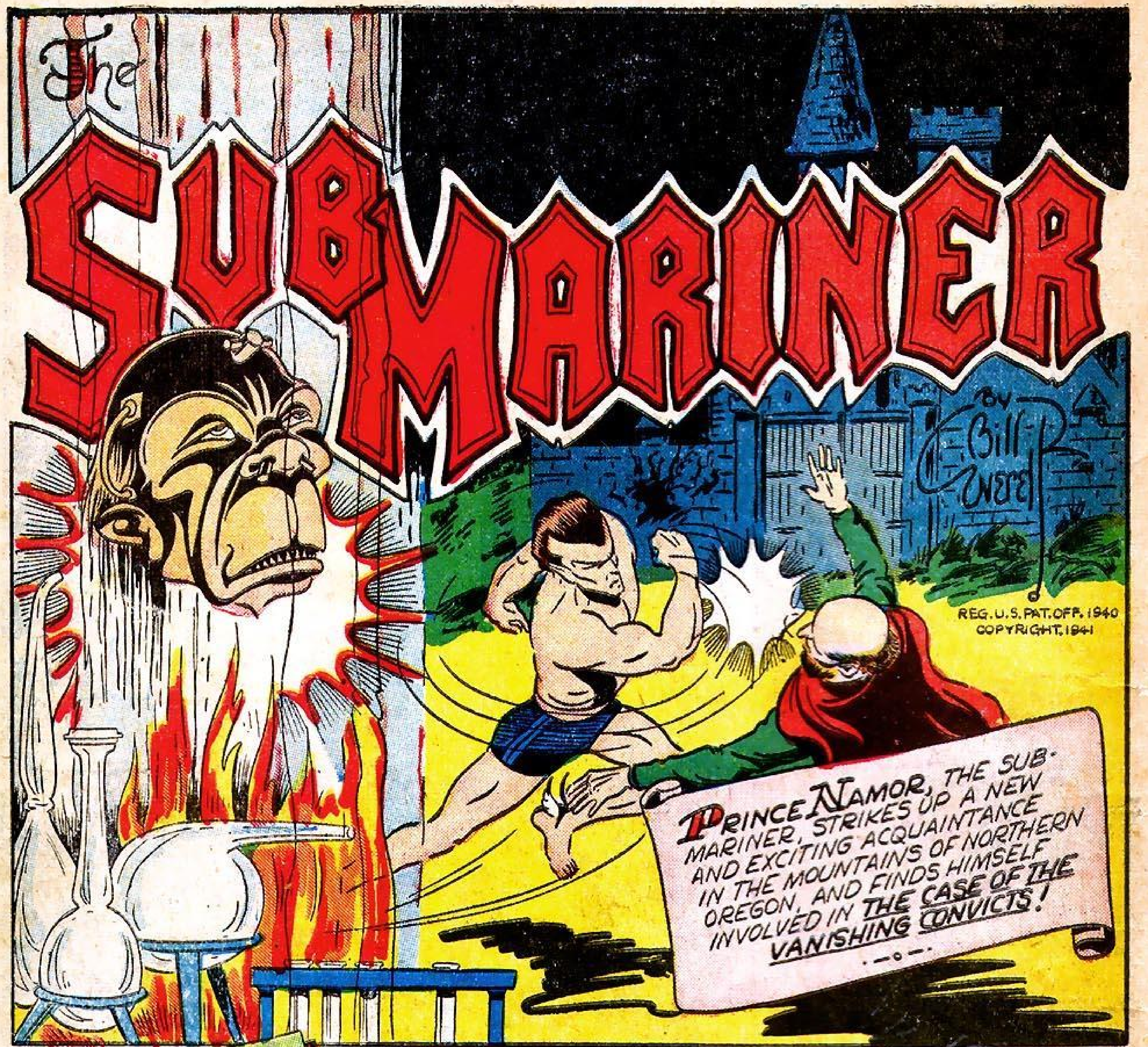

WITH THE TANKS DRIVEN SAFELY INTO THE HIDDEN CHAMBER, THE ESCORT AND DRIVERS ARE DROPPED INTO A PIT...
SO THAT'S WHAT "POT BELLY" MEANT BY "SPECIAL ENTERTAINMENT"!
NO USE SHOWING MYSELF! THOSE CHAPS ARE ALREADY DEAD FROM THE GAS! ...WHAT'S THAT?
TORO! SPREAD-EAGLED ON A FOLDING "CRUSHER"!
UND NOW COMES DER "CIGAR LIGHTER" ...HEH-HEH! HELPLESS!
DER PENALTY FOR FINDING US, SMALL FRYER, ISS DEATH!
PROCEED, RUDOLPH!!
JAHOL, SIGMUND!
A BUTTON IS PRESSED... MACHINERY WHIRRS AND THE STEEL DRUMS START TO FOLD!
HA! LOOK! HE'S TRYING TO FREE HIMSELF!
DER FOOL!
BUT... RED-HOT FIRE-BALLS SINGE THE AIR AND CRASH THE DELICATE MACHINERY... THE DRUM STOPS!


LEAPING FROM HIS PERCH, THE TORCH SWOOPS INTO THE AIR, TWISTING AND TURNING, MELTING HUGE CHUNKS OF STALACTITES HANGING FROM THE CEILING!
A LITTLE PRESENT, "POT BELLY," FOR THOSE DRAFTSMEN COPYING CONSTRUCTION DETAILS OF THE "DX" TANKS!
?
VOT ISS-!
DX
INTO DER TANKS! DER HOT-BUG CAN'T HURT US IN DERE... IT'S ASBESTOS LINED!
SIGMUND'S MEN, UNPREPARED FOR AN ATTACK, RUSH FOR THE TANKS!
SIGMUND! DER FINISHED PLANS! DERE ON MY TABLE!
FOOL!
WHAT IN...
HA! A QUART OF INK VILL STOP YOUR SEEING FOR A WHILE!
SIGMUND TAKES ADVANTAGE OF TORCH'S MOMENTARY BLINDNESS...
THE FALSE ROAD ISS DOWN... START MOVING!
TORO, GAGGED, WATCHES THE TORCH CRASH BLINDLY INTO THE WALL!
IF I WERE ONLY FREE!
MY SIGHT IS COMING BACK! WHERE'S THAT HEEL? THE TANKS- THEY'RE GONE!


LIKE A BOLT OF LIGHTNING, THE TORCH WINGS TOWARD AN OPEN GAP IN THE FLOOR!
BLAZES! A FAKE ROAD! SO THAT'S WHY THE FIRST TANKS VANISHED!
AND THERE GO THE ESCAPING TANKS!
I'LL FIX THEM!
WITH DEMON-LIKE FURY THE TORCH LETS LOOSE A STRING OF FIRE-BALLS!
THE BALLS ROLL ALONG THE SIDES OF THE TUNNEL! THE ROCKY WALLS GIVE... AND CHANGE INTO A SEA OF MUD!
BUT SIGMUND'S TANK REACHES THE EXIT- WITH TORCH IN HOT PURSUIT!
DER OTHERS ARE STUCK! HE'S AFTER US!
TURN DER TANK AROUND, DUMBKOPF! AROUND!
LIKE A SPINNING TOP, THE TANK WHIRLS AROUND!
NOW, OPEN FIRE! AIM ABOVE THE ENTRANCE!
THE GUNS ROAR AND THE MOUTH OF THE OPENING IS SHATTERED! A LANDSLIDE FOLLOWS!
?


BLAST IT! BY THE TIME I MELT THRU THIS ROCK, THEY'LL HAVE TIME TO ABANDON THE TANK AND ESCAPE!
SUDDENLY, THE TORCH LAUGHS, WHIRLS, AND WITH SUPER-SPEED BLAZES TOWARD THE OTHER TUNNEL EXIT!
WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THIS BEFORE?
THERE THEY GO!
WHAT'S THAT COMING ON THE ROAD?
A CAR! WOW! THE TANK'S ON A ONE-WAY ROAD... GOING THE WRONG WAY! I'VE GOT TO STOP IT!
CRASH!
TOO LATE!
INSIDE THE TANK!
DOT VASS CLOSE!
SIGMUND! DO YOU SMELL SOMEZING?
DER BRAKE LININGS ARE BURNING! SMOKE'S COMING OUT!
LET'S GET OUT, OR VE'LL CHOKE!
AS SIGMUND OPENS THE HATCH, THE TORCH LETS LOOSE BLAZING HANDCUFFS AND RIPS THE PLANS FROM SIGMUND'S HANDS!
THAT'LL HOLD YOU BOYS! NOW TO FREE TORO!


LATER, INSIDE THE HIDDEN ROOM...
HELLO, TORO...
STILL GAGGED, EH? OKAY, STOP SQUIRMING! I'LL FREE YOU!
AS THE TORCH BENDS OVER, A HAND LASHES OUT FROM BEHIND...
UGH!
HE'S OUT COLD! WELL SUCKERS... IT LOOKS LIKE A GRAND SLAM! YOU'RE BOTH HELPLESS!
T.N.T.
T.N.
POLICE SIRENS! THE FUSE IS LIT AND MY WORK'S DONE... NOW TO SKIP!
WHAT?
THE MASKED FIGURE TRIES DESPERATELY TO BE RID OF THE BEAR TRAP!
I-I-CAN'T BUDGE IT! AND THE T.N.T WILL GO OFF ANY MOMENT... THE FUSE IS OUT OF MY REACH!
BUT... FROM THE CEILING, A PARTLY MOLTEN PIECE OF STALACTITE, LOOSENED FROM THE TORCH'S PREVIOUS BATTLE, DROPS LIKE A KNIFE!
IT CUT THE FUSE!
AS THE TORCH COMES TO, TOPPER, THE GENERAL, AND THE POLICE ENTER.
TORCH, YOU OKAY?
GET THE MASK OFF THAT BIRD!
YES!
JUST AS I THOUGHT! THERE'S YOUR SABOTEUR! YOUR PRIVATE SECRETARY, TOPPER!
YES, WE KNOW! WE CHECKED WITH THE ARMY INTELLIGENCE! AFTER YOU LEFT! SHE'S KNOWN AS N-4! MOST DANGEROUS OF ALL SABOTEURS!
NEXT MONTH - another Complete HUMAN TORCH PICTURE ACTION STORY!
Burgos


The SUB-MARINER
by Bill Everett
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 1940
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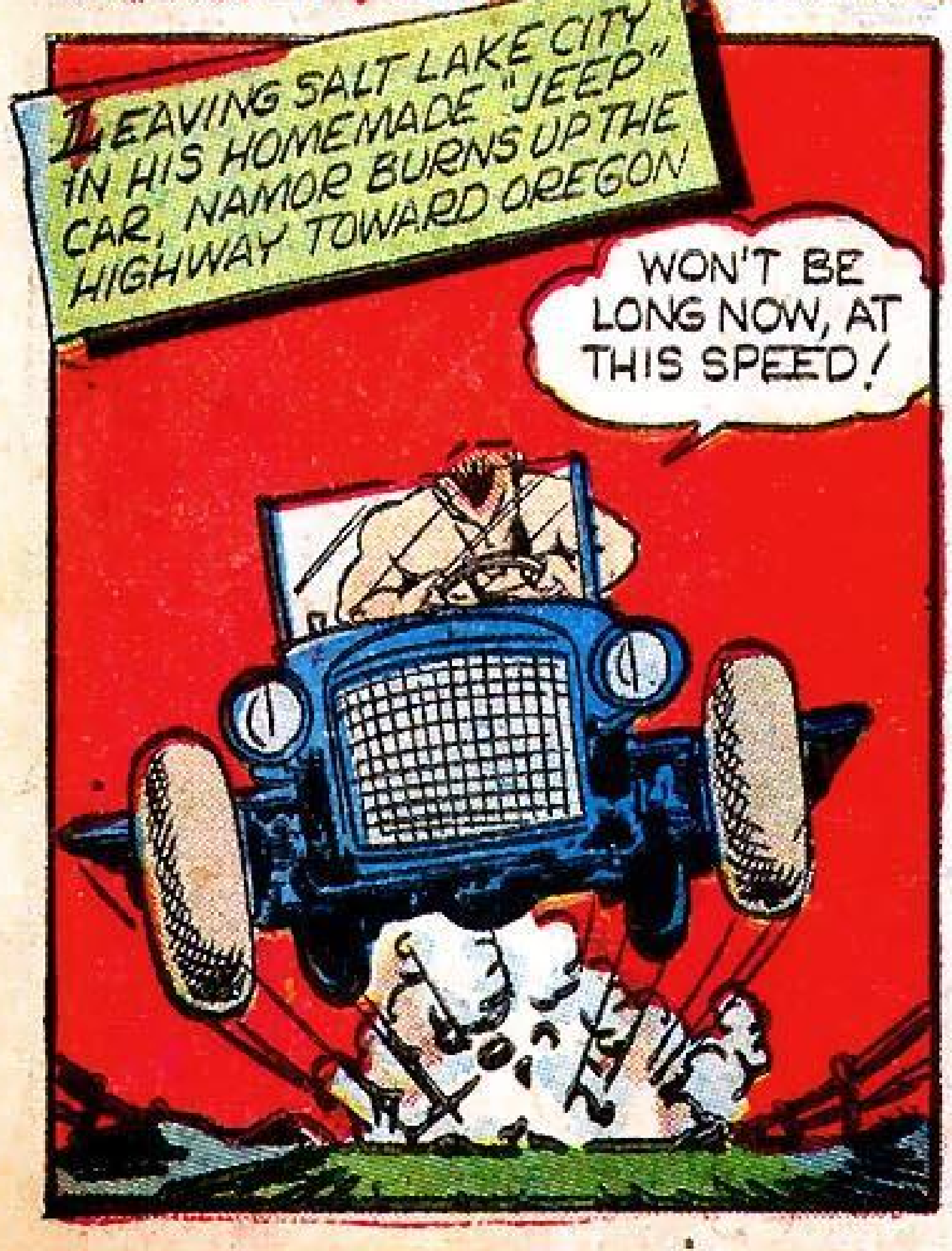
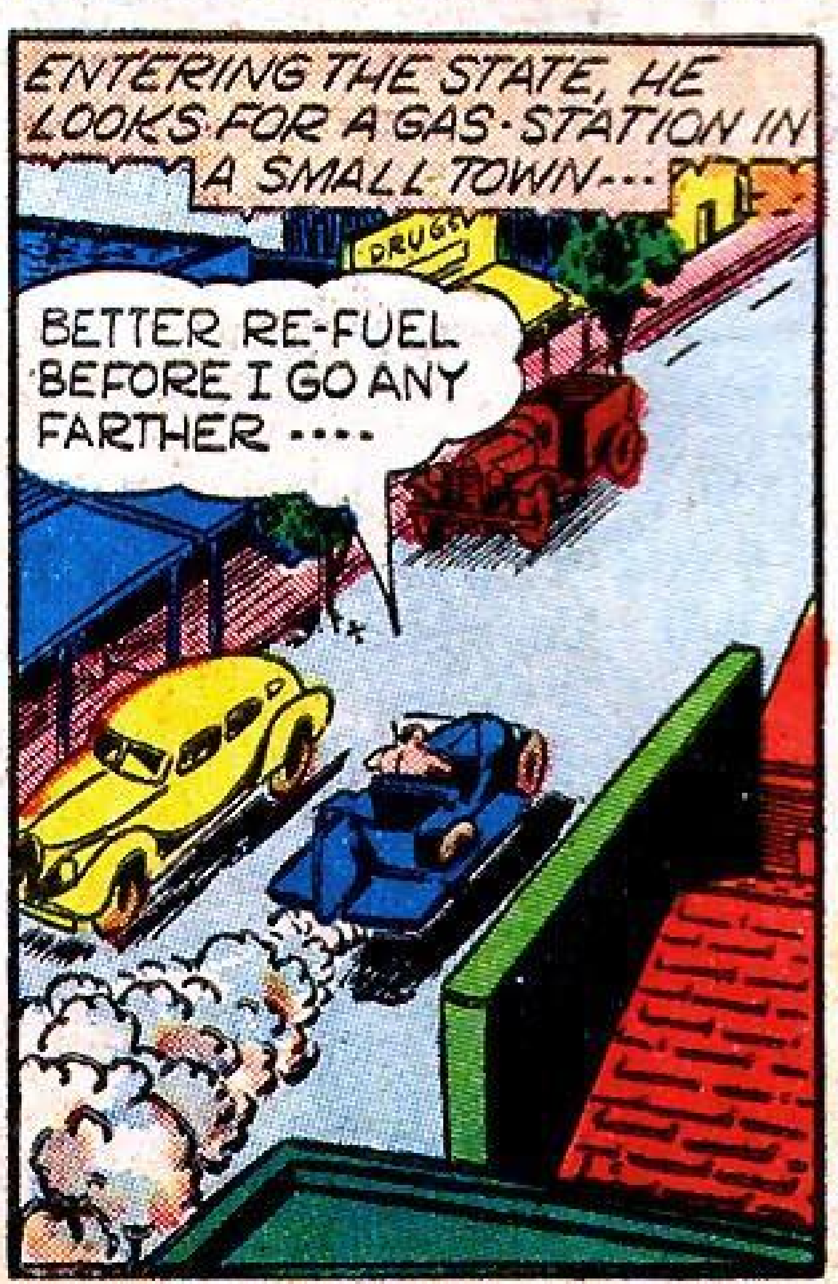
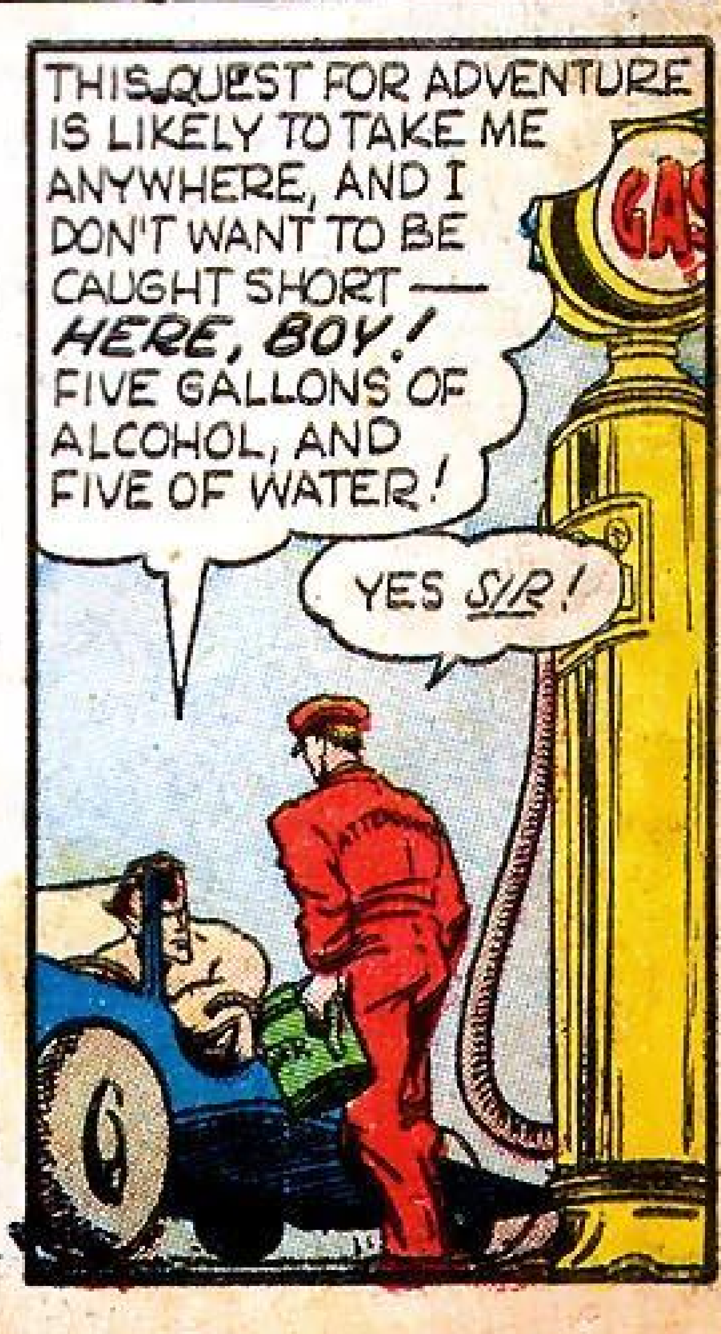
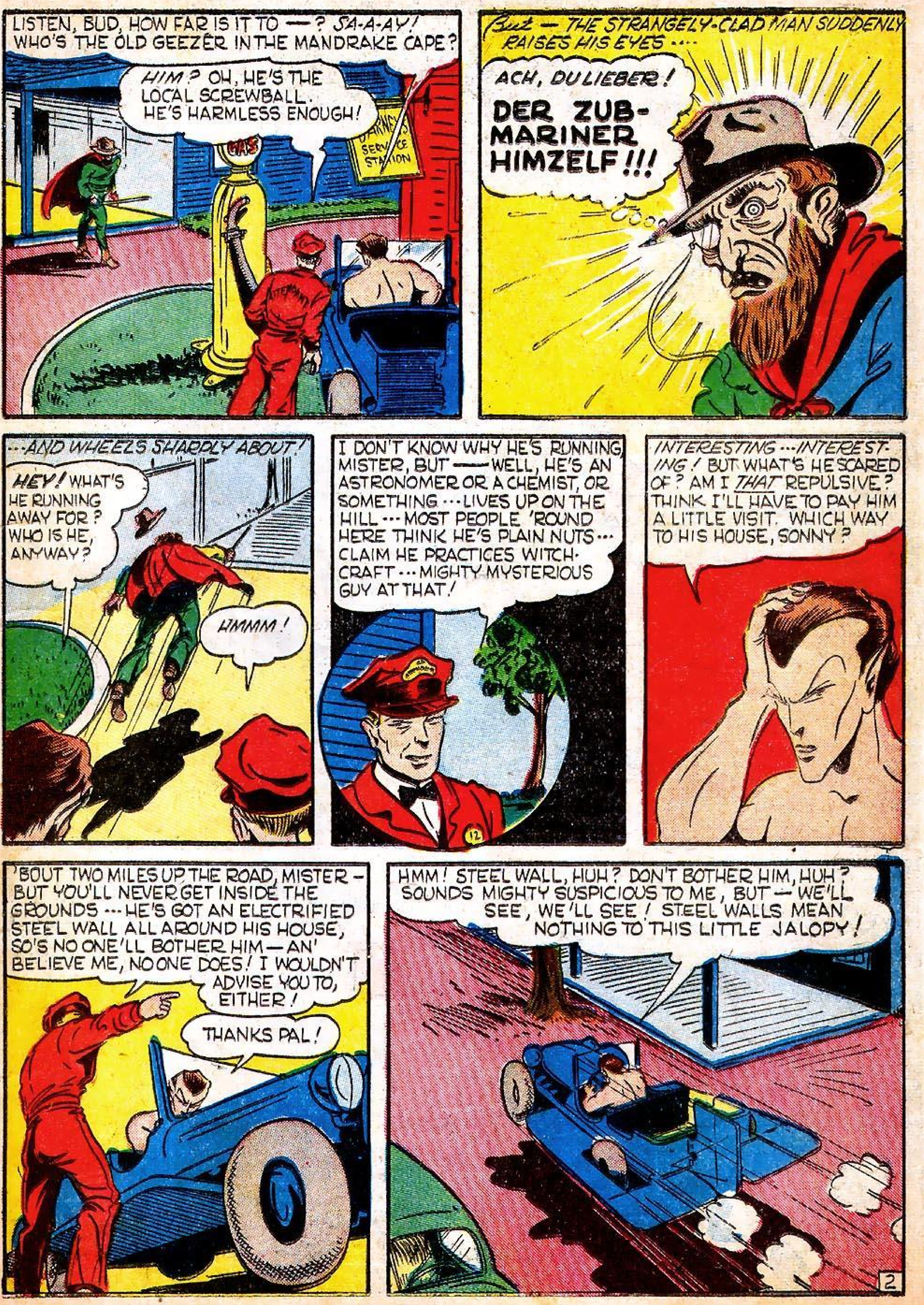
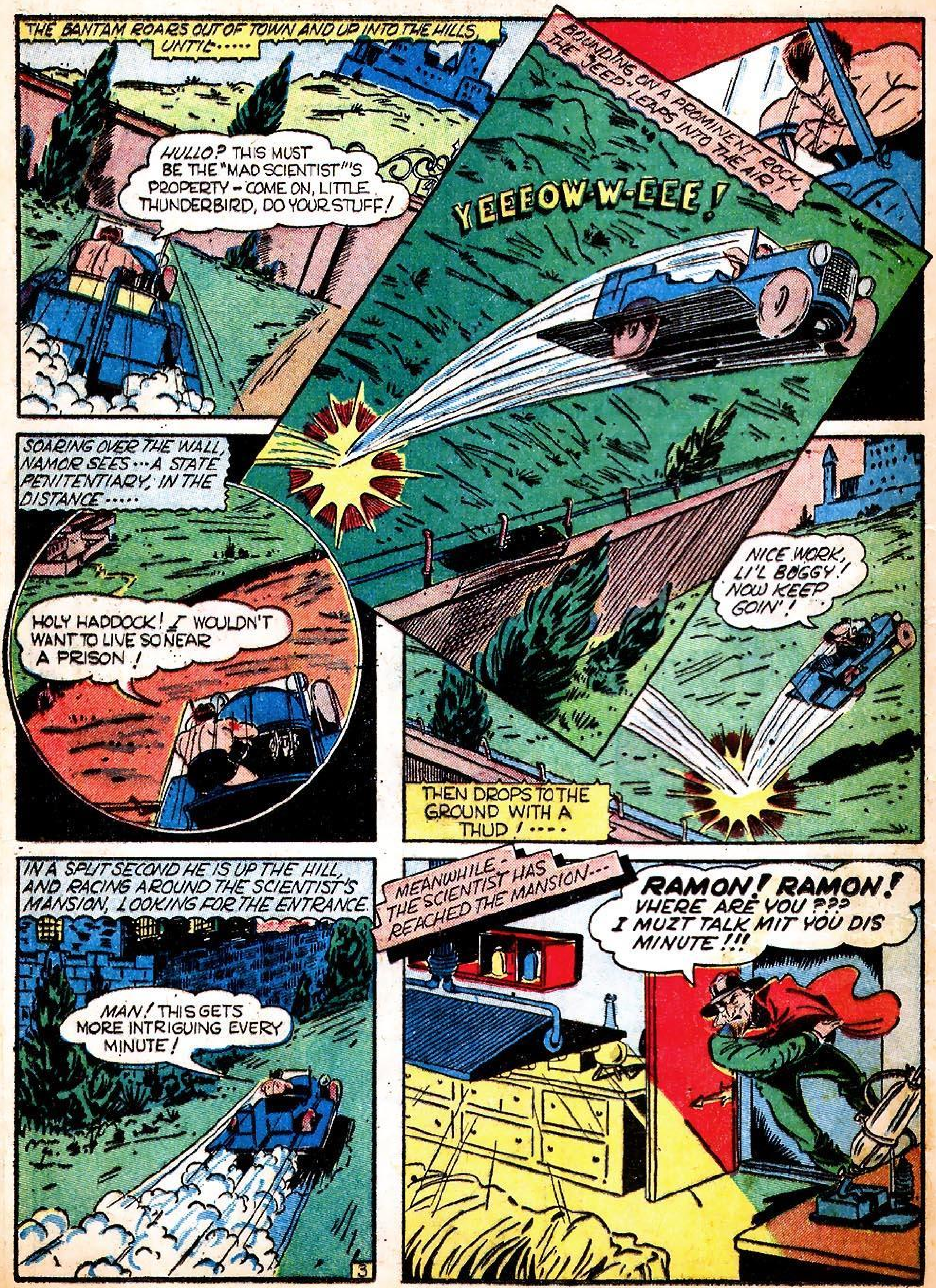
PRINCE NAMOR, THE SUB-MARINER, STRIKES UP A NEW AND EXCITING ACQUAINTANCE IN THE MOUNTAINS OF NORTHERN OREGON, AND FINDS HIMSELF INVOLVED IN THE CASE OF THE VANISHING CONVICTS!
—o—

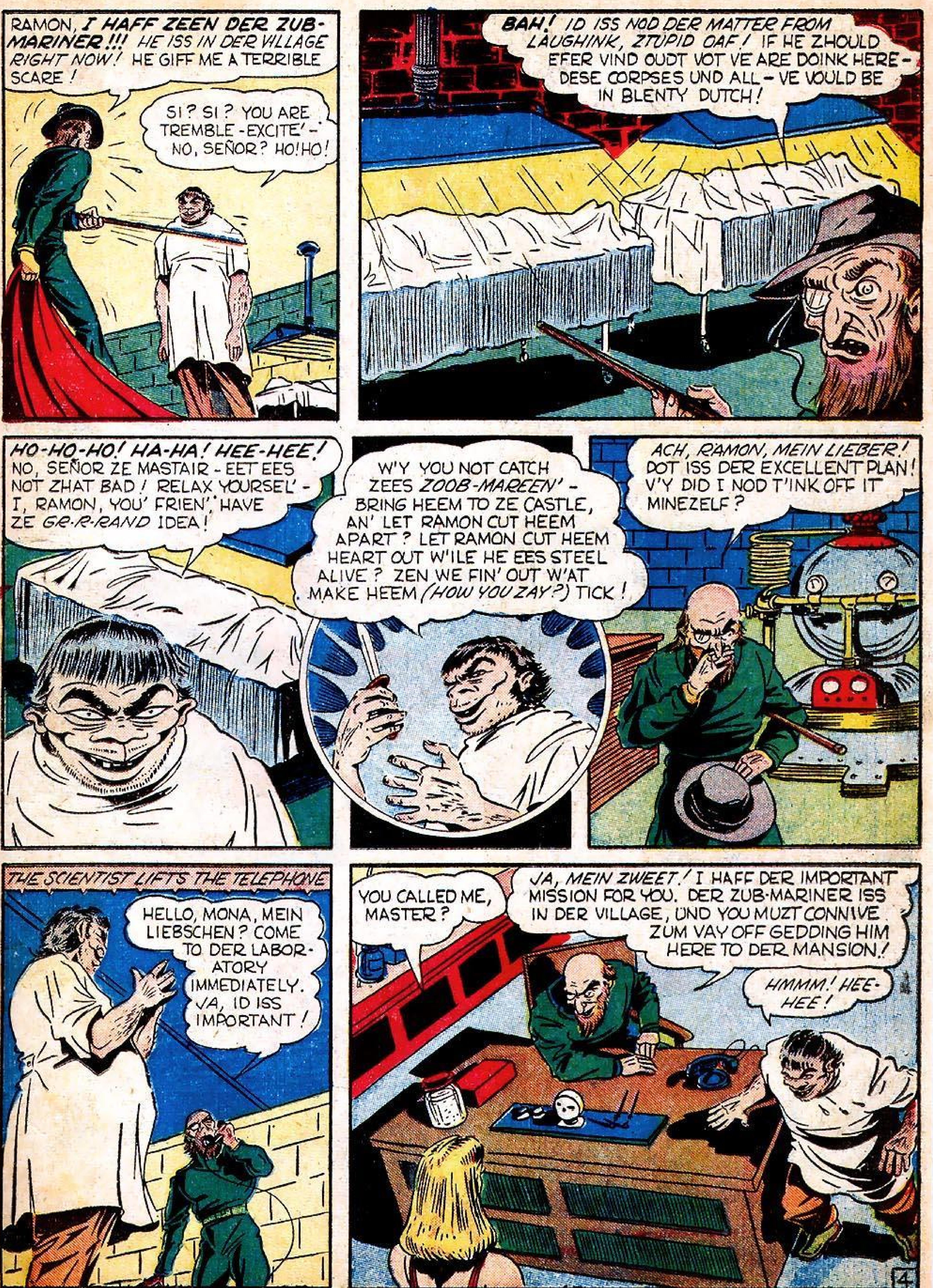

LEAVING SALT LAKE CITY IN HIS HOMEMADE "JEEP" CAR, NAMOR BURNS UP THE HIGHWAY TOWARD OREGON
WON'T BE LONG NOW, AT THIS SPEED!

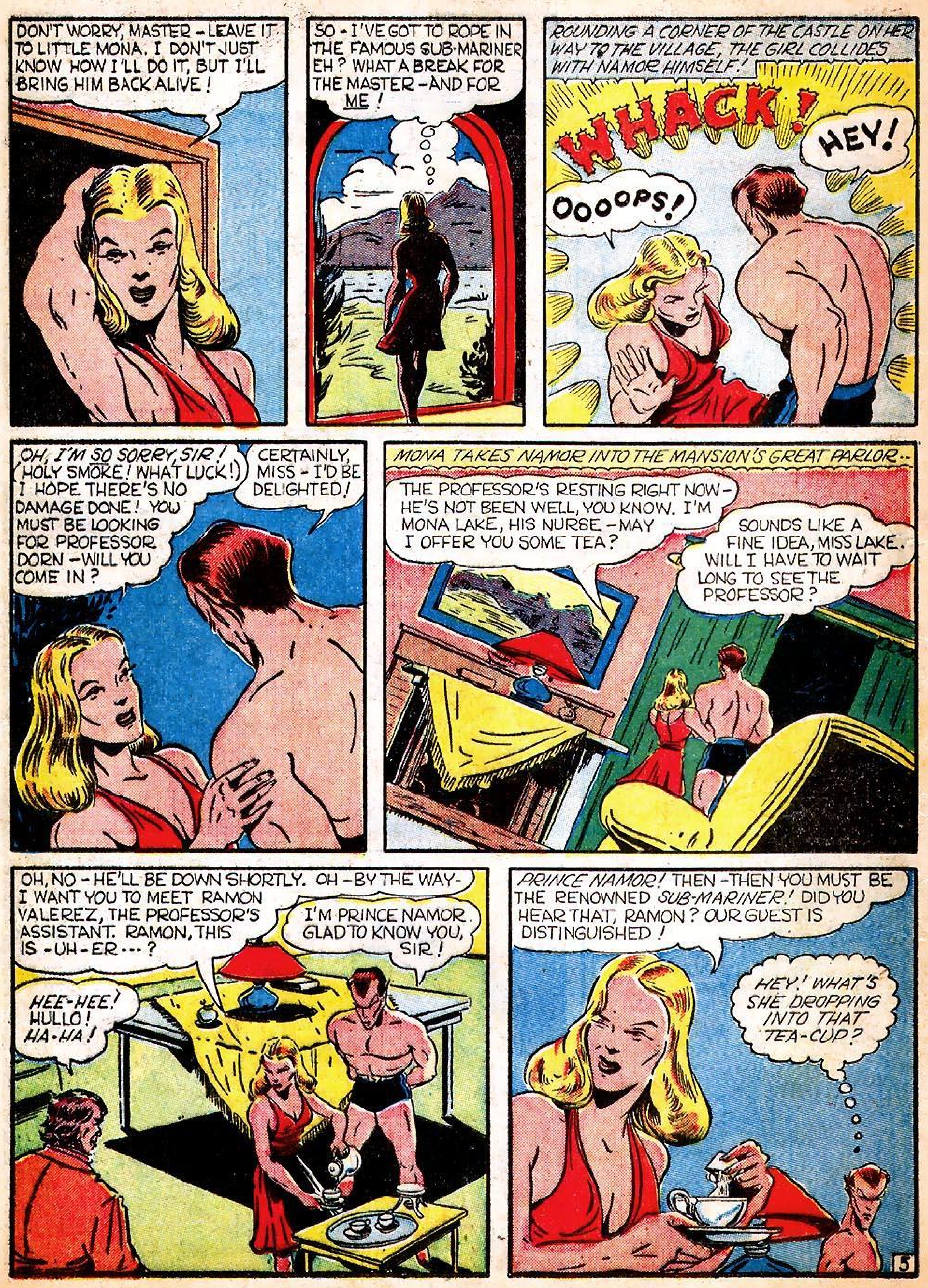

ENTERING THE STATE, HE LOOKS FOR A GAS-STATION IN A SMALL TOWN---
DRUGS
BETTER RE-FUEL BEFORE I GO ANY FARTHER ----

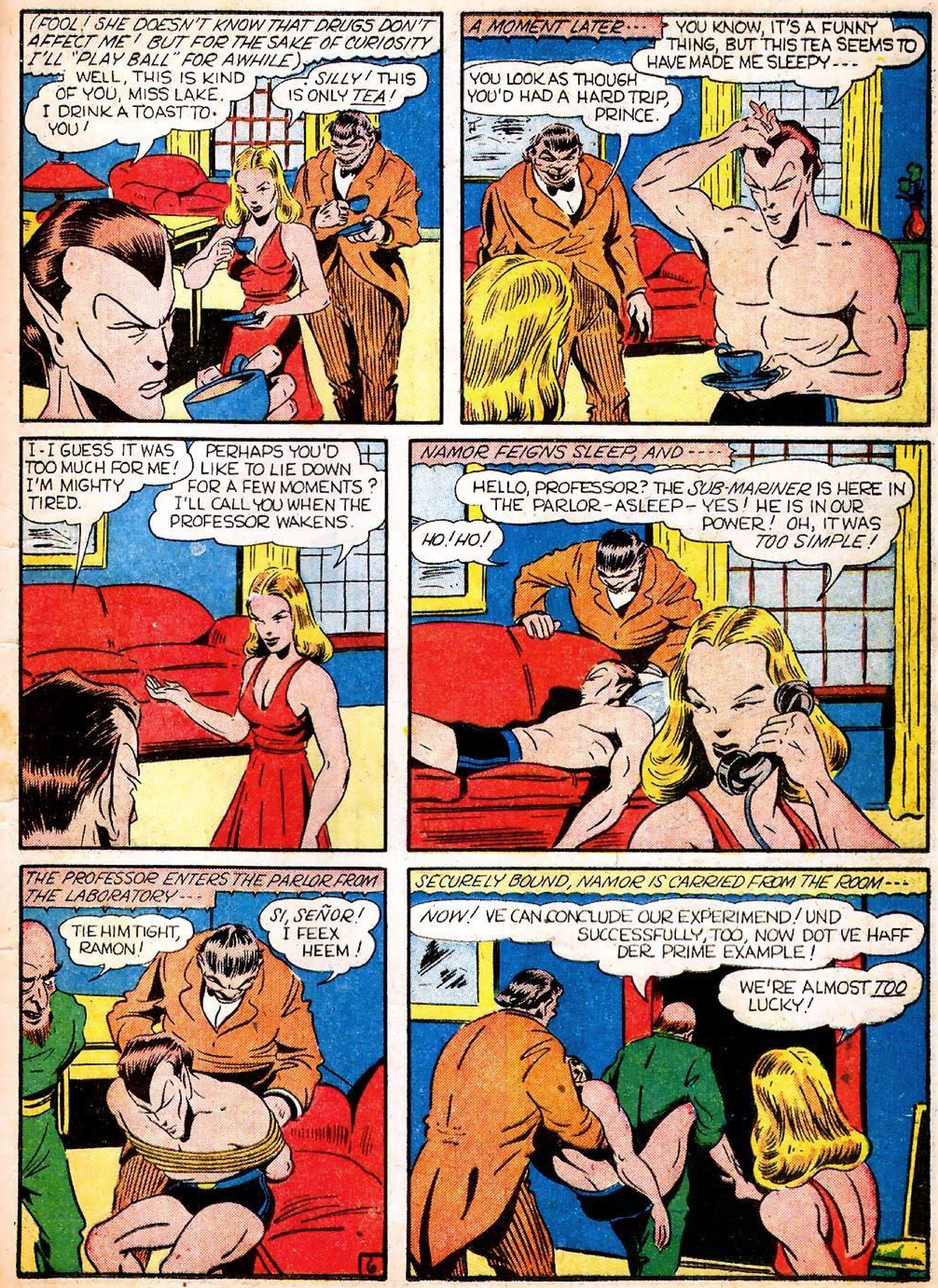

THIS QUEST FOR ADVENTURE IS LIKELY TO TAKE ME ANYWHERE, AND I DON'T WANT TO BE CAUGHT SHORT — HERE, BOY! FIVE GALLONS OF ALCOHOL, AND FIVE OF WATER!
GAS
YES SIR!
ATTENDANT

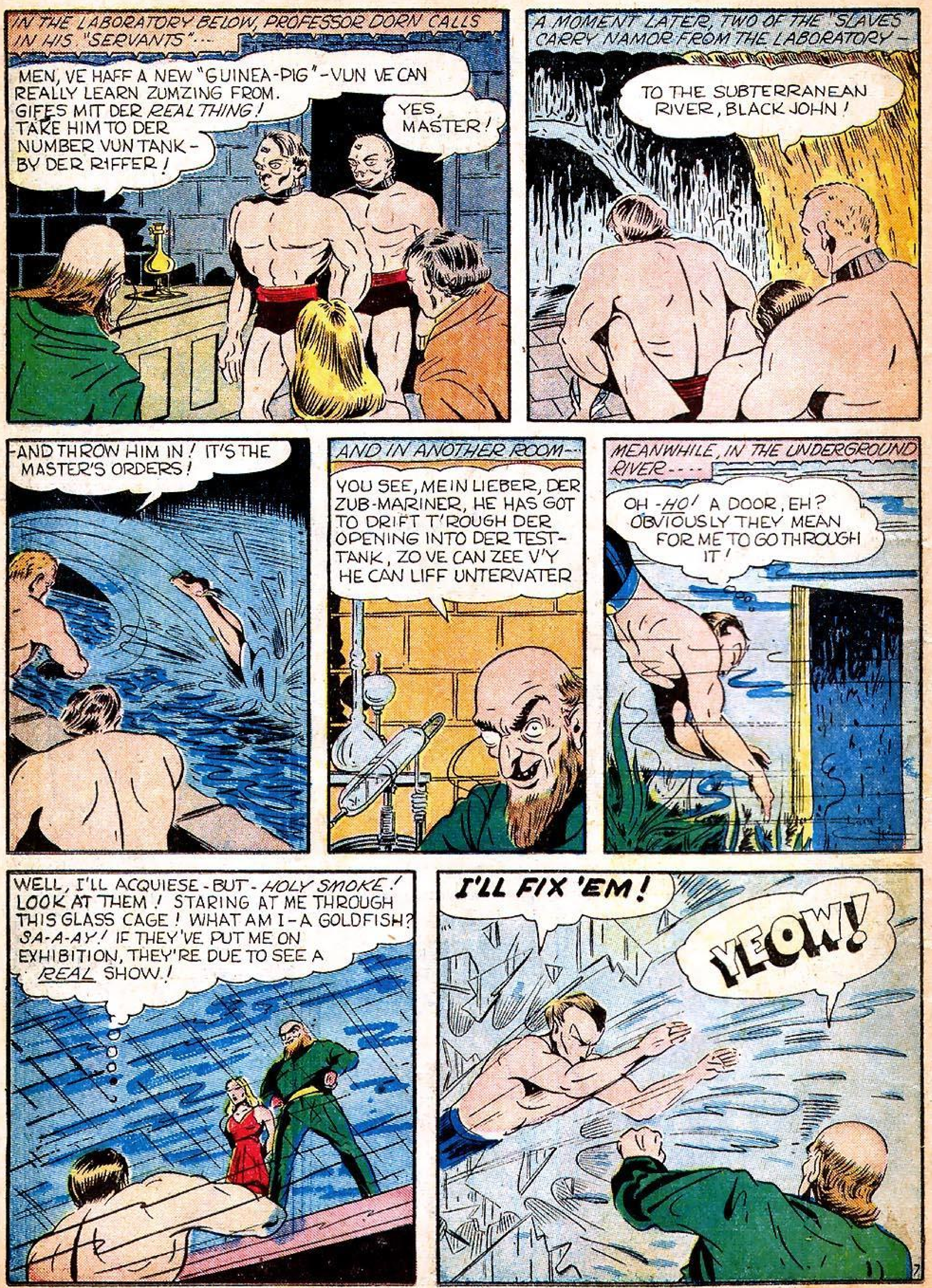

LISTEN, BUD, HOW FAR IS IT TO — ? SA-A-AY! WHO'S THE OLD GEEZER IN THE MANDRAKE CAPE?
HIM? OH, HE'S THE LOCAL SCREWBALL. HE'S HARMLESS ENOUGH!
GAS
BARNEY'S SERVICE STATION
ATTENDANT
But — THE STRANGELY-CLAD MAN SUDDENLY RAISES HIS EYES ....
ACH, DU LIEBER! DER ZUB-MARINER HIMZELF!!!
...AND WHEELS SHARPLY ABOUT!
HEY! WHAT'S HE RUNNING AWAY FOR? WHO IS HE, ANYWAY?
HMMM!
I DON'T KNOW WHY HE'S RUNNING, MISTER, BUT — WELL, HE'S AN ASTRONOMER OR A CHEMIST, OR SOMETHING ... LIVES UP ON THE HILL ... MOST PEOPLE 'ROUND HERE THINK HE'S PLAIN NUTS ... CLAIM HE PRACTICES WITCHCRAFT ... MIGHTY MYSTERIOUS GUY AT THAT!
12
INTERESTING ... INTERESTING! BUT WHAT'S HE SCARED OF? AM I THAT REPULSIVE? THINK I'LL HAVE TO PAY HIM A LITTLE VISIT. WHICH WAY TO HIS HOUSE, SONNY?
'BOUT TWO MILES UP THE ROAD, MISTER — BUT YOU'LL NEVER GET INSIDE THE GROUNDS ... HE'S GOT AN ELECTRIFIED STEEL WALL ALL AROUND HIS HOUSE, SO'S NO ONE'LL BOTHER HIM — AN' BELIEVE ME, NO ONE DOES! I WOULDN'T ADVISE YOU TO, EITHER!
THANKS PAL!
HMM! STEEL WALL, HUH? DON'T BOTHER HIM, HUH? SOUNDS MIGHTY SUSPICIOUS TO ME, BUT — WE'LL SEE, WE'LL SEE! STEEL WALLS MEAN NOTHING TO THIS LITTLE JALOPY!

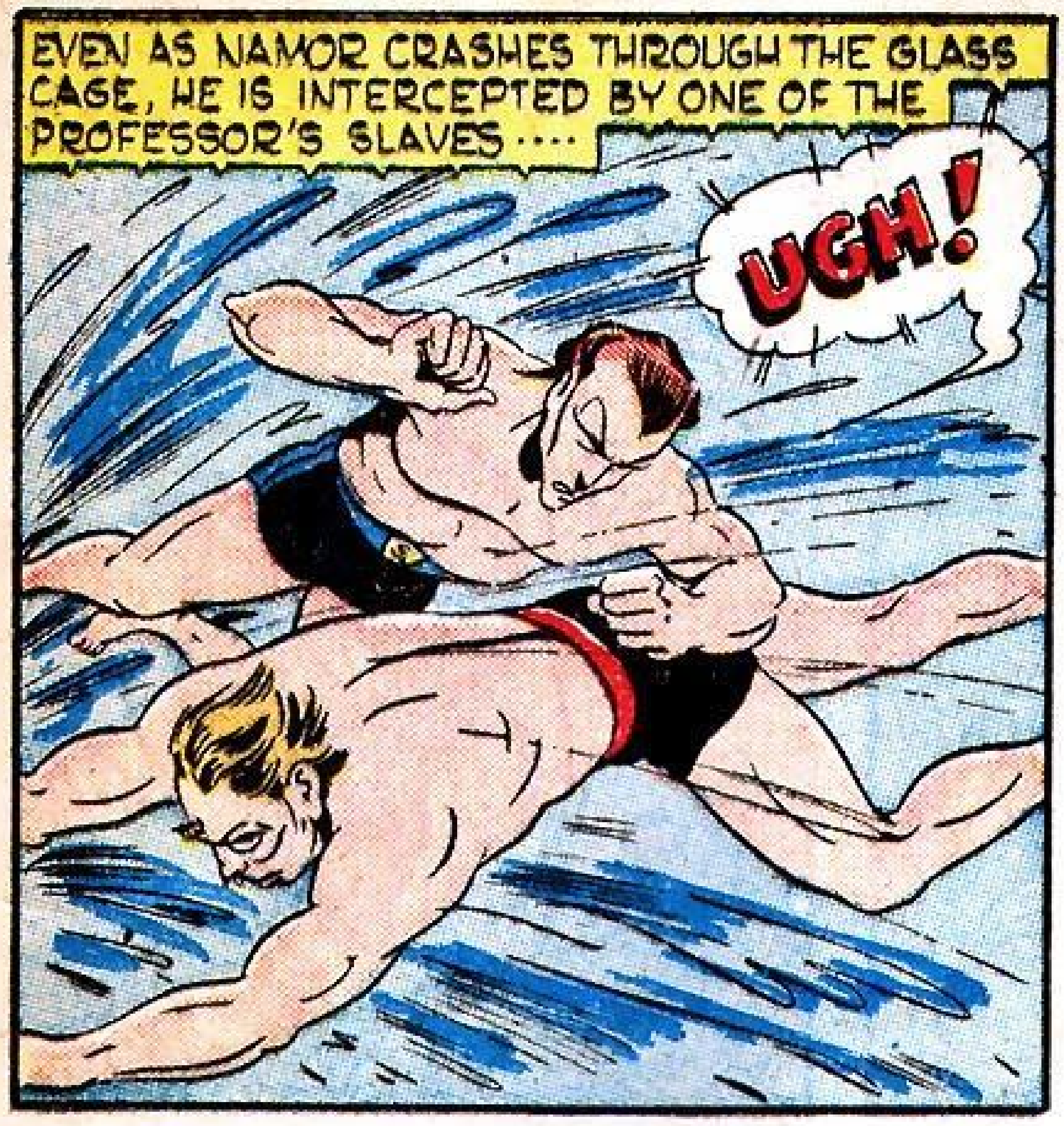

THE BANTAM ROARS OUT OF TOWN AND UP INTO THE HILLS, UNTIL.....
HULLO? THIS MUST BE THE "MAD SCIENTIST"'S PROPERTY – COME ON, LITTLE THUNDERBIRD, DO YOUR STUFF!
BOUNDING ON A PROMINENT ROCK, THE "JEEP" LEAPS INTO THE AIR!
YEEEOW-W-EEE!
SOARING OVER THE WALL, NAMOR SEES... A STATE PENITENTIARY, IN THE DISTANCE.....
HOLY HADDOCK! I WOULDN'T WANT TO LIVE SO NEAR A PRISON!
NICE WORK, LI'L BOGGY! NOW KEEP GOIN'!
THEN DROPS TO THE GROUND WITH A THUD!....
IN A SPLIT SECOND HE IS UP THE HILL, AND RACING AROUND THE SCIENTIST'S MANSION, LOOKING FOR THE ENTRANCE.
MAN! THIS GETS MORE INTRIGUING EVERY MINUTE!
MEANWHILE – THE SCIENTIST HAS REACHED THE MANSION...
RAMON! RAMON! VHERE ARE YOU ??? I MUZT TALK MIT YOU DIS MINUTE!!!

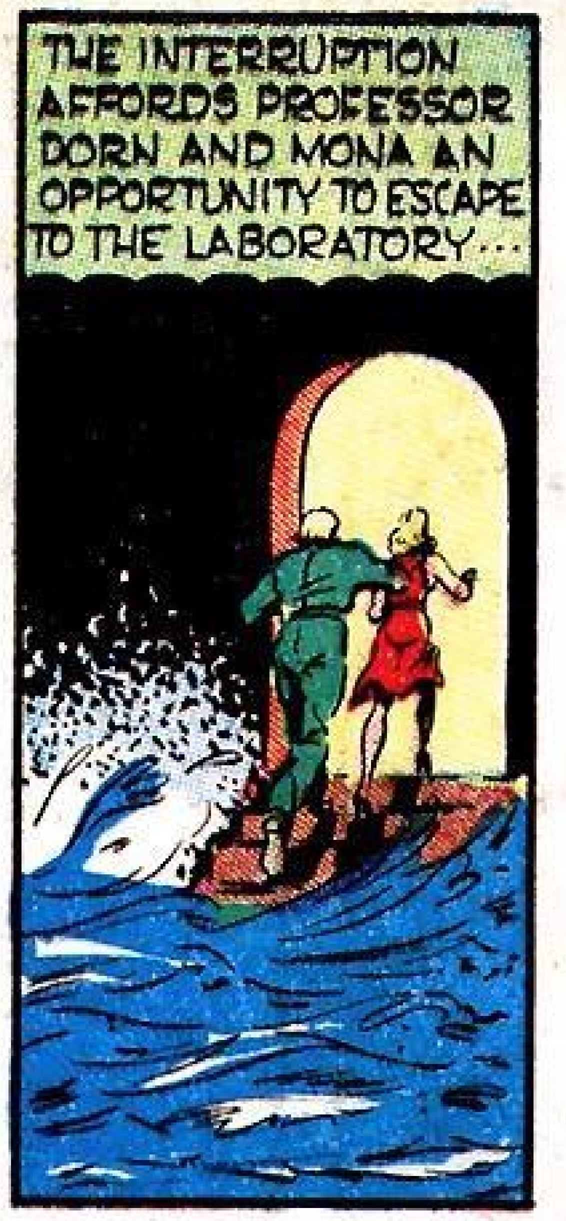

RAMON, I HAFF ZEEN DER ZUB-MARINER!!! HE ISS IN DER VILLAGE RIGHT NOW! HE GIFF ME A TERRIBLE SCARE!
SI? SI? YOU ARE TREMBLE-EXCITE'-NO, SEÑOR? HO! HO!
BAH! ID ISS NOD DER MATTER FROM LAUGHINK, ZTUPID OAF! IF HE ZHOULD EFER VIND OUDT VOT VE ARE DOINK HERE-DESE CORPSES UND ALL-VE VOULD BE IN BLENTY DUTCH!
HO-HO-HO! HA-HA! HEE-HEE! NO, SEÑOR ZE MASTAIR-EET EES NOT ZHAT BAD! RELAX YOURSEL'-I, RAMON, YOU' FRIEN', HAVE ZE GR-R-RAND IDEA!
W'Y YOU NOT CATCH ZEES ZOOB-MAREEN'-BRING HEEM TO ZE CASTLE, AN' LET RAMON CUT HEEM APART? LET RAMON CUT HEEM HEART OUT W'ILE HE EES STEEL ALIVE? ZEN WE FIN' OUT W'AT MAKE HEEM (HOW YOU ZAY?) TICK!
ACH, RAMON, MEIN LIEBER! DOT ISS DER EXCELLENT PLAN! V'Y DID I NOD T'INK OFF IT MINEZELF?
THE SCIENTIST LIFTS THE TELEPHONE
HELLO, MONA, MEIN LIEBSCHEN? COME TO DER LABORATORY IMMEDIATELY. JA, ID ISS IMPORTANT!
YOU CALLED ME, MASTER?
JA, MEIN ZWEET! I HAFF DER IMPORTANT MISSION FOR YOU. DER ZUB-MARINER ISS IN DER VILLAGE, UND YOU MUZT CONNIVE ZUM VAY OFF GEDDING HIM HERE TO DER MANSION!
HMMM! HEE-HEE!

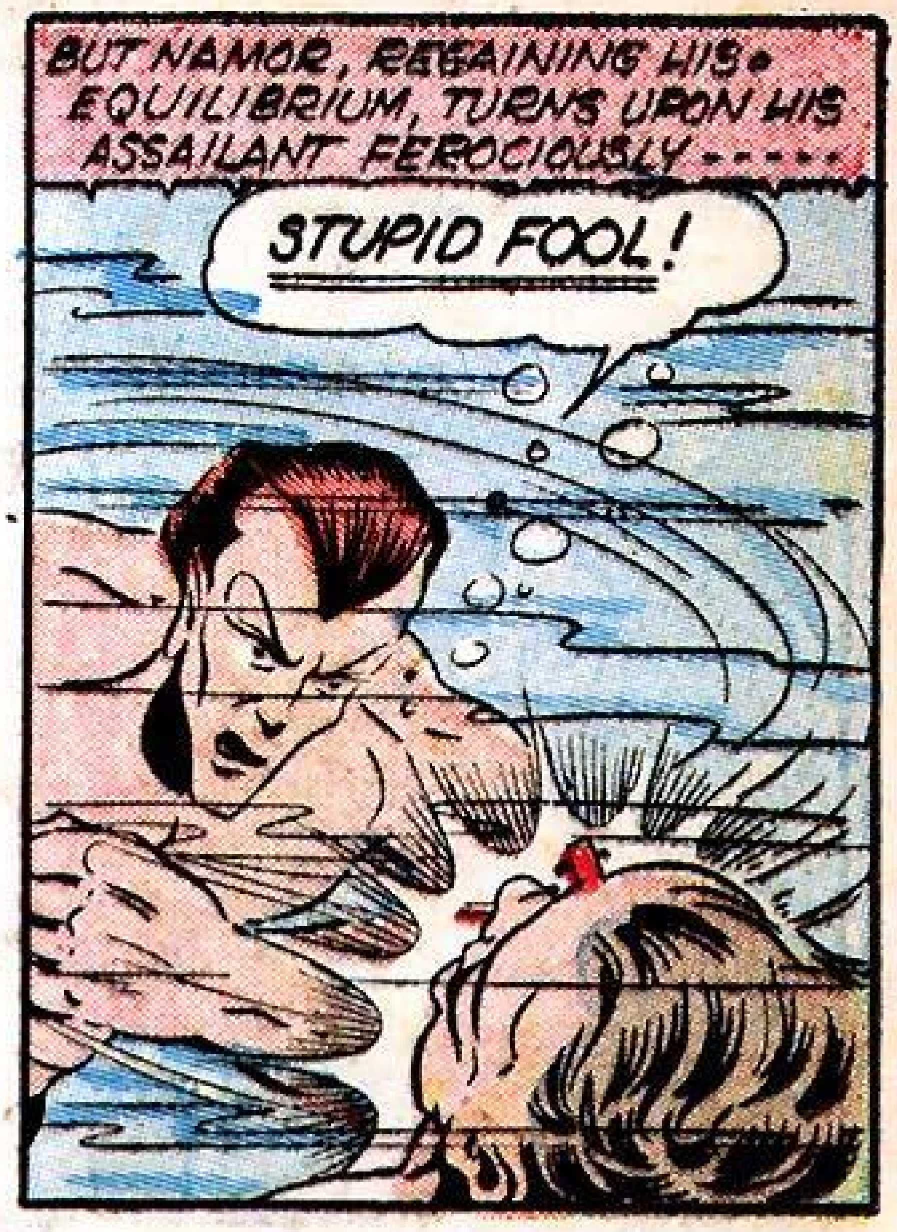

DON'T WORRY, MASTER - LEAVE IT TO LITTLE MONA. I DON'T JUST KNOW HOW I'LL DO IT, BUT I'LL BRING HIM BACK ALIVE!
SO - I'VE GOT TO ROPE IN THE FAMOUS SUB-MARINER EH? WHAT A BREAK FOR THE MASTER - AND FOR ME!
ROUNDING A CORNER OF THE CASTLE ON HER WAY TO THE VILLAGE, THE GIRL COLLIDES WITH NAMOR HIMSELF!
WHACK!
HEY!
OOOOPS!
OH, I'M SO SORRY, SIR! (HOLY SMOKE! WHAT LUCK!) I HOPE THERE'S NO DAMAGE DONE! YOU MUST BE LOOKING FOR PROFESSOR DORN - WILL YOU COME IN?
CERTAINLY, MISS - I'D BE DELIGHTED!
MONA TAKES NAMOR INTO THE MANSION'S GREAT PARLOR..
THE PROFESSOR'S RESTING RIGHT NOW - HE'S NOT BEEN WELL, YOU KNOW. I'M MONA LAKE, HIS NURSE - MAY I OFFER YOU SOME TEA?
SOUNDS LIKE A FINE IDEA, MISS LAKE. WILL I HAVE TO WAIT LONG TO SEE THE PROFESSOR?
OH, NO - HE'LL BE DOWN SHORTLY. OH - BY THE WAY - I WANT YOU TO MEET RAMON VALEREZ, THE PROFESSOR'S ASSISTANT. RAMON, THIS IS - UH - ER ---?
I'M PRINCE NAMOR. GLAD TO KNOW YOU, SIR!
HEE-HEE! HULLO! HA-HA!
PRINCE NAMOR! THEN - THEN YOU MUST BE THE RENOWNED SUB-MARINER! DID YOU HEAR THAT, RAMON? OUR GUEST IS DISTINGUISHED!
HEY! WHAT'S SHE DROPPING INTO THAT TEA-CUP?

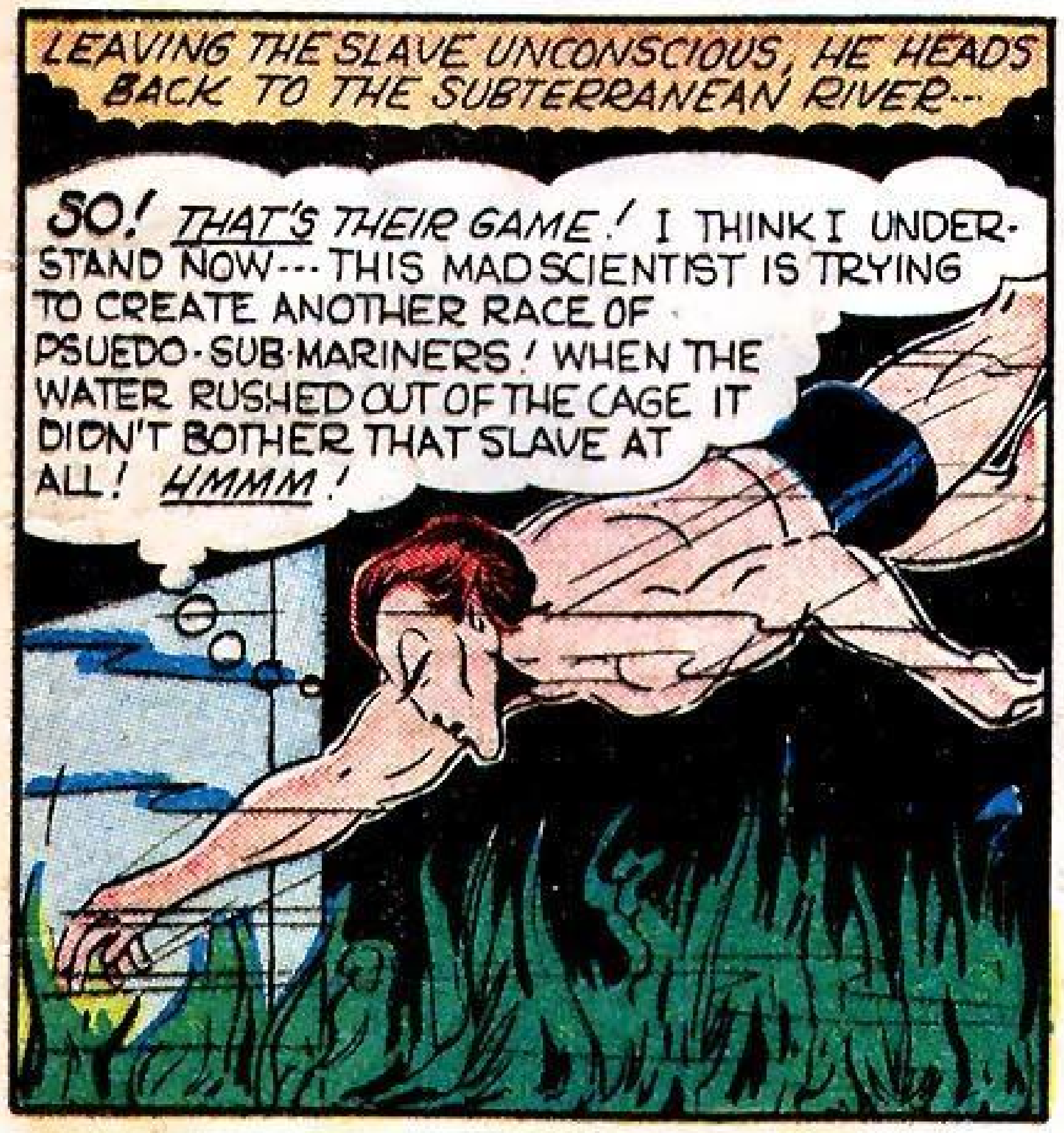

(FOOL! SHE DOESN'T KNOW THAT DRUGS DON'T AFFECT ME! BUT FOR THE SAKE OF CURIOSITY I'LL "PLAY BALL" FOR AWHILE)
WELL, THIS IS KIND OF YOU, MISS LAKE. I DRINK A TOAST TO YOU!
SILLY! THIS IS ONLY *TEA*!
A MOMENT LATER---
YOU KNOW, IT'S A FUNNY THING, BUT THIS TEA SEEMS TO HAVE MADE ME SLEEPY---
YOU LOOK AS THOUGH YOU'D HAD A HARD TRIP, PRINCE.
I-I GUESS IT WAS TOO MUCH FOR ME! I'M MIGHTY TIRED.
PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO LIE DOWN FOR A FEW MOMENTS? I'LL CALL YOU WHEN THE PROFESSOR WAKENS.
NAMOR FEIGNS SLEEP, AND----
HELLO, PROFESSOR? THE *SUB-MARINER* IS HERE IN THE PARLOR-ASLEEP-YES! HE IS IN OUR POWER! OH, IT WAS *TOO SIMPLE*!
HO! HO!
THE PROFESSOR ENTERS THE PARLOR FROM THE LABORATORY---
TIE HIM TIGHT, RAMON!
SÍ, SEÑOR! I FEEX HEEM!
6
SECURELY BOUND, NAMOR IS CARRIED FROM THE ROOM---
NOW! VE CAN CONCLUDE OUR EXPERIMEND! UND SUCCESSFULLY, TOO, NOW DOT VE HAFF DER PRIME EXAMPLE!
WE'RE ALMOST *TOO* LUCKY!

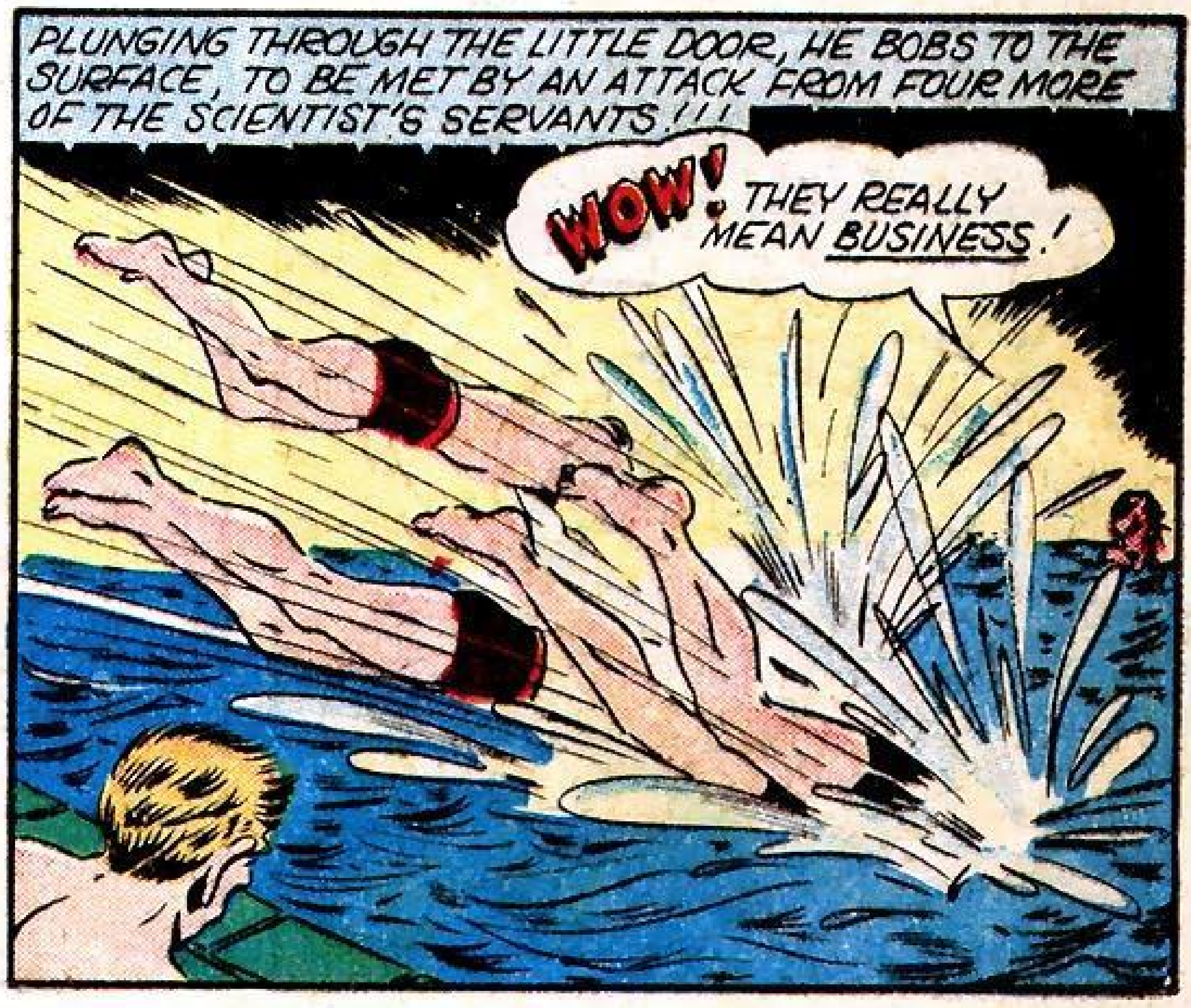

IN THE LABORATORY BELOW, PROFESSOR DORN CALLS IN HIS "SERVANTS"---
MEN, VE HAFF A NEW "GUINEA-PIG"-VUN VE CAN REALLY LEARN ZUMZING FROM. GIFES MIT DER *REAL THING*! TAKE HIM TO DER NUMBER VUN TANK - BY DER RIFFER!
YES, MASTER!
A MOMENT LATER, TWO OF THE "SLAVES" CARRY NAMOR FROM THE LABORATORY -
TO THE SUBTERRANEAN RIVER, BLACK JOHN!
-AND THROW HIM IN! IT'S THE MASTER'S ORDERS!
AND IN ANOTHER ROOM--
YOU SEE, MEIN LIEBER, DER ZUB-MARINER, HE HAS GOT TO DRIFT T'ROUGH DER OPENING INTO DER TEST-TANK, ZO VE CAN ZEE V'Y HE CAN LIFF UNTERVATER
MEANWHILE, IN THE UNDERGROUND RIVER----
OH -*HO*! A DOOR, EH? OBVIOUSLY THEY MEAN FOR ME TO GO THROUGH IT!
WELL, I'LL ACQUIESE - BUT - *HOLY SMOKE*! LOOK AT THEM! STARING AT ME THROUGH THIS GLASS CAGE! WHAT AM I - A GOLDFISH? *SA-A-AY!* IF THEY'VE PUT ME ON EXHIBITION, THEY'RE DUE TO SEE A *REAL* SHOW!
I'LL FIX 'EM!
YEOW!

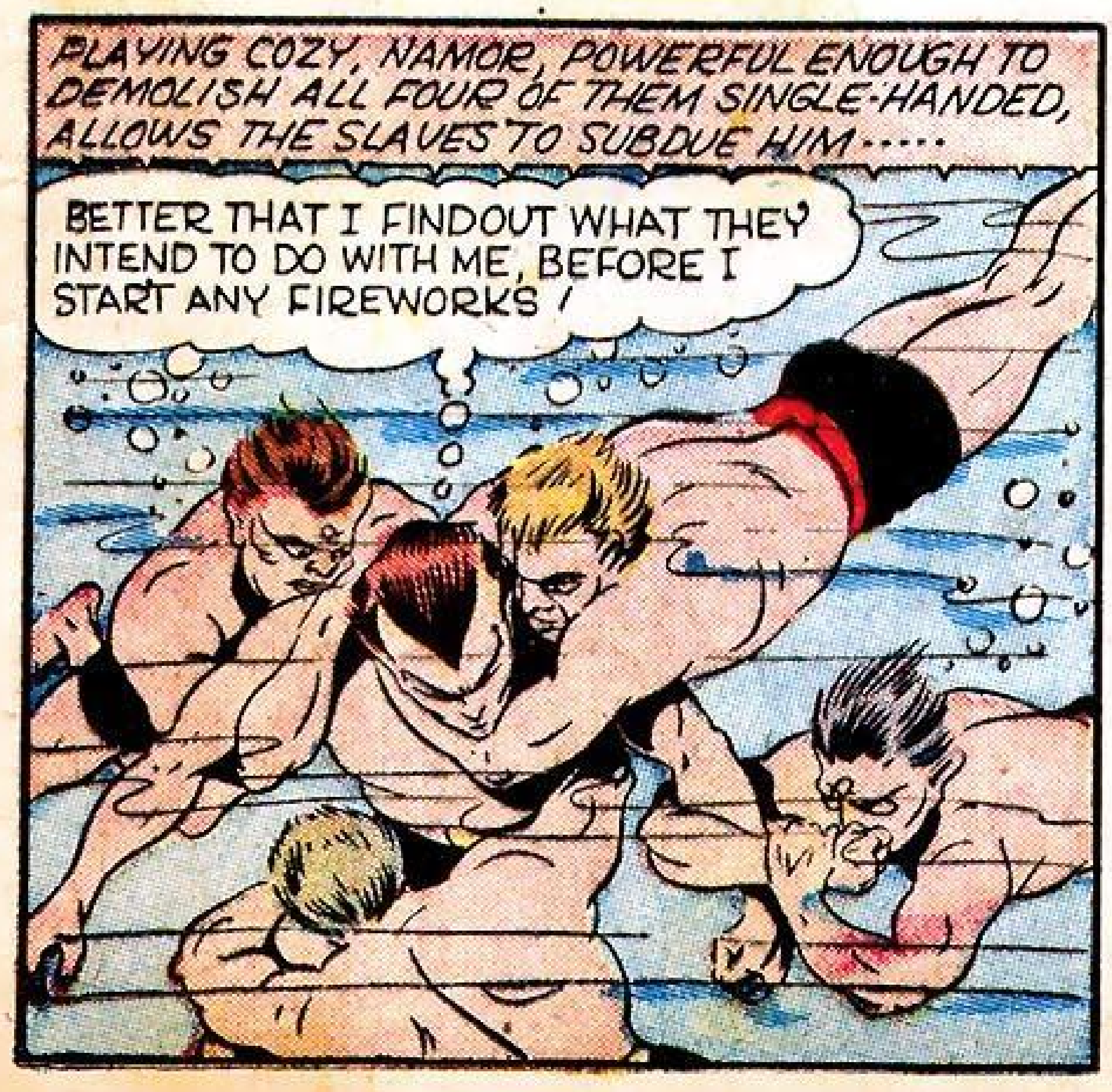

EVEN AS NAMOR CRASHES THROUGH THE GLASS CAGE, HE IS INTERCEPTED BY ONE OF THE PROFESSOR'S SLAVES....
UGH!

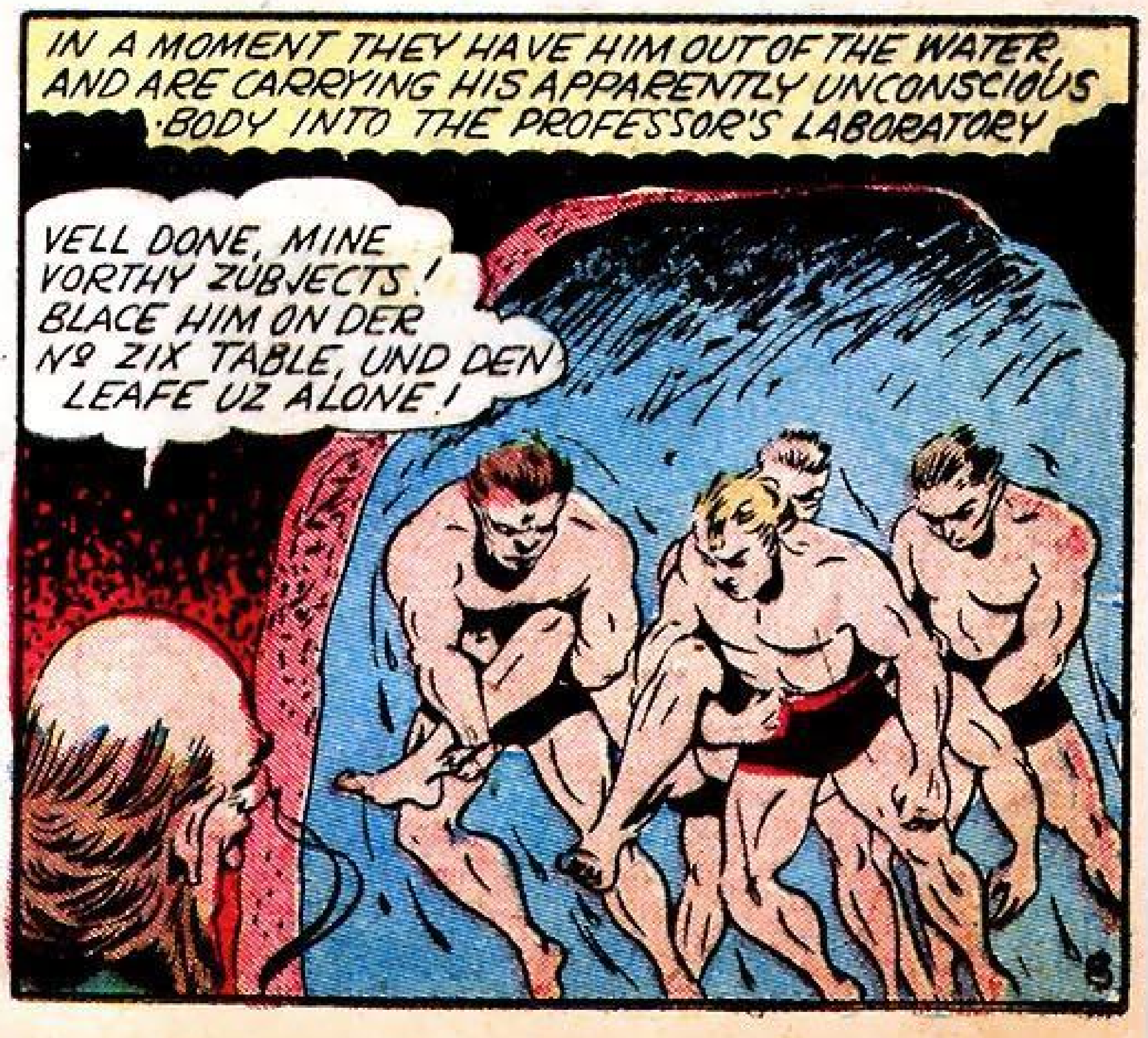

THE INTERRUPTION AFFORDS PROFESSOR DORN AND MONA AN OPPORTUNITY TO ESCAPE TO THE LABORATORY...

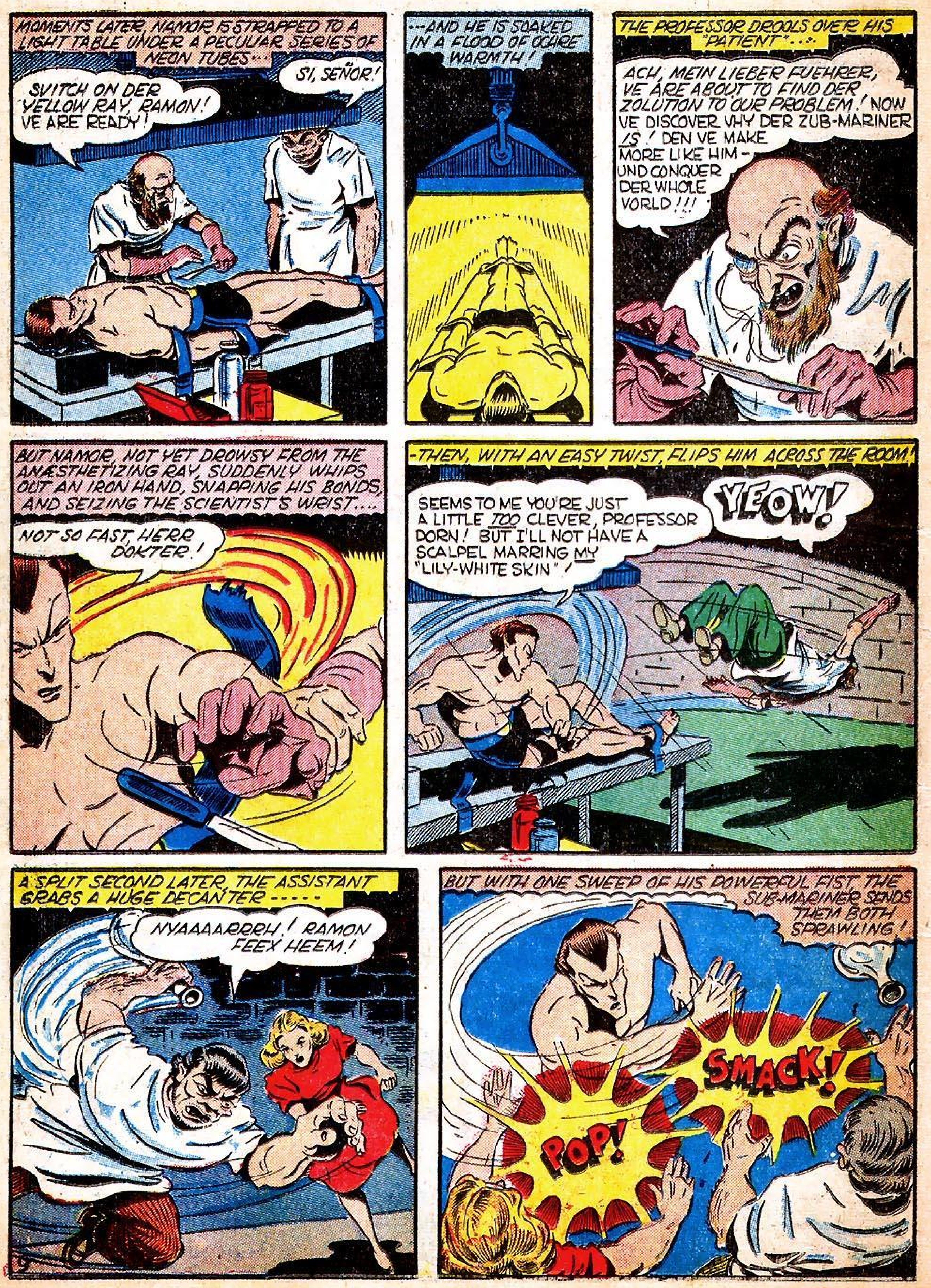

BUT NAMOR, REGAINING HIS EQUILIBRIUM, TURNS UPON HIS ASSAILANT FEROCIOUSLY-----
STUPID FOOL!

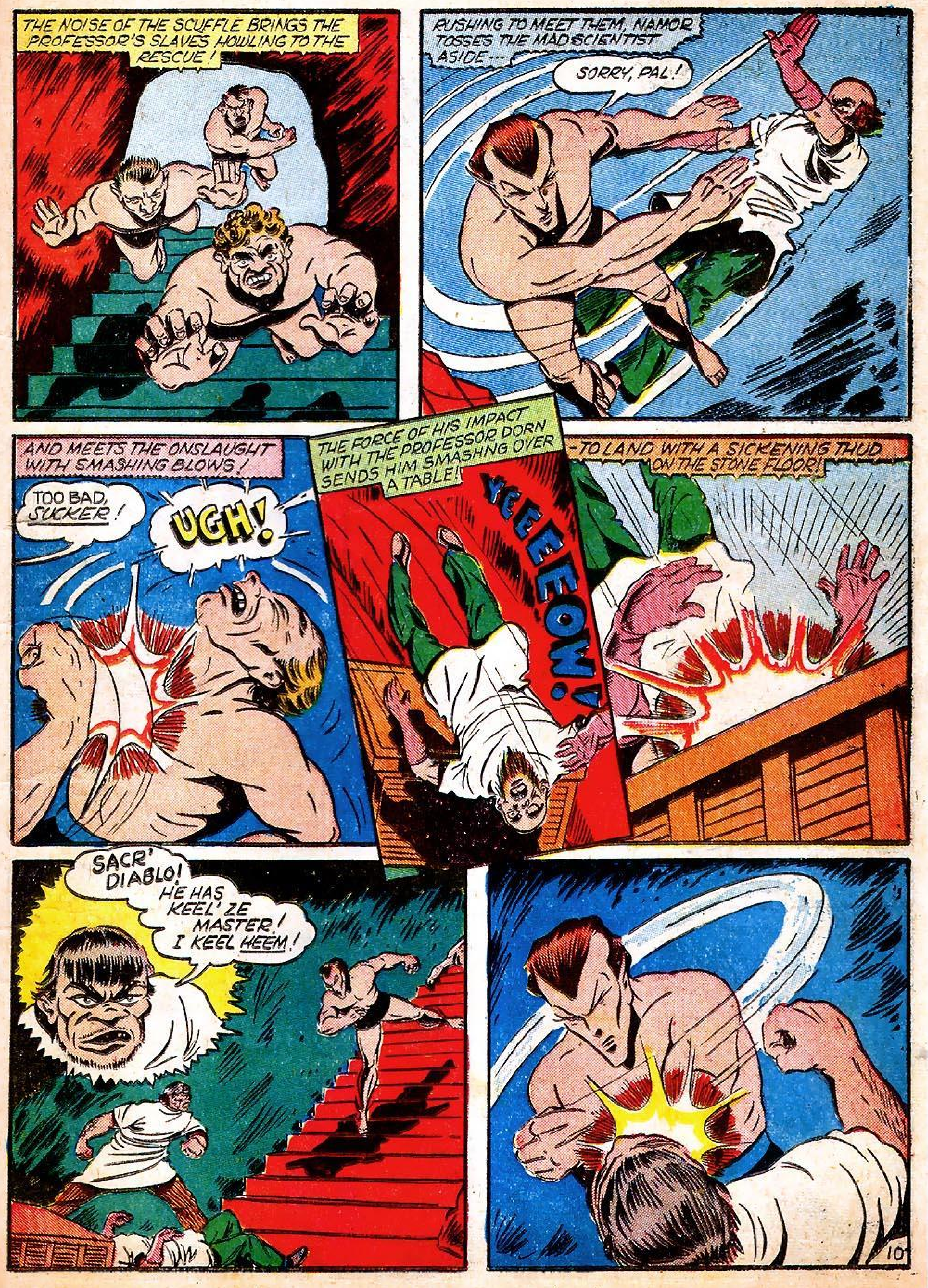

LEAVING THE SLAVE UNCONSCIOUS, HE HEADS BACK TO THE SUBTERRANEAN RIVER--
SO! THAT'S THEIR GAME! I THINK I UNDERSTAND NOW--- THIS MAD SCIENTIST IS TRYING TO CREATE ANOTHER RACE OF PSUEDO-SUB-MARINERS! WHEN THE WATER RUSHED OUT OF THE CAGE IT DIDN'T BOTHER THAT SLAVE AT ALL! HMMM!

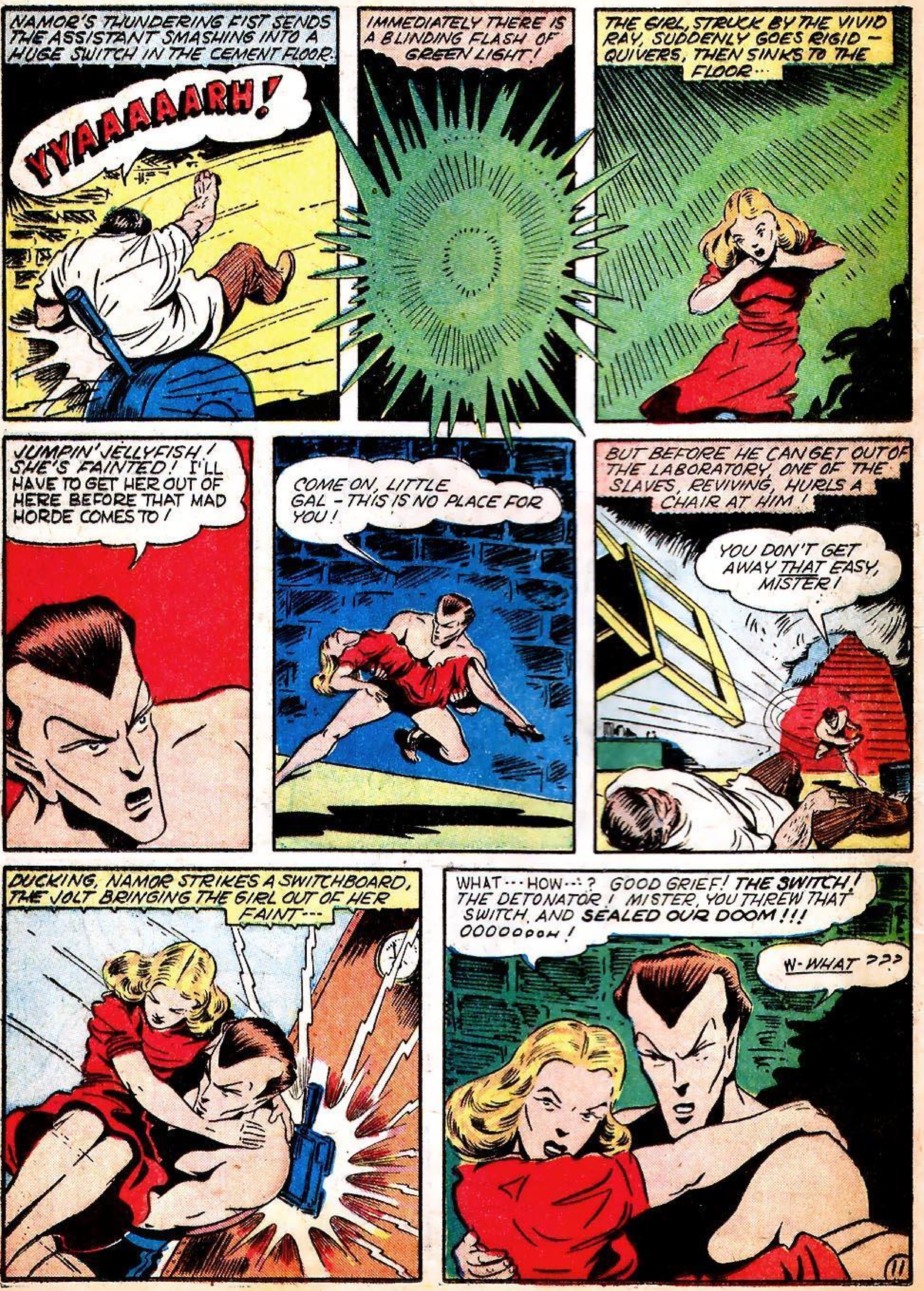

PLUNGING THROUGH THE LITTLE DOOR, HE BOBS TO THE SURFACE, TO BE MET BY AN ATTACK FROM FOUR MORE OF THE SCIENTIST'S SERVANTS!!!
WOW! THEY REALLY MEAN BUSINESS!

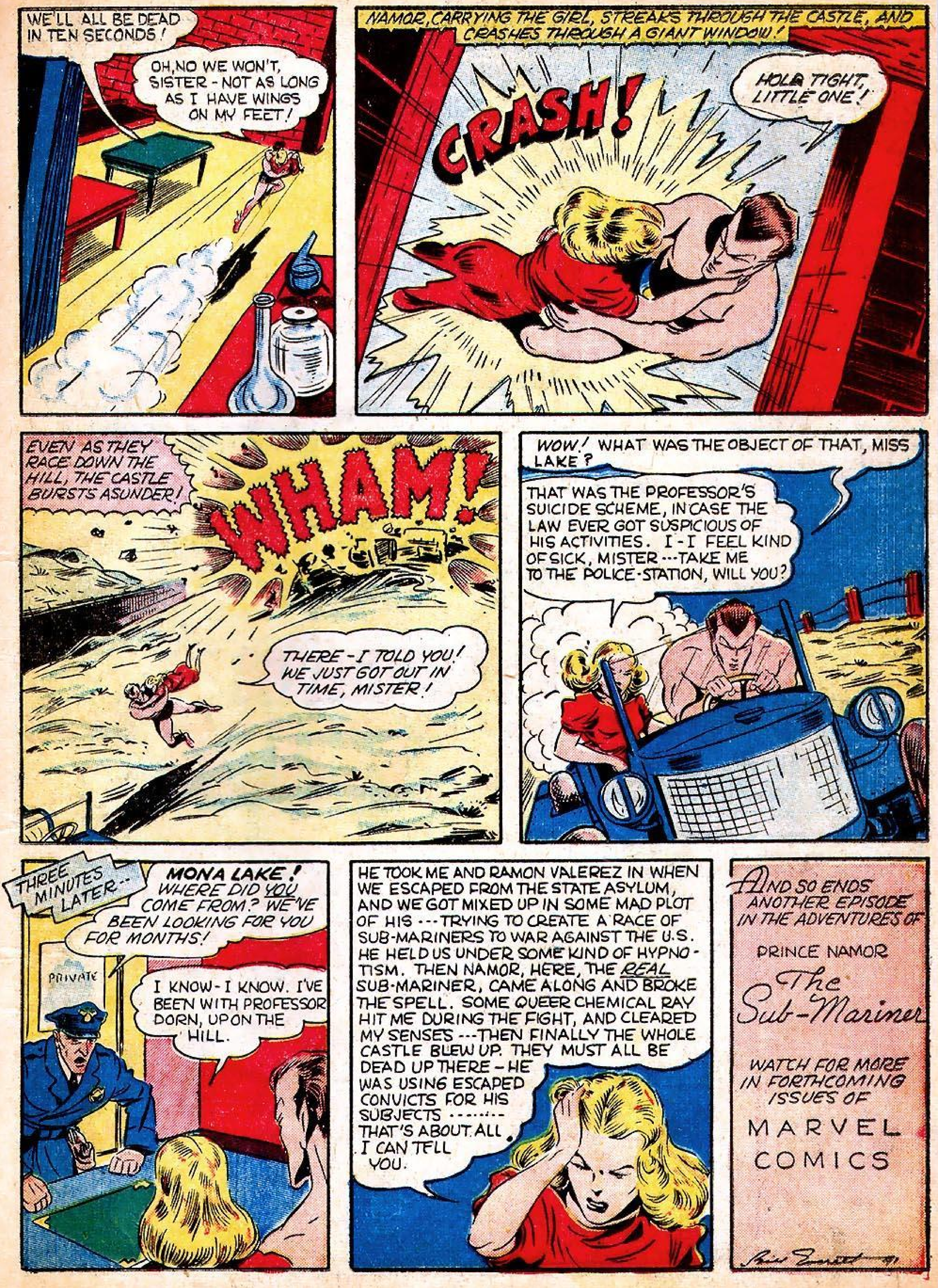

PLAYING COZY, NAMOR, POWERFUL ENOUGH TO DEMOLISH ALL FOUR OF THEM SINGLE-HANDED, ALLOWS THE SLAVES TO SUBDUE HIM.....
BETTER THAT I FINDOUT WHAT THEY INTEND TO DO WITH ME, BEFORE I START ANY FIREWORKS!

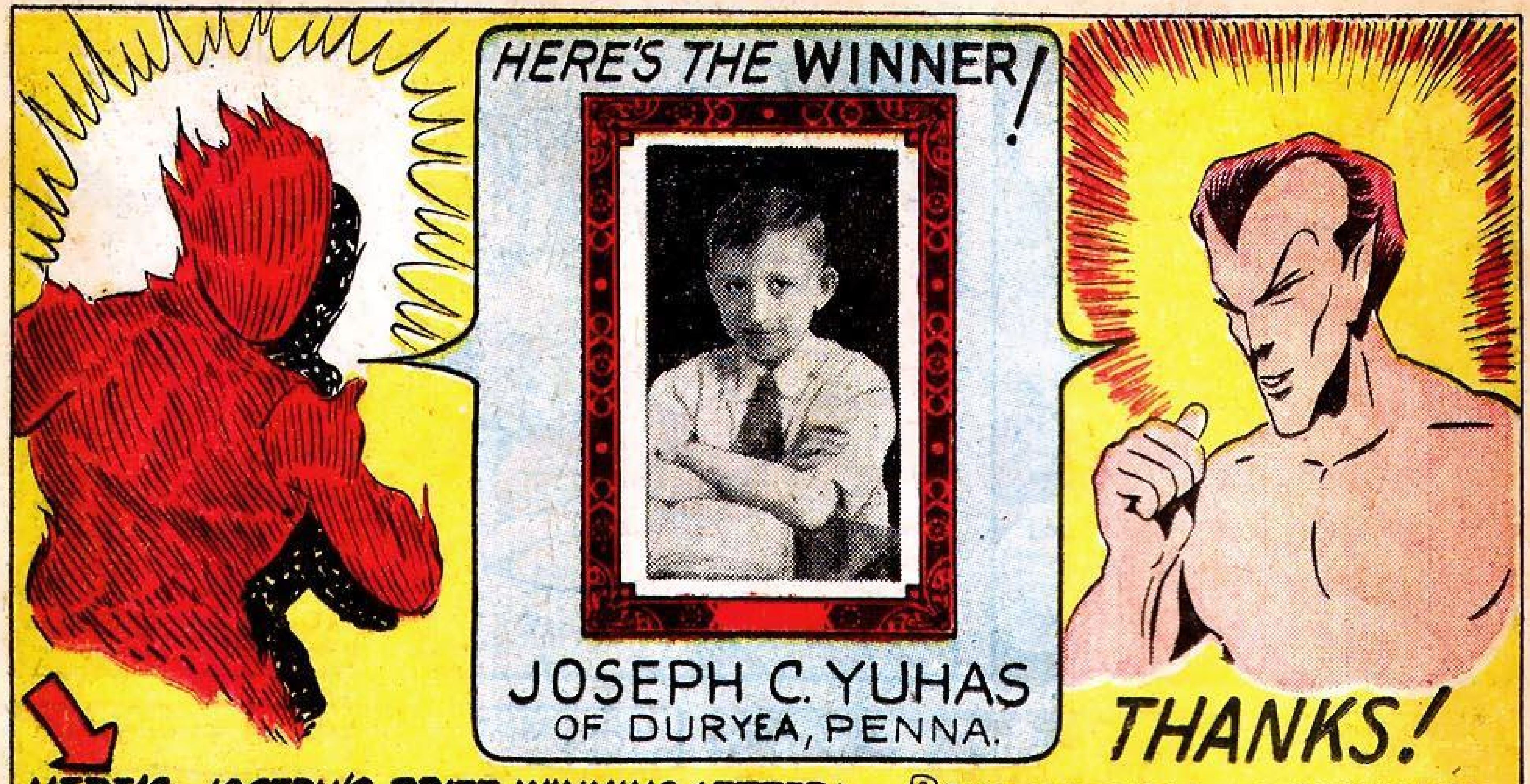

IN A MOMENT THEY HAVE HIM OUT OF THE WATER, AND ARE CARRYING HIS APPARENTLY UNCONSCIOUS BODY INTO THE PROFESSOR'S LABORATORY
VELL DONE, MINE VORTHY ZUBJECTS! BLACE HIM ON DER № ZIX TABLE, UND DEN LEAFE UZ ALONE!


MOMENTS LATER, NAMOR IS STRAPPED TO A LIGHT TABLE UNDER A PECULIAR SERIES OF NEON TUBES...
SVITCH ON DER YELLOW RAY, RAMON! VE ARE READY!
SÍ, SEÑOR!
---AND HE IS SOAKED IN A FLOOD OF OCHRE WARMTH!
THE PROFESSOR DROOLS OVER HIS "PATIENT"...
ACH, MEIN LIEBER FUEHRER, VE ARE ABOUT TO FIND DER ZOLUTION TO OUR PROBLEM! NOW VE DISCOVER VHY DER ZUB-MARINER IS! DEN VE MAKE MORE LIKE HIM - UND CONQUER DER WHOLE VORLD!!!
BUT NAMOR, NOT YET DROWSY FROM THE ANÆSTHETIZING RAY, SUDDENLY WHIPS OUT AN IRON HAND, SNAPPING HIS BONDS, AND SEIZING THE SCIENTIST'S WRIST....
NOT SO FAST, HERR DOKTER!
-THEN, WITH AN EASY TWIST, FLIPS HIM ACROSS THE ROOM!
SEEMS TO ME YOU'RE JUST A LITTLE TOO CLEVER, PROFESSOR DORN! BUT I'LL NOT HAVE A SCALPEL MARRING MY "LILY-WHITE SKIN"!
YEOW!
A SPLIT SECOND LATER, THE ASSISTANT GRABS A HUGE DECANTER -----
NYAAAAARRRH! RAMON FEEX HEEM!
BUT WITH ONE SWEEP OF HIS POWERFUL FIST, THE SUB-MARINER SENDS THEM BOTH SPRAWLING!
SMACK!
POP!


THE NOISE OF THE SCUFFLE BRINGS THE PROFESSOR'S SLAVES HOWLING TO THE RESCUE!
RUSHING TO MEET THEM, NAMOR TOSSES THE MAD SCIENTIST ASIDE---
SORRY, PAL!
AND MEETS THE ONSLAUGHT WITH SMASHING BLOWS!
TOO BAD, SUCKER!
UGH!
THE FORCE OF HIS IMPACT WITH THE PROFESSOR DORN SENDS HIM SMASHNG OVER A TABLE!
YEEEEOW!
-TO LAND WITH A SICKENING THUD ON THE STONE FLOOR!
SACR' DIABLO! HE HAS KEEL' ZE MASTER! I KEEL HEEM!


NAMOR'S THUNDERING FIST SENDS THE ASSISTANT SMASHING INTO A HUGE SWITCH IN THE CEMENT FLOOR.
YYAAAAAARH!
IMMEDIATELY THERE IS A BLINDING FLASH OF GREEN LIGHT!
THE GIRL, STRUCK BY THE VIVID RAY, SUDDENLY GOES RIGID — QUIVERS, THEN SINKS TO THE FLOOR...
JUMPIN' JELLYFISH! SHE'S FAINTED! I'LL HAVE TO GET HER OUT OF HERE BEFORE THAT MAD HORDE COMES TO!
COME ON, LITTLE GAL - THIS IS NO PLACE FOR YOU!
BUT BEFORE HE CAN GET OUT OF THE LABORATORY, ONE OF THE SLAVES, REVIVING, HURLS A CHAIR AT HIM!
YOU DON'T GET AWAY THAT EASY, MISTER!
DUCKING, NAMOR STRIKES A SWITCHBOARD, THE JOLT BRINGING THE GIRL OUT OF HER FAINT---
WHAT --- HOW---? GOOD GRIEF! THE SWITCH! THE DETONATOR! MISTER, YOU THREW THAT SWITCH, AND SEALED OUR DOOM!!! OOOOOOOOH!
W-WHAT???


WE'LL ALL BE DEAD IN TEN SECONDS!
OH, NO WE WON'T, SISTER - NOT AS LONG AS I HAVE WINGS ON MY FEET!
NAMOR, CARRYING THE GIRL, STREAKS THROUGH THE CASTLE, AND CRASHES THROUGH A GIANT WINDOW!
CRASH!
HOLD TIGHT, LITTLE ONE!
EVEN AS THEY RACE DOWN THE HILL, THE CASTLE BURSTS ASUNDER!
WHAM!
THERE - I TOLD YOU! WE JUST GOT OUT IN TIME, MISTER!
WOW! WHAT WAS THE OBJECT OF THAT, MISS LAKE?
THAT WAS THE PROFESSOR'S SUICIDE SCHEME, IN CASE THE LAW EVER GOT SUSPICIOUS OF HIS ACTIVITIES. I - I FEEL KIND OF SICK, MISTER --- TAKE ME TO THE POLICE-STATION, WILL YOU?
THREE MINUTES LATER --
MONA LAKE! WHERE DID YOU COME FROM? WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU FOR MONTHS!
PRIVATE
I KNOW - I KNOW. I'VE BEEN WITH PROFESSOR DORN, UPON THE HILL.
HE TOOK ME AND RAMON VALEREZ IN WHEN WE ESCAPED FROM THE STATE ASYLUM, AND WE GOT MIXED UP IN SOME MAD PLOT OF HIS --- TRYING TO CREATE A RACE OF SUB-MARINERS TO WAR AGAINST THE U.S. HE HELD US UNDER SOME KIND OF HYPNOTISM. THEN NAMOR, HERE, THE REAL SUB-MARINER, CAME ALONG AND BROKE THE SPELL. SOME QUEER CHEMICAL RAY HIT ME DURING THE FIGHT, AND CLEARED MY SENSES --- THEN FINALLY THE WHOLE CASTLE BLEW UP. THEY MUST ALL BE DEAD UP THERE - HE WAS USING ESCAPED CONVICTS FOR HIS SUBJECTS -------- THAT'S ABOUT ALL I CAN TELL YOU.
AND SO ENDS ANOTHER EPISODE IN THE ADVENTURES OF
PRINCE NAMOR
The Sub-Mariner
WATCH FOR MORE IN FORTHCOMING ISSUES OF
MARVEL COMICS


HERE'S THE WINNER!
JOSEPH C. YUHAS
OF DURYEA, PENNA.
THANKS!

HERE'S JOSEPH'S PRIZE-WINNING LETTER:

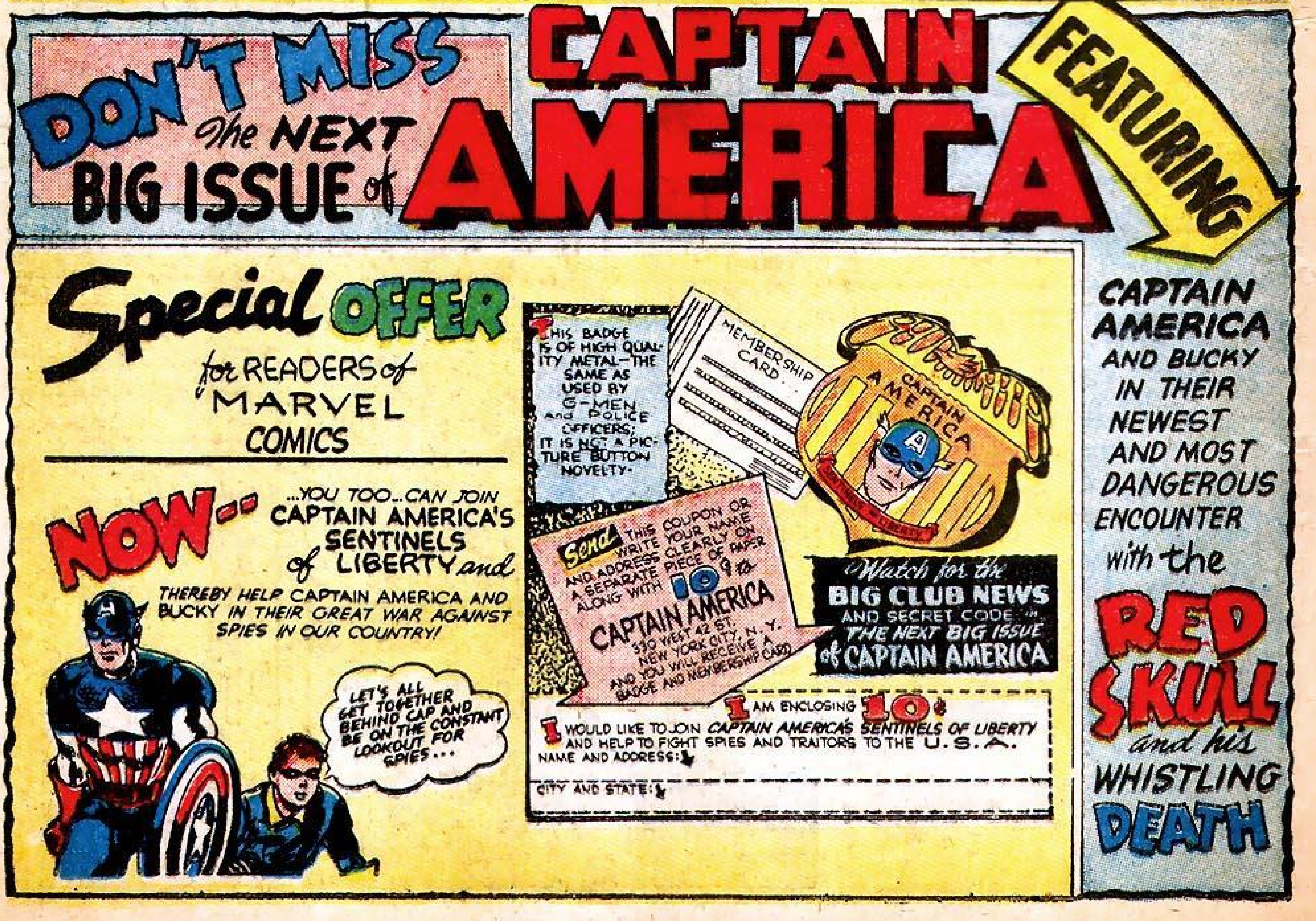
To the thousands of comic readers, I feel safe in saying "MARVEL COMICS" really hits the spot! I like the variety of characters and thrilling stories, the drawings of the cartoons in "MARVEL COMICS" really puts it over. Many times I've tried to draw some of Paul Gustavson's characters, not to say, how many times I tried to draw Carl Burgos' HUMAN TORCH, and Bill Everett's SUB-MARINER, with many hours of pleasure.

Joseph C Yuhas

BOYS AND GIRLS, WE THANK YOU ALL FOR YOUR ENTRIES, AND FOR THE WAY IN WHICH YOU TRIED!

EVERYBODY COULDN'T BE A WINNER – BUT THE TRY WAS WORTH IT··· IT GAVE US BOTH A KICK-- BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME.

The HUMAN TORCH-
SUB-MARINER.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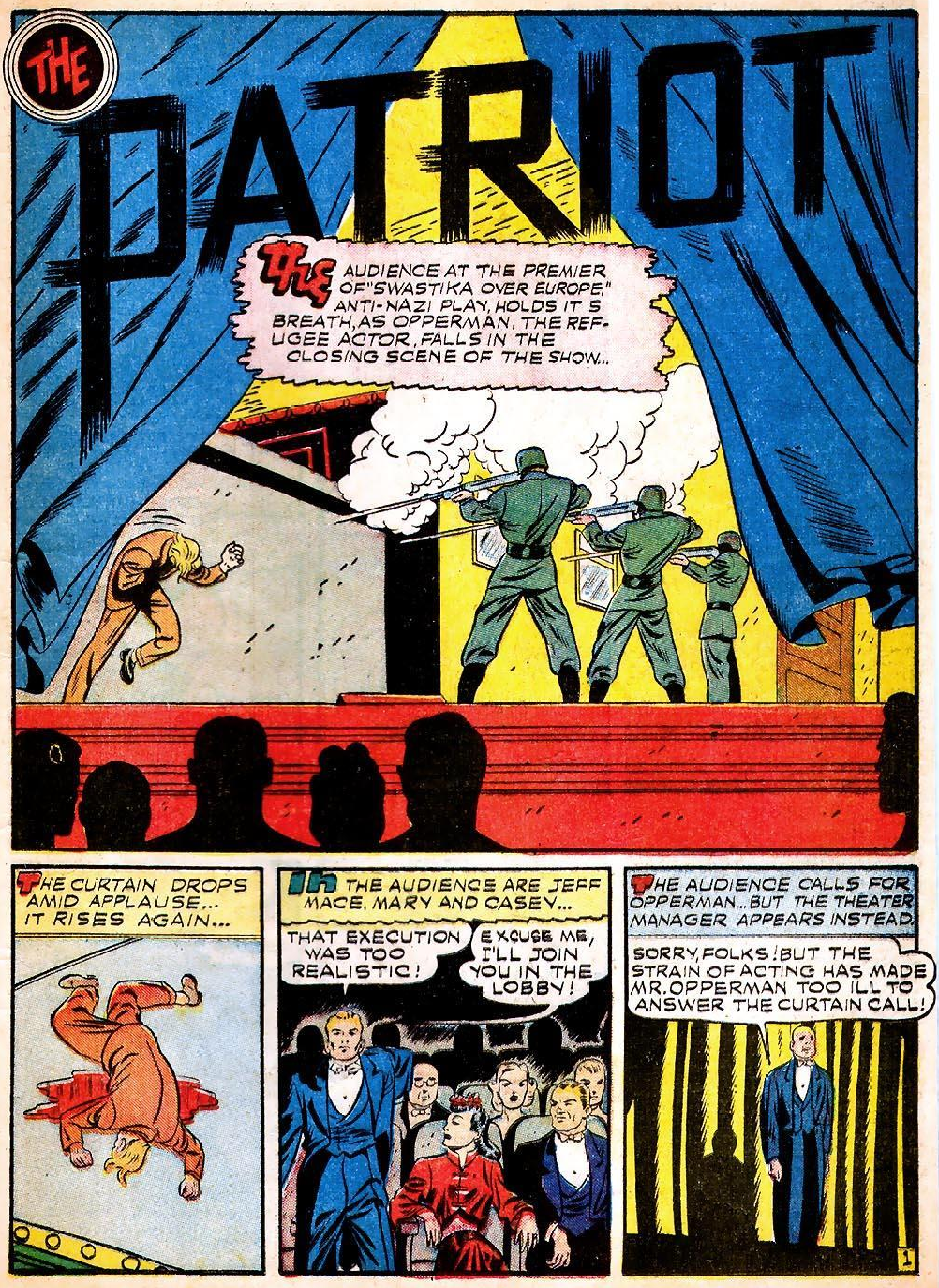
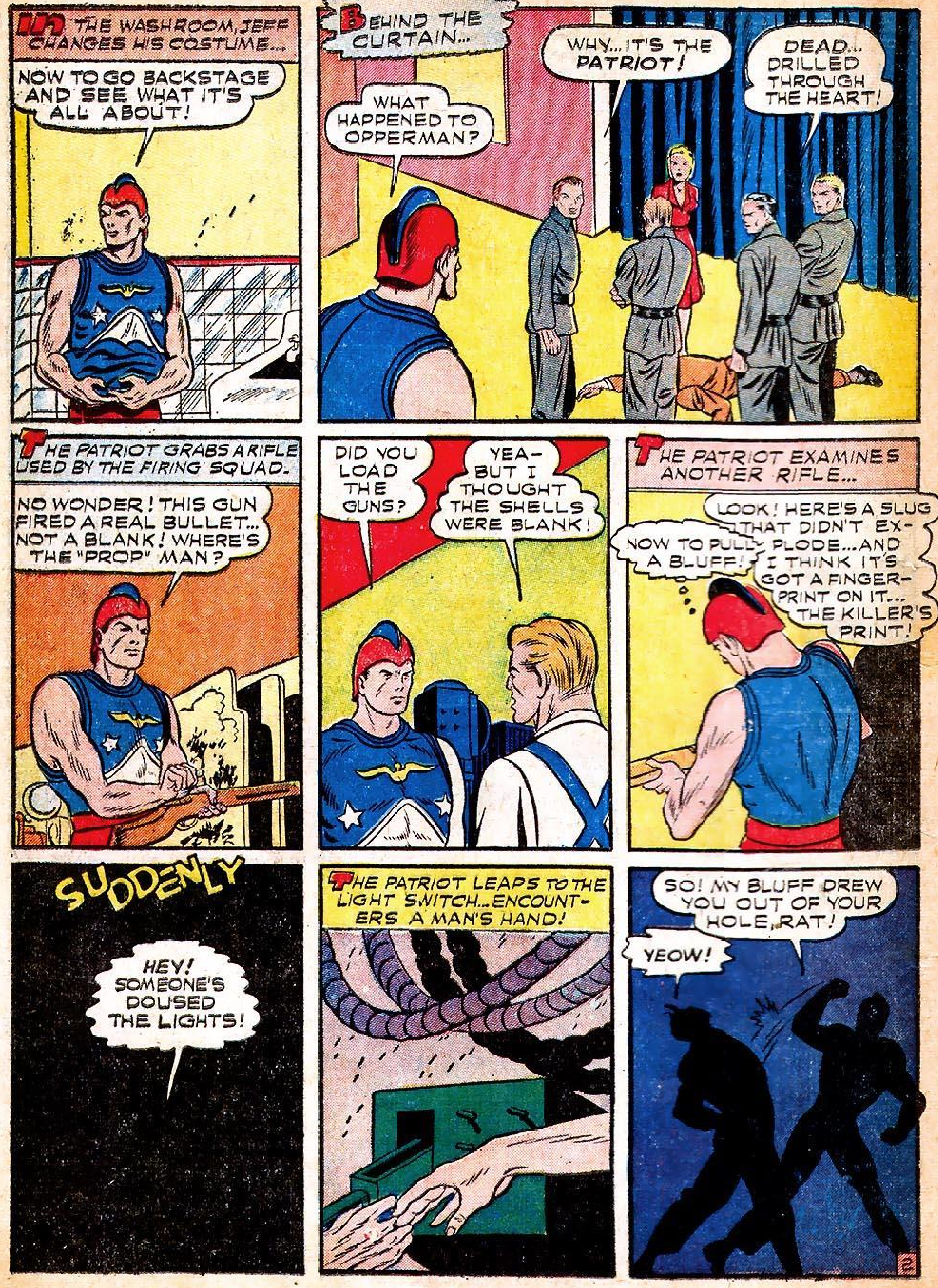
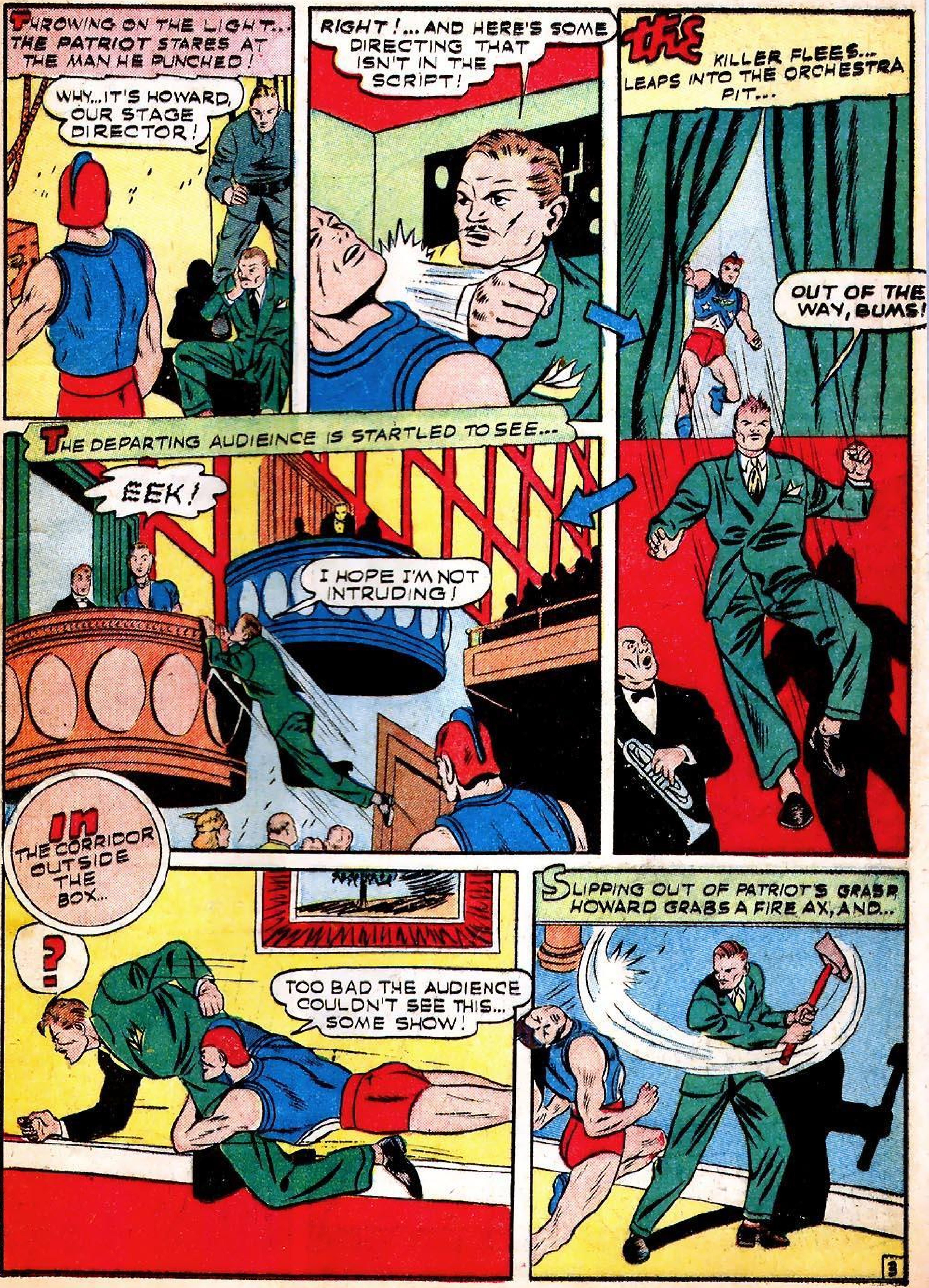
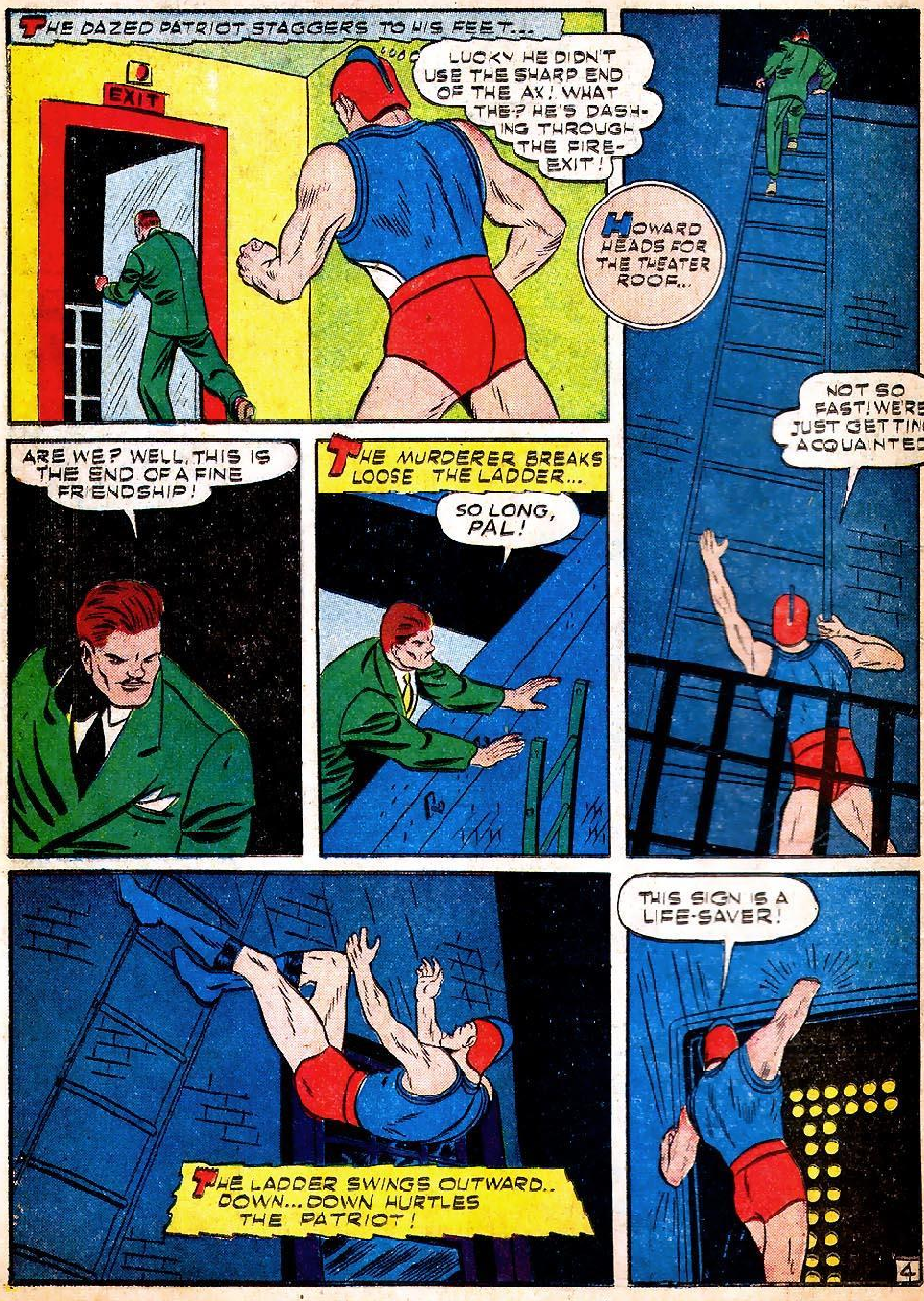
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY IN THEIR NEWEST AND MOST DANGEROUS ENCOUNTER with the RED SKULL and his WHISTLING DEATH
MEMBERSHIP CARD
CAPTAIN AMERICA
SENTINELS of LIBERTY
LET'S ALL GET TOGETHER BEHIND CAP AND BE ON THE CONSTANT LOOKOUT FOR SPIES...

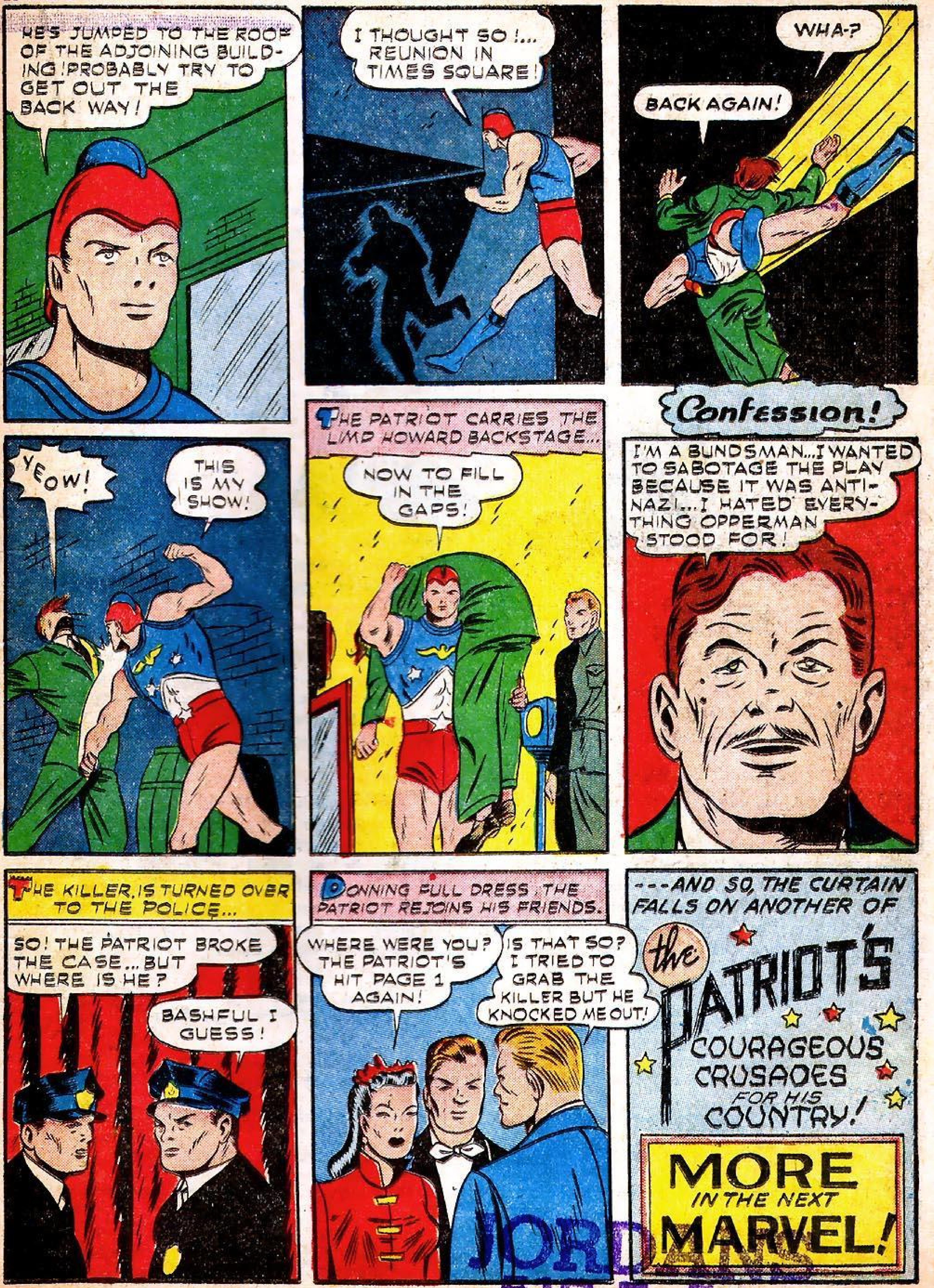

THE PATRIOT
THE AUDIENCE AT THE PREMIER OF "SWASTIKA OVER EUROPE," ANTI-NAZI PLAY, HOLDS ITS BREATH, AS OPPERMAN, THE REFUGEE ACTOR, FALLS IN THE CLOSING SCENE OF THE SHOW...
THE CURTAIN DROPS AMID APPLAUSE... IT RISES AGAIN...
IN THE AUDIENCE ARE JEFF MACE, MARY AND CASEY...
THAT EXECUTION WAS TOO REALISTIC!
EXCUSE ME, I'LL JOIN YOU IN THE LOBBY!
THE AUDIENCE CALLS FOR OPPERMAN.. BUT THE THEATER MANAGER APPEARS INSTEAD.
SORRY, FOLKS! BUT THE STRAIN OF ACTING HAS MADE MR. OPPERMAN TOO ILL TO ANSWER THE CURTAIN CALL!


IN THE WASHROOM, JEFF CHANGES HIS COSTUME...
NOW TO GO BACKSTAGE AND SEE WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!
BEHIND THE CURTAIN...
WHAT HAPPENED TO OPPERMAN?
WHY... IT'S THE PATRIOT!
DEAD... DRILLED THROUGH THE HEART!
THE PATRIOT GRABS A RIFLE USED BY THE FIRING SQUAD.
NO WONDER! THIS GUN FIRED A REAL BULLET... NOT A BLANK! WHERE'S THE "PROP" MAN?
DID YOU LOAD THE GUNS?
YEA- BUT I THOUGHT THE SHELLS WERE BLANK!
THE PATRIOT EXAMINES ANOTHER RIFLE...
LOOK! HERE'S A SLUG THAT DIDN'T EXPLODE... AND I THINK IT'S GOT A FINGERPRINT ON IT... THE KILLER'S PRINT!
NOW TO PULL A BLUFF!
SUDDENLY
HEY! SOMEONE'S DOUSED THE LIGHTS!
THE PATRIOT LEAPS TO THE LIGHT SWITCH... ENCOUNTERS A MAN'S HAND!
SO! MY BLUFF DREW YOU OUT OF YOUR HOLE, RAT!
YEOW!


THROWING ON THE LIGHT.. THE PATRIOT STARES AT THE MAN HE PUNCHED!
WHY...IT'S HOWARD, OUR STAGE DIRECTOR!
RIGHT!... AND HERE'S SOME DIRECTING THAT ISN'T IN THE SCRIPT!
THE KILLER FLEES... LEAPS INTO THE ORCHESTRA PIT...
OUT OF THE WAY, BUMS!
THE DEPARTING AUDIEINCE IS STARTLED TO SEE...
EEK!
I HOPE I'M NOT INTRUDING!
IN THE CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THE BOX...
?
TOO BAD THE AUDIENCE COULDN'T SEE THIS... SOME SHOW!
SLIPPING OUT OF PATRIOT'S GRASP HOWARD GRABS A FIRE AX, AND...
3

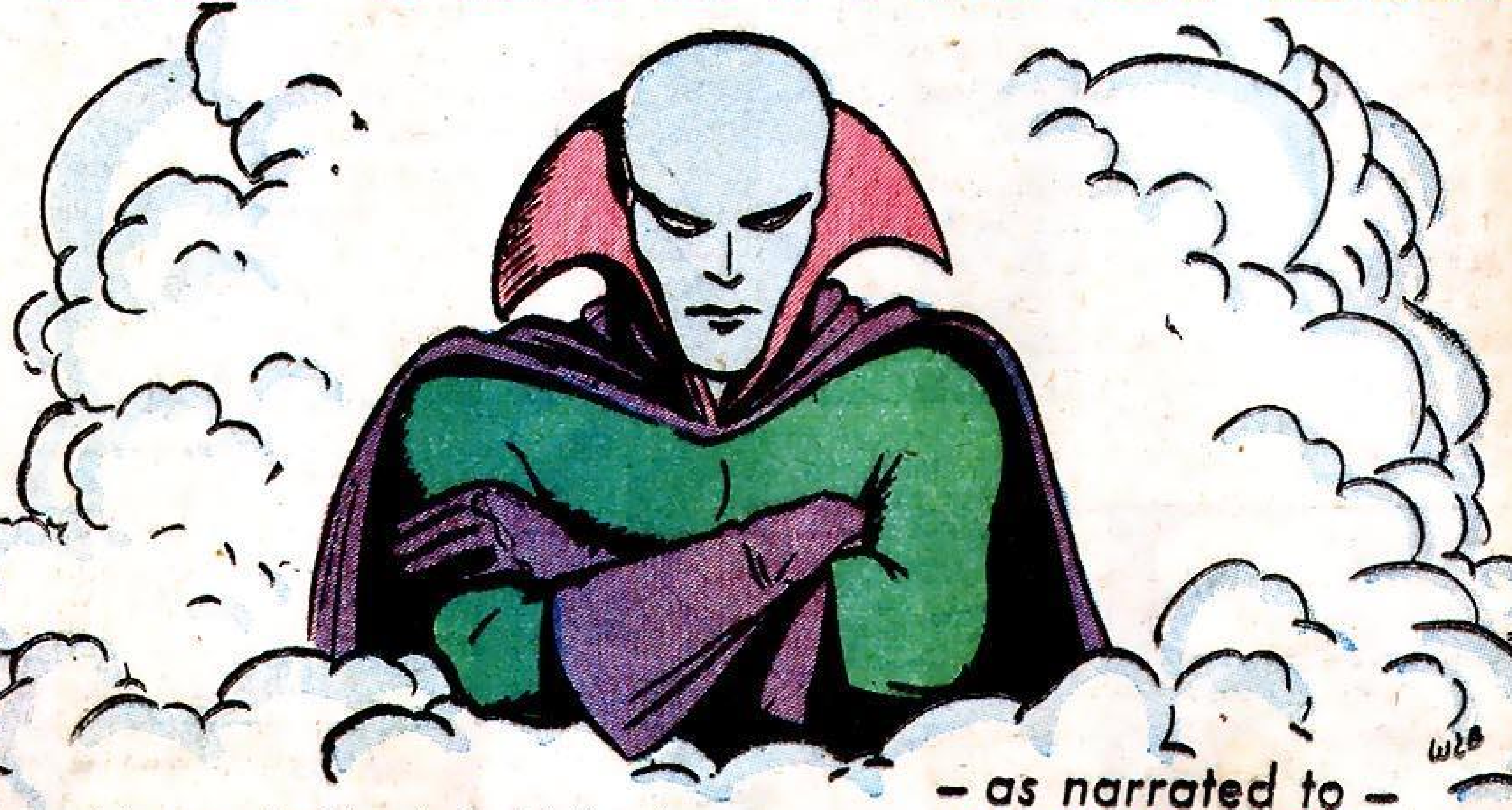

THE DAZED PATRIOT STAGGERS TO HIS FEET...
LUCKY HE DIDN'T USE THE SHARP END OF THE AX! WHAT THE-? HE'S DASHING THROUGH THE FIRE-EXIT!
EXIT
HOWARD HEADS FOR THE THEATER ROOF...
NOT SO FAST! WE'RE JUST GETTING ACQUAINTED!
ARE WE? WELL, THIS IS THE END OF A FINE FRIENDSHIP!
THE MURDERER BREAKS LOOSE THE LADDER...
SO LONG, PAL!
THE LADDER SWINGS OUTWARD.. DOWN... DOWN HURTLES THE PATRIOT!
THIS SIGN IS A LIFE-SAVER!

CK-ISSUE MAGAZINES


HE'S JUMPED TO THE ROOF OF THE ADJOINING BUILDING! PROBABLY TRY TO GET OUT THE BACK WAY!
I THOUGHT SO!... REUNION IN TIMES SQUARE!
WHA-?
BACK AGAIN!
YEOW!
THIS IS MY SHOW!
THE PATRIOT CARRIES THE LIMP HOWARD BACKSTAGE...
NOW TO FILL IN THE GAPS!
Confession!
I'M A BUNDSMAN...I WANTED TO SABOTAGE THE PLAY BECAUSE IT WAS ANTI-NAZI!...I HATED EVERYTHING OPPERMAN STOOD FOR!
THE KILLER, IS TURNED OVER TO THE POLICE...
SO! THE PATRIOT BROKE THE CASE... BUT WHERE IS HE?
BASHFUL I GUESS!
DONNING FULL DRESS, THE PATRIOT REJOINS HIS FRIENDS.
WHERE WERE YOU? THE PATRIOT'S HIT PAGE 1 AGAIN!
IS THAT SO? I TRIED TO GRAB THE KILLER BUT HE KNOCKED ME OUT!
---AND SO, THE CURTAIN FALLS ON ANOTHER OF
the PATRIOT'S
COURAGEOUS CRUSADES FOR HIS COUNTRY!
MORE IN THE NEXT MARVEL!

JORDAN'S

THE VISION SPEAKS!



— as narrated to —
STAN LEE

I have received hundreds of letters from "Marvel" readers asking me to write something about myself, and about the world of smoke from where I come. Most people know very little about the Smoke Dimension, so I've asked the editor to let me use this space to tell you about it,

Most of my friends want to know how I can come into your world so easily, and how it is that I always seem to "pop up" whenever there's some trouble brewing. Well, it's rather a long story, but here goes—

THE smoke world is thousands of light years from the earth, and is many times larger than any of your planets. Instead of air to breathe, the inhabitants of my land breathe smoke, for there is no air. That's why my eyes are different than yours. If I had eyes like yours, the smoke would get into them and blind me—but my eyes are protected by a white film which I can see thru and which keeps the smoke out.

YEARS ago in the World of Smoke, I was a policeman. Of course, we don't have policemen of the kind you have on earth, but that's the only way I can describe myself so that you'll understand. Actually, I was called a "keeper of the law." It was my duty to see that everybody was happy, and that the strong didn't take advantage of the weak.

The VISION . . . that amazing nemesis of crime . . . comes out from behind his smoke-screen to peer at ordinary mortals, and catch those who stray from the straight path. Once a month, he comes down to Earth on a mission of peace and justice that never fails to awe, amaze.

One day, a terrible thing happened! One of our citizens murdered another one! It was the first murder we had had in centuries, and naturally we were very angry about it. We brought the killer before the Law-Giver (he would be the same as a President in your country), and the Law-Giver decided to forever banish him from the World of Smoke. So it was ordered that I was to leave the Smoke World and find a place bad enough to exile him to!

Fortunately, at just about that time, one of your Earth scientists was conducting an atomic experiment in his laboratory. During the experiment, the scientist mixed a vibrating molecule with a form of gas he was using, and a strange thing happened! As soon as the molecule was mixed with the gas, the veil between your world and mine seemed to be drawn aside and LO—it was just as though the scientist was standing in our midst!

After all, you know, the people of my dimension, although thousands of light years away, are separated from your world only by a thin veil. In fact, there are times when the veil is accidentally pierced and the people of your world actually see us. They don't know who we are, though, and call us ghosts!

But, getting back to my story, this scientist (his name was Markham Ericsohn), managed to contact our world and received an audience before the Law-Giver. At first he wouldn't believe that there was such a place as the Smoke Dimension and that people such as we existed. But after speaking with the Law-Giver for a few moments he began to understand.

It was then that he made his strange request. He begged one of us to come to your world and to help rid it of evil. For after all, the men of the Smoke World are far wiser and stronger than Earth men. It was I who volunteered!

THE first trip I made out of the Smoke World brought me to the planet Jupiter, for the ray hadn't been filtered correctly at the time and the men who operated it made an error in their calculations. I left the murderer there and returned to my own world through a dense cloud of smoke.

It was then that I realized what an enormous amount of good I could do to the outside world with the strange power I had! All my life I had been an adventurous man, and so I begged the Law-Giver to allow me to come to your world once every month in search of adventure, and in the cause of righteousness!

I remember the first time I came to Earth. I was so surprised that I could hardly catch my breath! First of all, I had never seen people who dressed the way you do, especially the women! In the Smoke World, the women never wear hats, and all the men wear long cloaks—like the one I wear. And then there were your buildings! I had never before seen a building! In my land we have no houses at all! When we want to go to sleep, we simply spray some nector-gas over ourselves and lay down on the ground. The gas protects us from the cold and enables us to sleep for exactly 12 hours. If we want amusement, instead of going to a theater, we simply take out a pocket-projection machine and look through it. The shows are changed every day by remote control and the pictures are always good. Another thing—we don't give away free dishes!

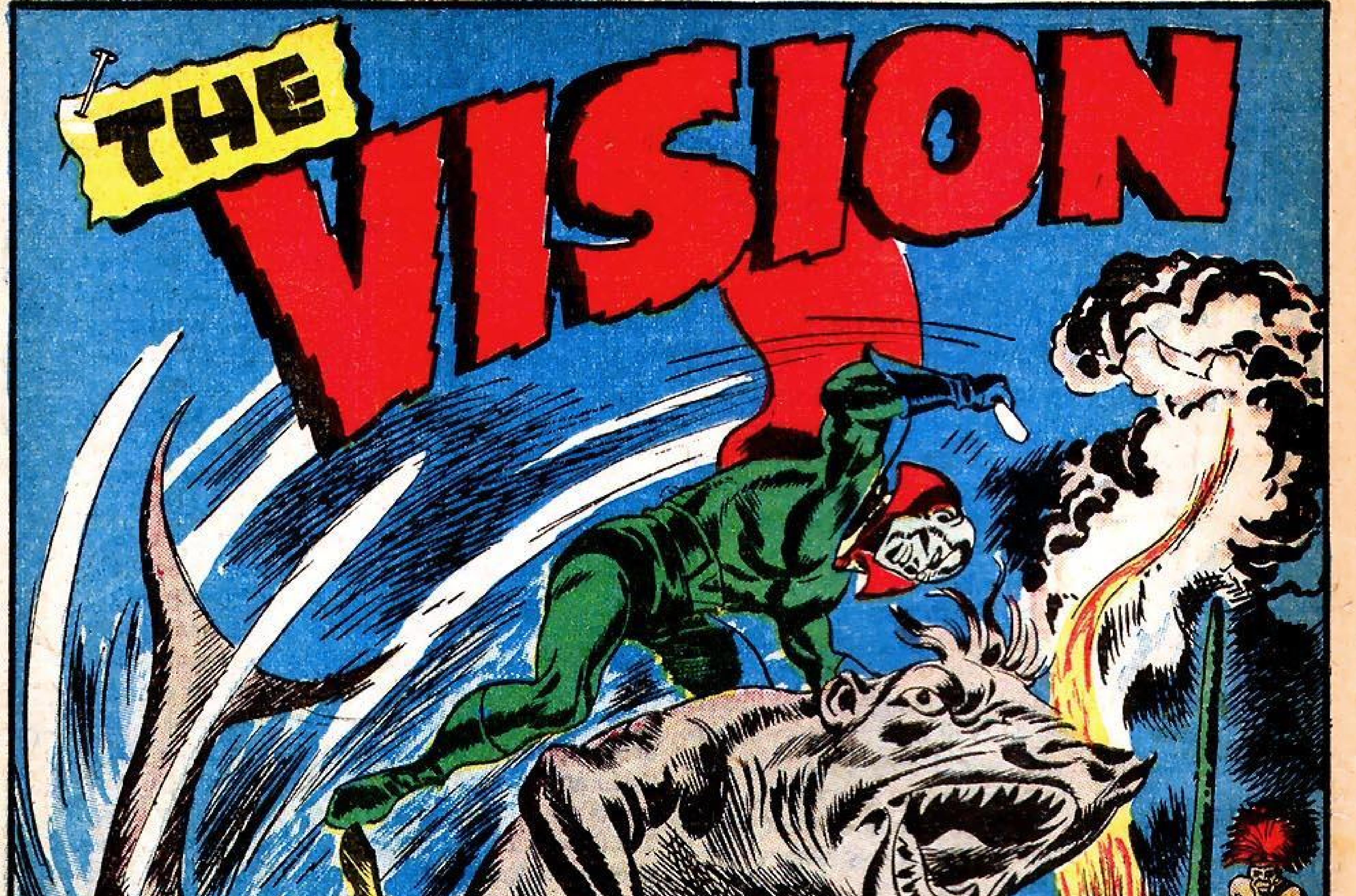
Another thing which surprised me was the way people on Earth travel. When they want to go somewhere they take a subway, or an automobile. If they want to go very far they take a boat, or a train, or airplane. Why, in the Smoke-World there are no vehicles of transportation! If anyone wants to go somewhere they simply trot over! That's why I can run faster and longer than most people on Earth. It's because I, and all Smoke-Men, are used to it—having run since they were little children.

But even though there are many things about Earth-Men which I can't understand and which I think are very peculiar, I still like you very much and enjoy visiting you every month. Then too, I like to battle with your puny criminals. I never could understand what makes a man a criminal. Everybody knows that you can't beat the law; sooner or later all criminals get caught—and even while they're free, they're always afraid of being captured, and consequently are never happy or contented. The reason that there are so few crimes in the World of Smoke is because we educate our children first by teaching them to always help others, and to respect the laws of the land. That is something to always remember—the laws are made to protect *you*, so that when you obey them and help to capture criminals, you are really helping yourself, and not only the police!

Well, I have to go back to my own dimension now, for there is work for me there too! I hope that you enjoyed my adventure in this issue of "Marvel Comics" and I promise you a real humdinger of a mystery in the next issue! So long, pals, see you soon!

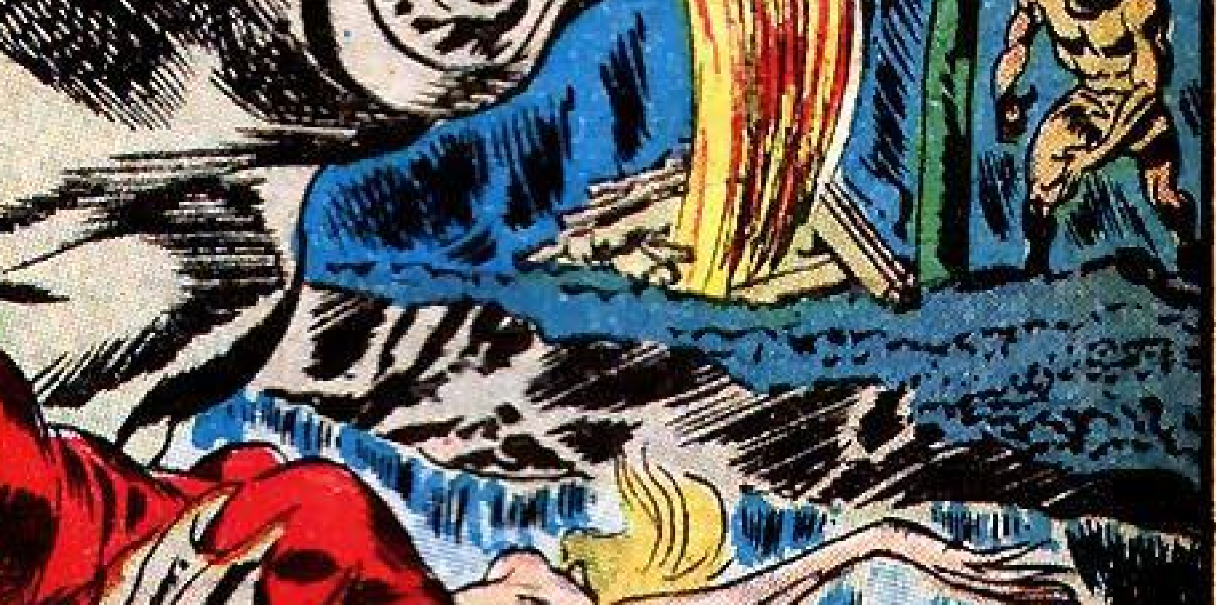
THE END

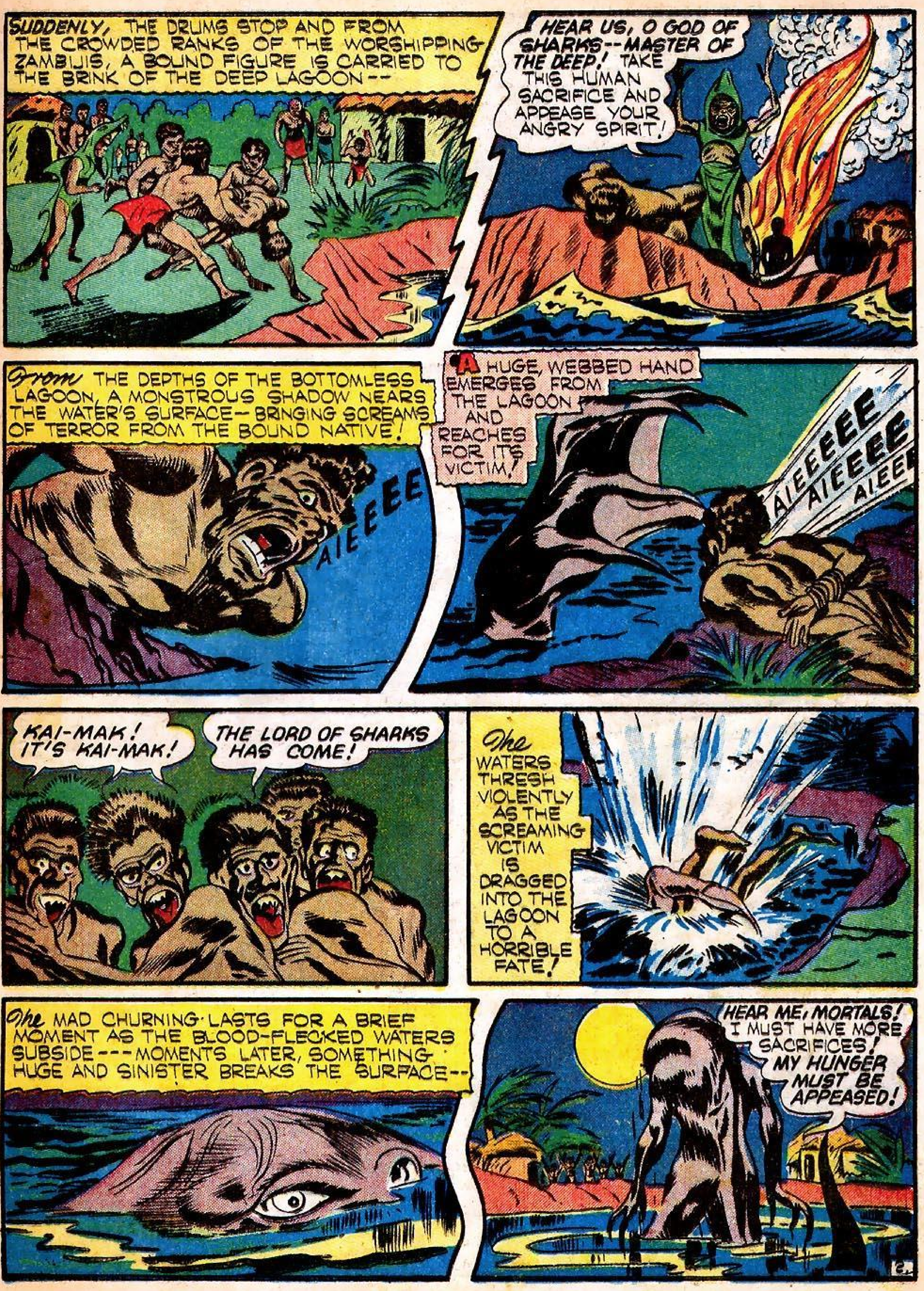
THE VISION

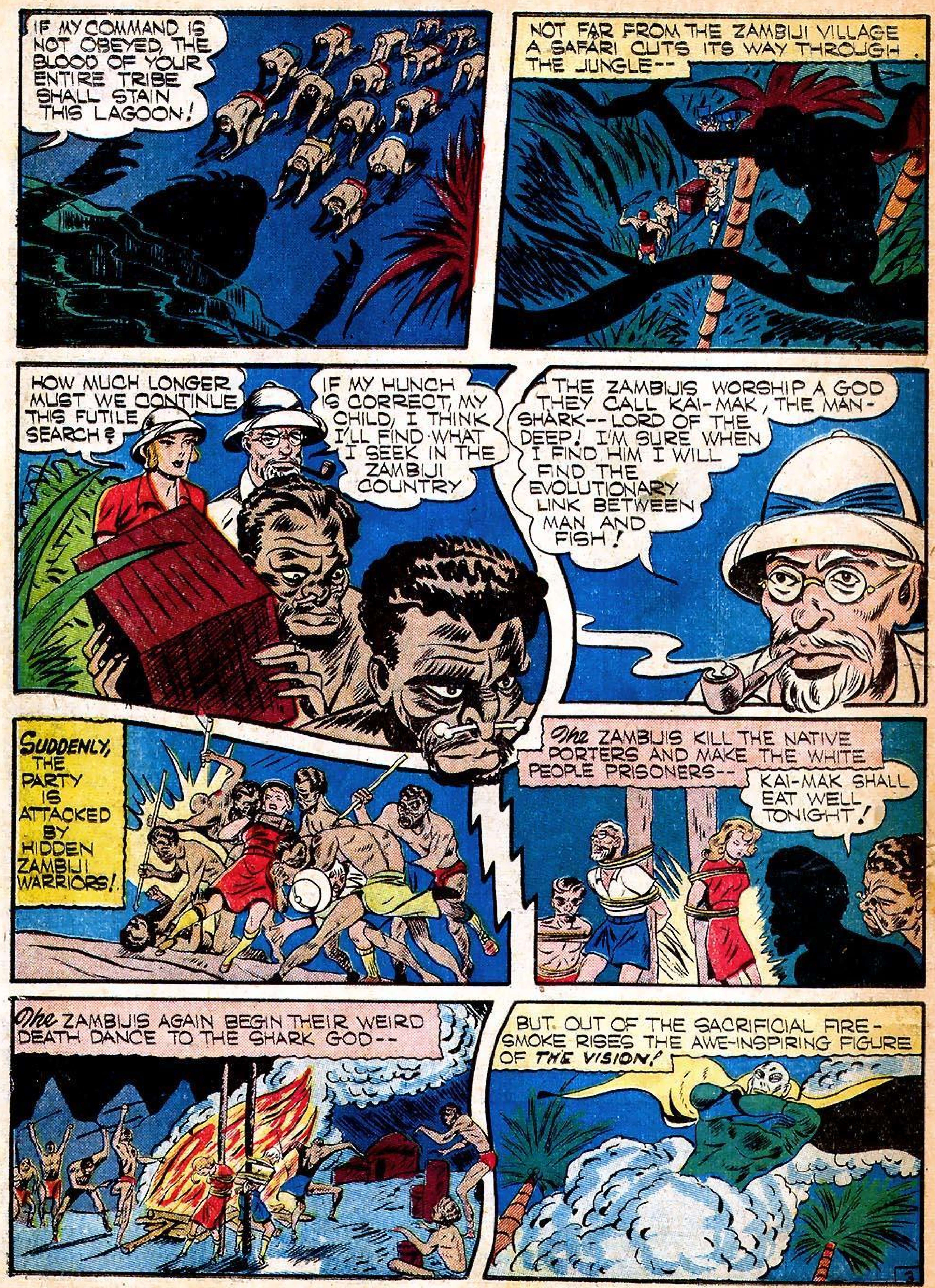


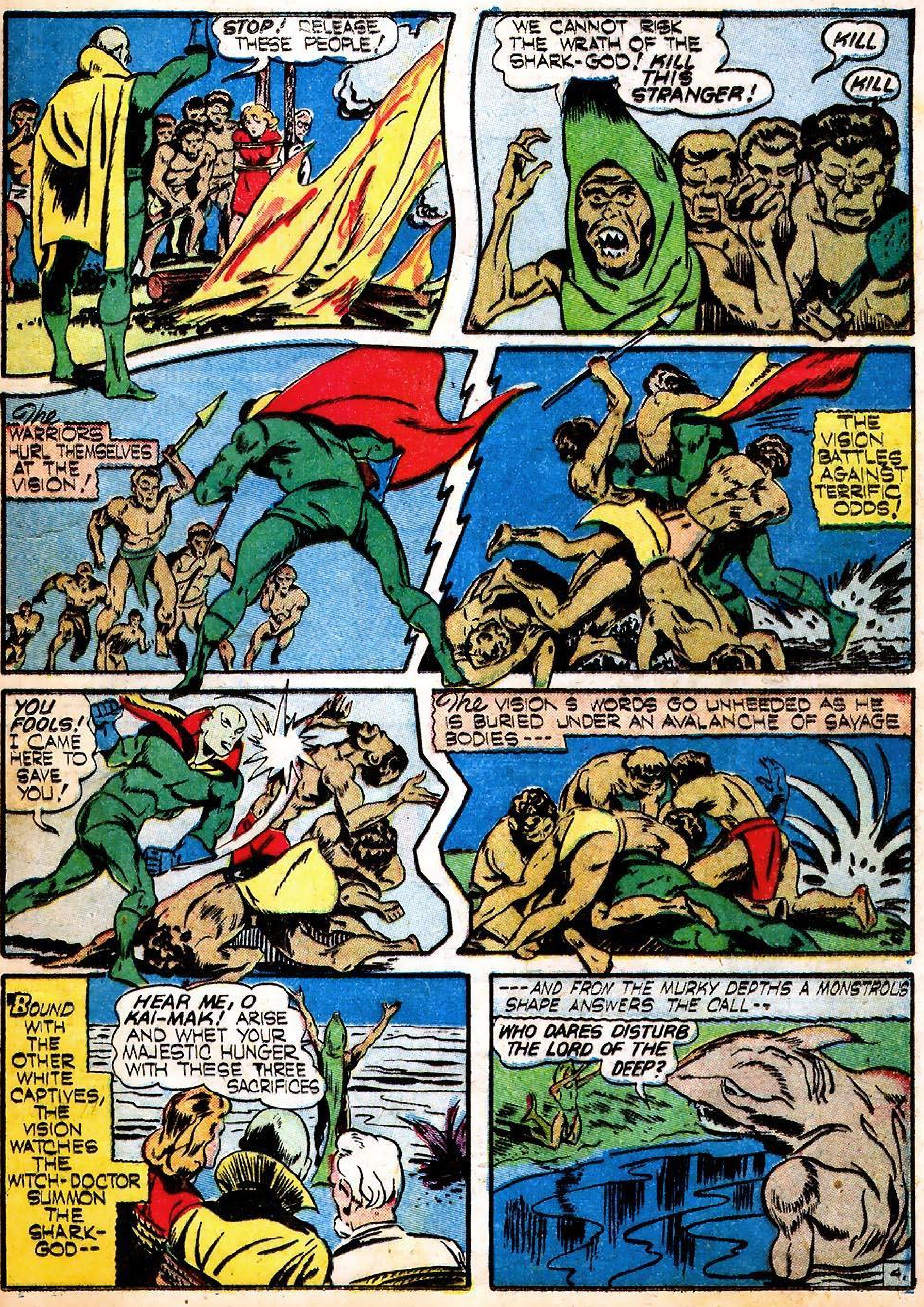
WHAT WAS THE MYSTERY OF THE STRANGE BEING WHOSE VERY NAME FOR CENTURIES WAS A BYWORD OF TERROR? WHAT WAS BEHIND THE SACRIFICING OF HUMAN VICTIMS BY THE WORSHIPPERS OF KAI-MAK, THE SHARK-GOD! ***THE VISION DARES TO FIND OUT!--***

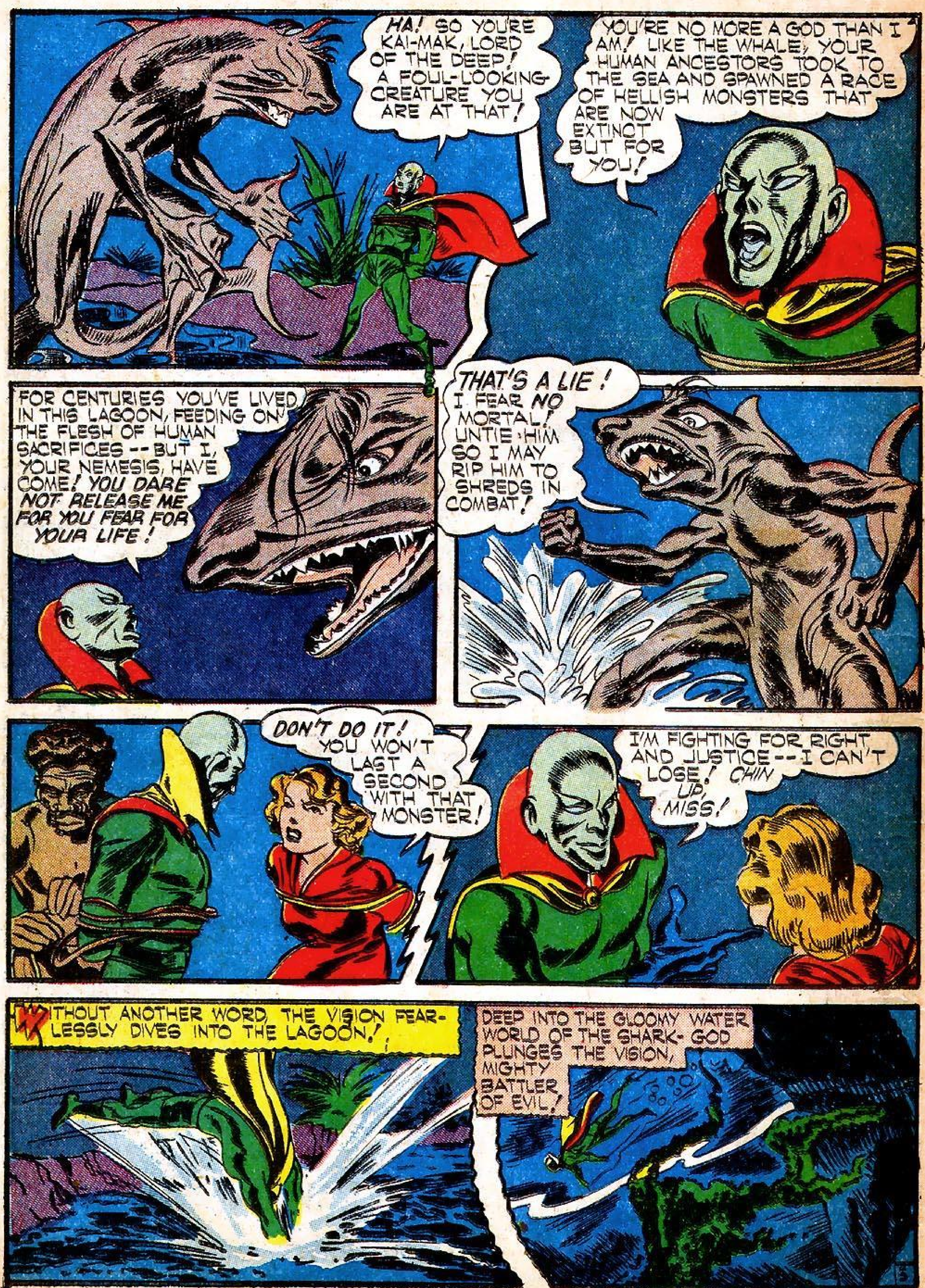
The OMINOUS, RYTHMIC BOOMING-TOM-TOMS ECHO IN THE JUNGLE NIGHT AS THE WEIRD RITES OF THE ZAMBIJI TRIBE ARE HELD IN THE LIGHT OF A FULL MOON--

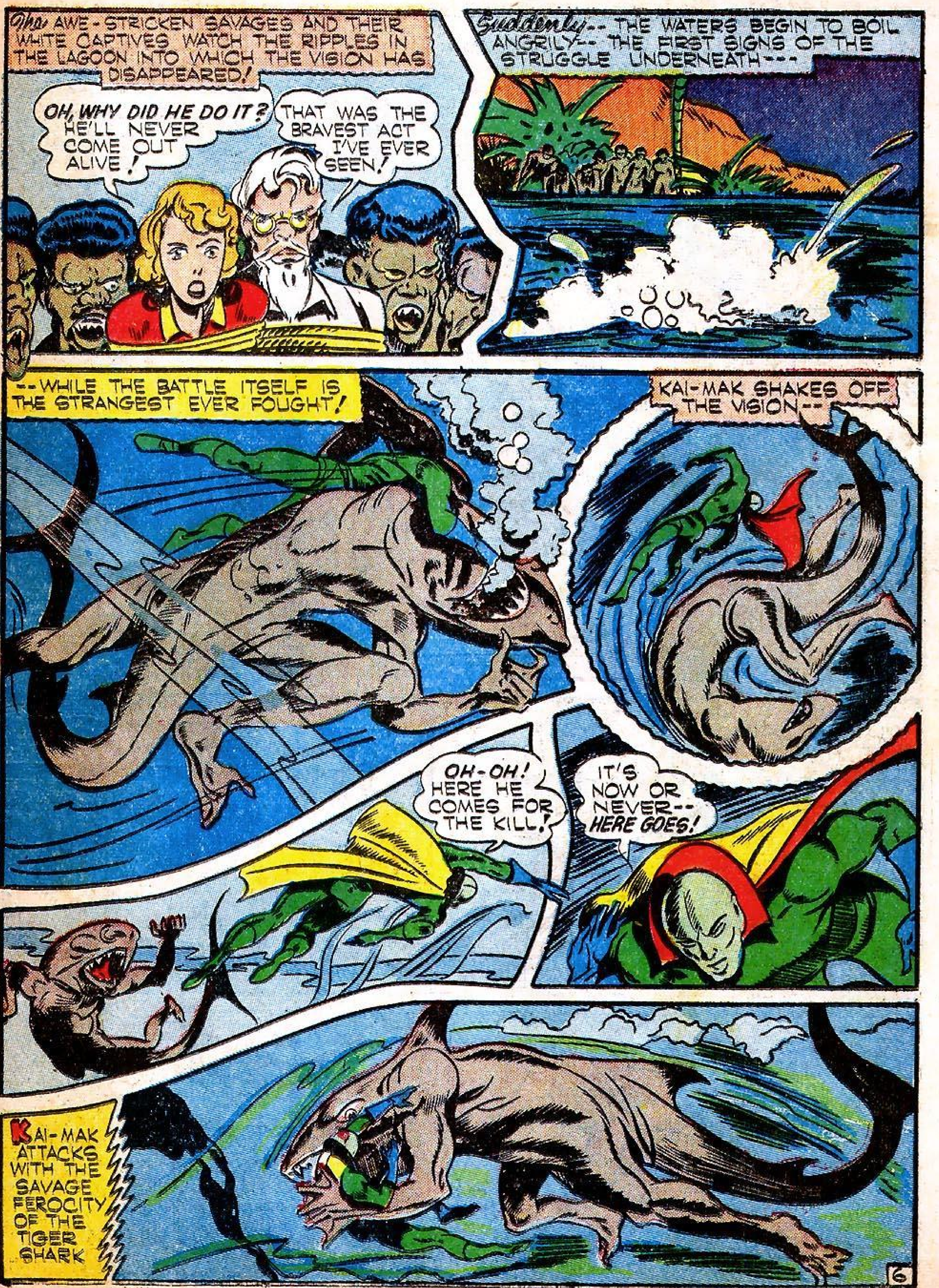


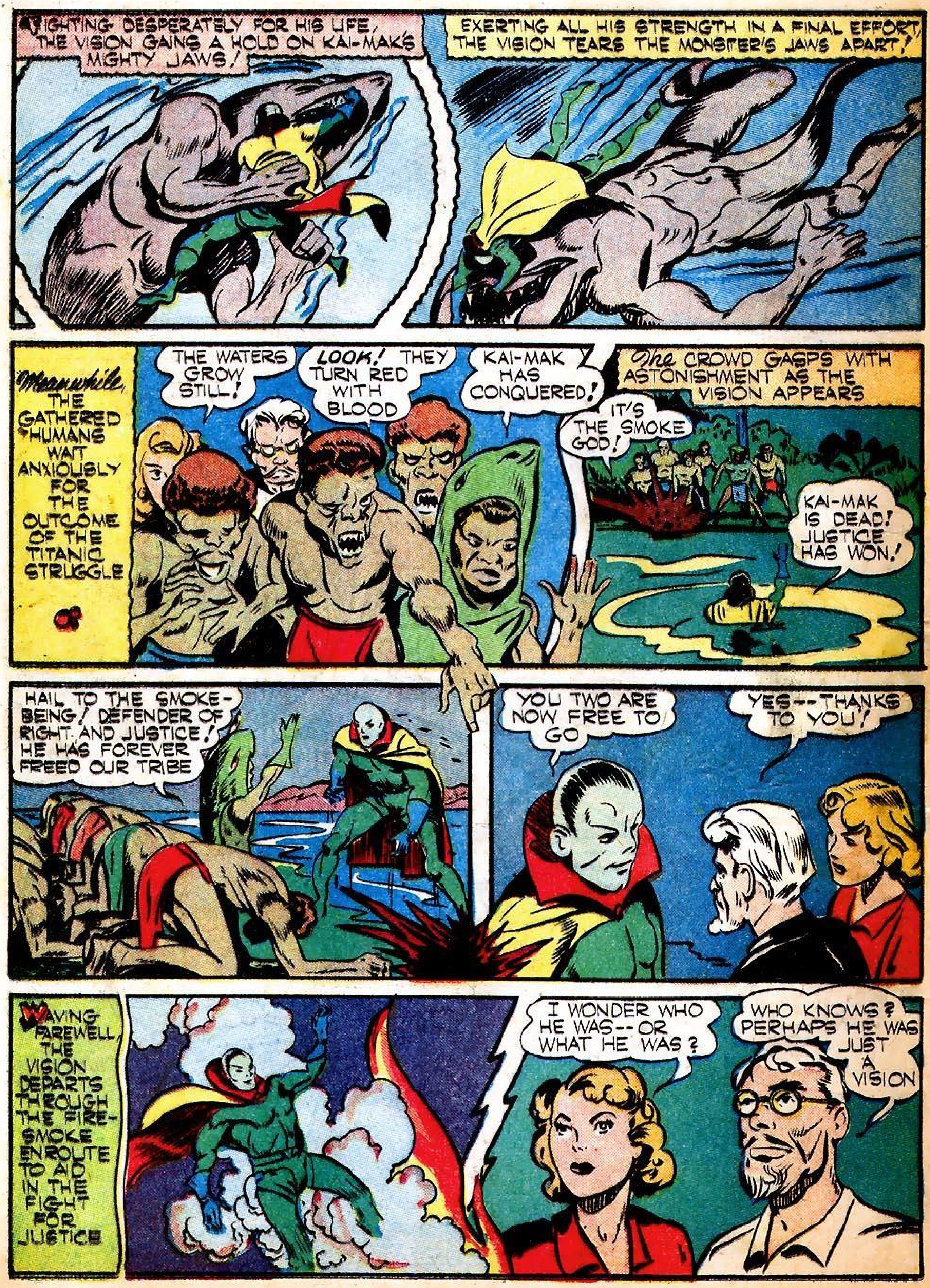

SUDDENLY, THE DRUMS STOP AND FROM THE CROWDED RANKS OF THE WORSHIPPING ZAMBIJIS, A BOUND FIGURE IS CARRIED TO THE BRINK OF THE DEEP LAGOON--
HEAR US, O GOD OF SHARKS--MASTER OF THE DEEP! TAKE THIS HUMAN SACRIFICE AND APPEASE YOUR ANGRY SPIRIT!
FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE BOTTOMLESS LAGOON, A MONSTROUS SHADOW NEARS THE WATER'S SURFACE--BRINGING SCREAMS OF TERROR FROM THE BOUND NATIVE!
AIEEEEE
A HUGE, WEBBED HAND EMERGES FROM THE LAGOON AND REACHES FOR ITS VICTIM!
AIEEEEE AIEEEEE AIEE
KAI-MAK! IT'S KAI-MAK!
THE LORD OF SHARKS HAS COME!
THE WATERS THRESH VIOLENTLY AS THE SCREAMING VICTIM IS DRAGGED INTO THE LAGOON TO A HORRIBLE FATE!
THE MAD CHURNING LASTS FOR A BRIEF MOMENT AS THE BLOOD-FLECKED WATERS SUBSIDE---MOMENTS LATER, SOMETHING HUGE AND SINISTER BREAKS THE SURFACE--
HEAR ME, MORTALS! I MUST HAVE MORE SACRIFICES! MY HUNGER MUST BE APPEASED!


IF MY COMMAND IS NOT OBEYED, THE BLOOD OF YOUR ENTIRE TRIBE SHALL STAIN THIS LAGOON!
NOT FAR FROM THE ZAMBIJI VILLAGE A SAFARI CUTS ITS WAY THROUGH THE JUNGLE--
HOW MUCH LONGER MUST WE CONTINUE THIS FUTILE SEARCH?
IF MY HUNCH IS CORRECT, MY CHILD, I THINK I'LL FIND WHAT I SEEK IN THE ZAMBIJI COUNTRY
THE ZAMBIJIS WORSHIP A GOD THEY CALL KAI-MAK, THE MAN-SHARK--LORD OF THE DEEP! I'M SURE WHEN I FIND HIM I WILL FIND THE EVOLUTIONARY LINK BETWEEN MAN AND FISH!
SUDDENLY, THE PARTY IS ATTACKED BY HIDDEN ZAMBIJI WARRIORS!
THE ZAMBIJIS KILL THE NATIVE PORTERS AND MAKE THE WHITE PEOPLE PRISONERS--
KAI-MAK SHALL EAT WELL TONIGHT!
THE ZAMBIJIS AGAIN BEGIN THEIR WEIRD DEATH DANCE TO THE SHARK GOD--
BUT OUT OF THE SACRIFICIAL FIRE-SMOKE RISES THE AWE-INSPIRING FIGURE OF THE VISION!


STOP! RELEASE THESE PEOPLE!
WE CANNOT RISK THE WRATH OF THE SHARK-GOD! KILL THIS STRANGER!
KILL
KILL
The WARRIORS HURL THEMSELVES AT THE VISION!
THE VISION BATTLES AGAINST TERRIFIC ODDS!
YOU FOOLS! I CAME HERE TO SAVE YOU!
The VISION'S WORDS GO UNHEEDED AS HE IS BURIED UNDER AN AVALANCHE OF SAVAGE BODIES---
Bound WITH THE OTHER WHITE CAPTIVES, THE VISION WATCHES THE WITCH-DOCTOR SUMMON THE SHARK-GOD--
HEAR ME, O KAI-MAK! ARISE AND WHET YOUR MAJESTIC HUNGER WITH THESE THREE SACRIFICES
---AND FRON THE MURKY DEPTHS A MONSTROUS SHAPE ANSWERS THE CALL--
WHO DARES DISTURB THE LORD OF THE DEEP?


HA! SO YOU'RE KAI-MAK, LORD OF THE DEEP! A FOUL-LOOKING CREATURE YOU ARE AT THAT!
YOU'RE NO MORE A GOD THAN I AM! LIKE THE WHALE, YOUR HUMAN ANCESTORS TOOK TO THE SEA AND SPAWNED A RACE OF HELLISH MONSTERS THAT ARE NOW EXTINCT BUT FOR YOU!
FOR CENTURIES YOU'VE LIVED IN THIS LAGOON, FEEDING ON THE FLESH OF HUMAN SACRIFICES -- BUT I, YOUR NEMESIS, HAVE COME! YOU DARE NOT RELEASE ME FOR YOU FEAR FOR YOUR LIFE!
THAT'S A LIE! I FEAR NO MORTAL! UNTIE HIM SO I MAY RIP HIM TO SHREDS IN COMBAT!
DON'T DO IT! YOU WON'T LAST A SECOND WITH THAT MONSTER!
I'M FIGHTING FOR RIGHT AND JUSTICE -- I CAN'T LOSE! CHIN UP, MISS!
WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD, THE VISION FEARLESSLY DIVES INTO THE LAGOON!
DEEP INTO THE GLOOMY WATER WORLD OF THE SHARK-GOD PLUNGES THE VISION, MIGHTY BATTLER OF EVIL!


The AWE-STRICKEN SAVAGES AND THEIR WHITE CAPTIVES WATCH THE RIPPLES IN THE LAGOON INTO WHICH THE VISION HAS DISAPPEARED!
OH, WHY DID HE DO IT? HE'LL NEVER COME OUT ALIVE!
THAT WAS THE BRAVEST ACT I'VE EVER SEEN!
Suddenly-- THE WATERS BEGIN TO BOIL ANGRILY-- THE FIRST SIGNS OF THE STRUGGLE UNDERNEATH---
--WHILE THE BATTLE ITSELF IS THE STRANGEST EVER FOUGHT!
KAI-MAK SHAKES OFF THE VISION--
OH-OH! HERE HE COMES FOR THE KILL!
IT'S NOW OR NEVER-- HERE GOES!
KAI-MAK ATTACKS WITH THE SAVAGE FEROCITY OF THE TIGER SHARK


FIGHTING DESPERATELY FOR HIS LIFE, THE VISION GAINS A HOLD ON KAI-MAK'S MIGHTY JAWS!
EXERTING ALL HIS STRENGTH IN A FINAL EFFORT, THE VISION TEARS THE MONSTER'S JAWS APART!
Meanwhile, THE GATHERED HUMANS WAIT ANXIOUSLY FOR THE OUTCOME OF THE TITANIC STRUGGLE
THE WATERS GROW STILL!
LOOK! THEY TURN RED WITH BLOOD
KAI-MAK HAS CONQUERED!
The CROWD GASPS WITH ASTONISHMENT AS THE VISION APPEARS
IT'S THE SMOKE GOD!
KAI-MAK IS DEAD! JUSTICE HAS WON!
HAIL TO THE SMOKE-BEING! DEFENDER OF RIGHT AND JUSTICE! HE HAS FOREVER FREED OUR TRIBE
YOU TWO ARE NOW FREE TO GO
YES--THANKS TO YOU!
WAVING FAREWELL, THE VISION DEPARTS THROUGH THE FIRE-SMOKE ENROUTE TO AID IN THE FIGHT FOR JUSTICE
I WONDER WHO HE WAS--OR WHAT HE WAS?
WHO KNOWS? PERHAPS HE WAS JUST A VISION

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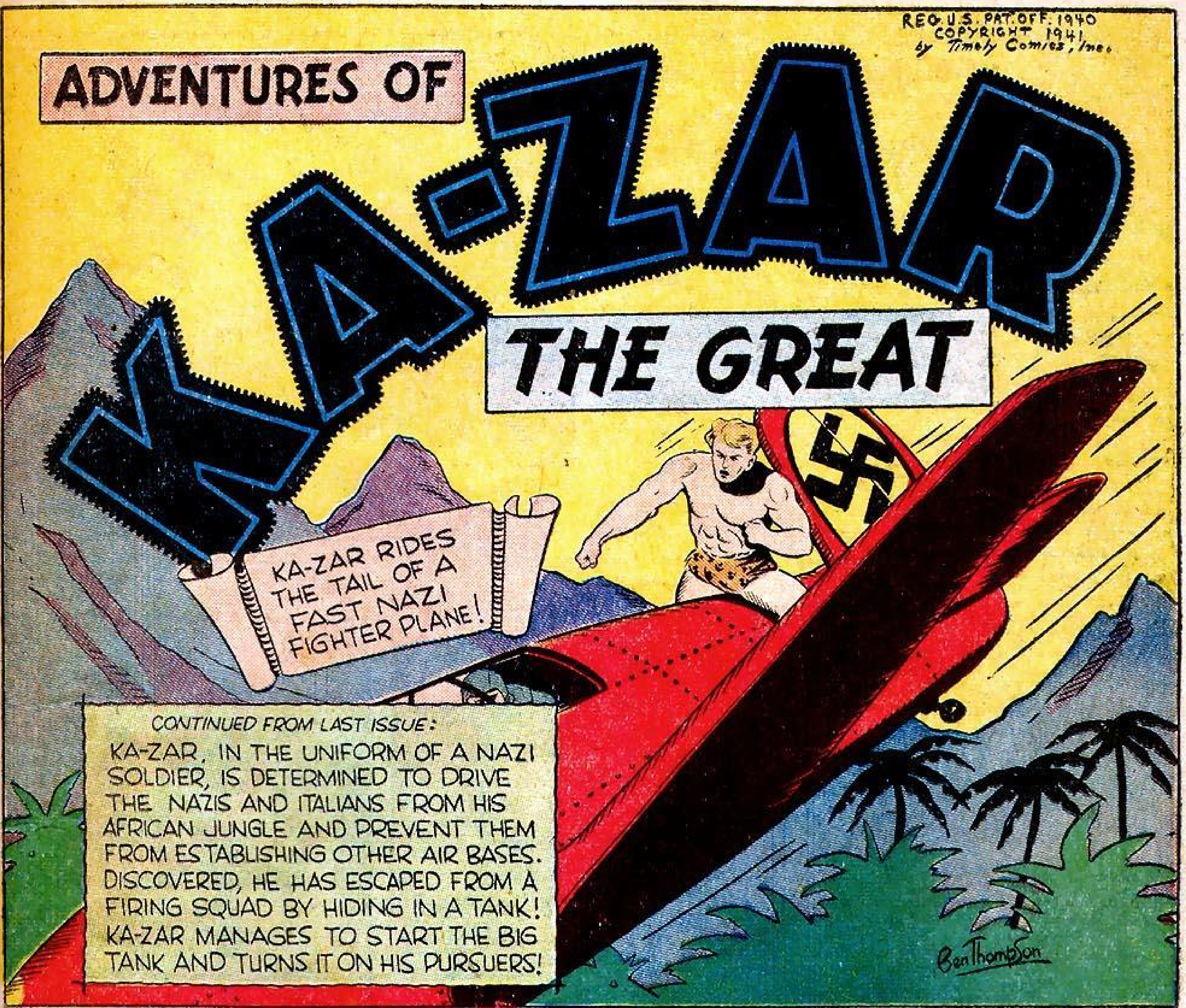
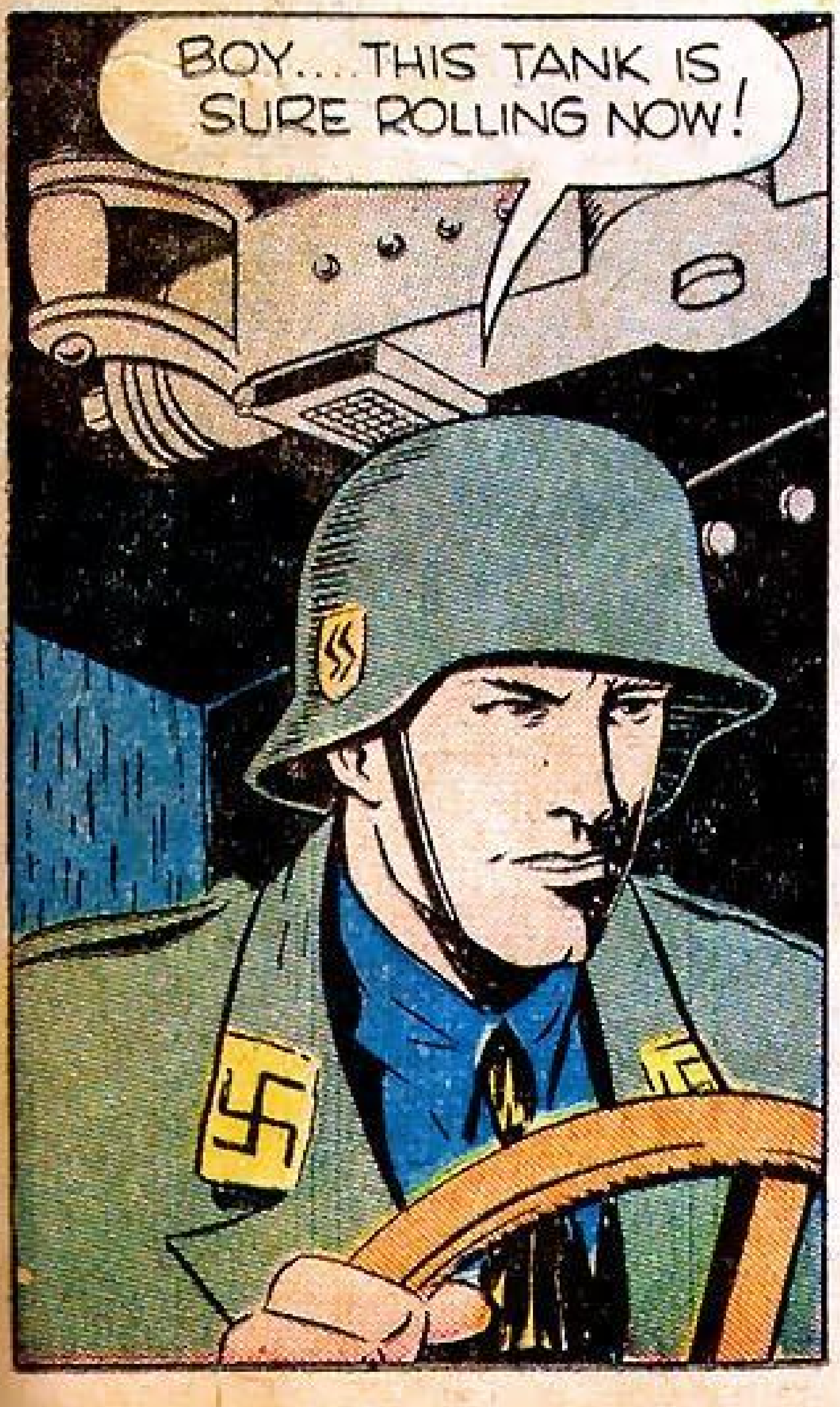
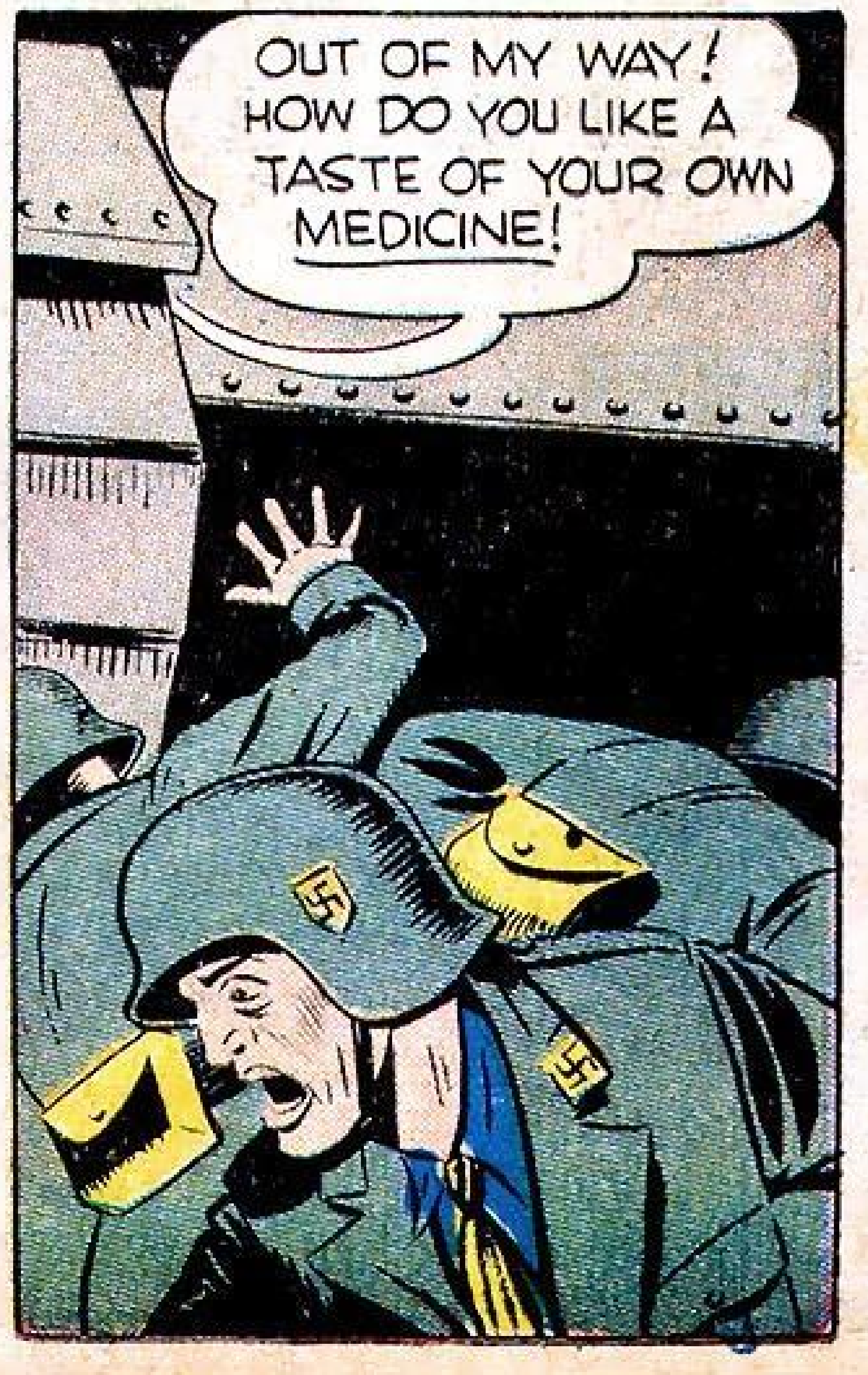
ADVENTURES OF KA-ZAR THE GREAT

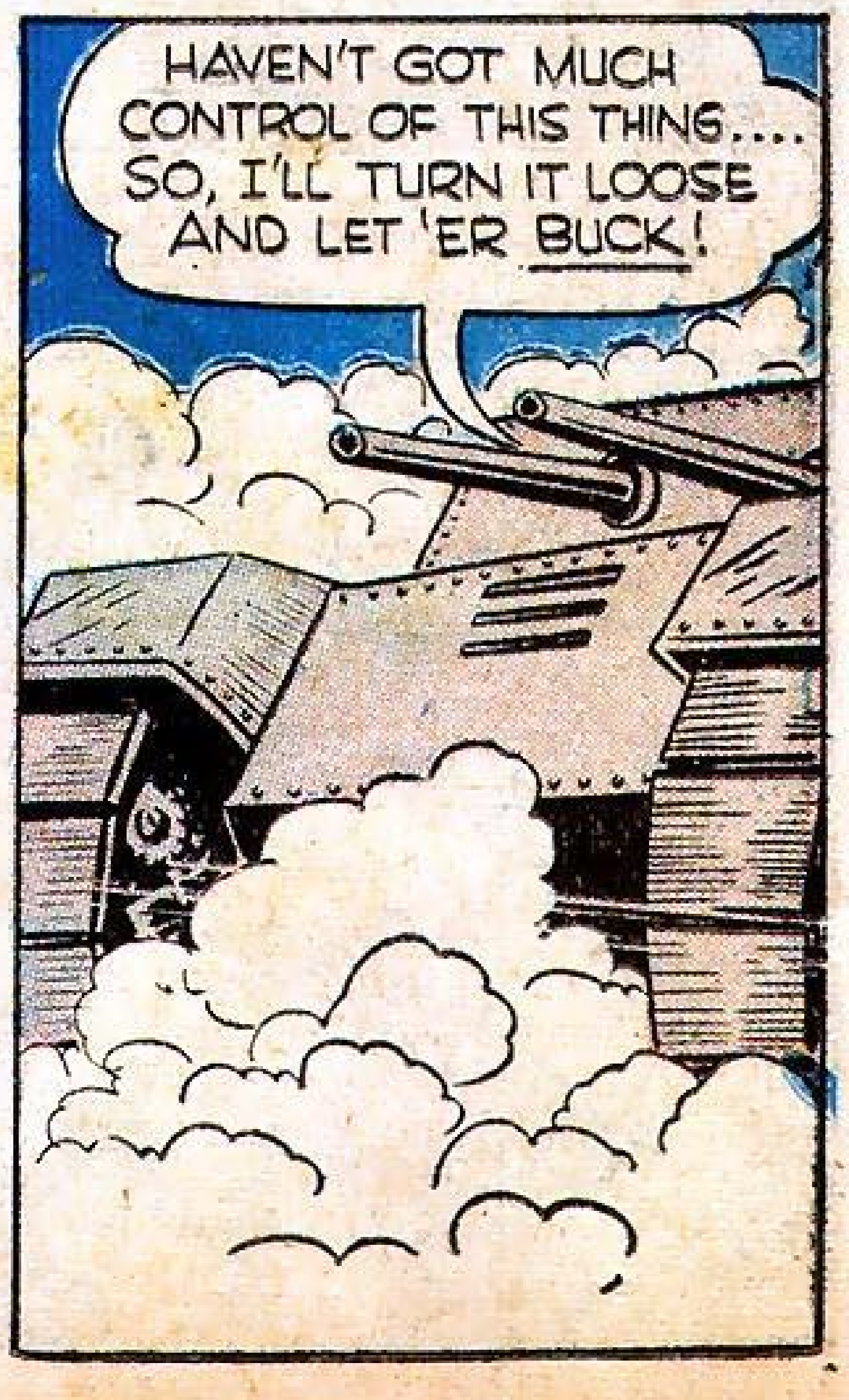

KA-ZAR RIDES THE TAIL OF A FAST NAZI FIGHTER PLANE!
Ben Thompson

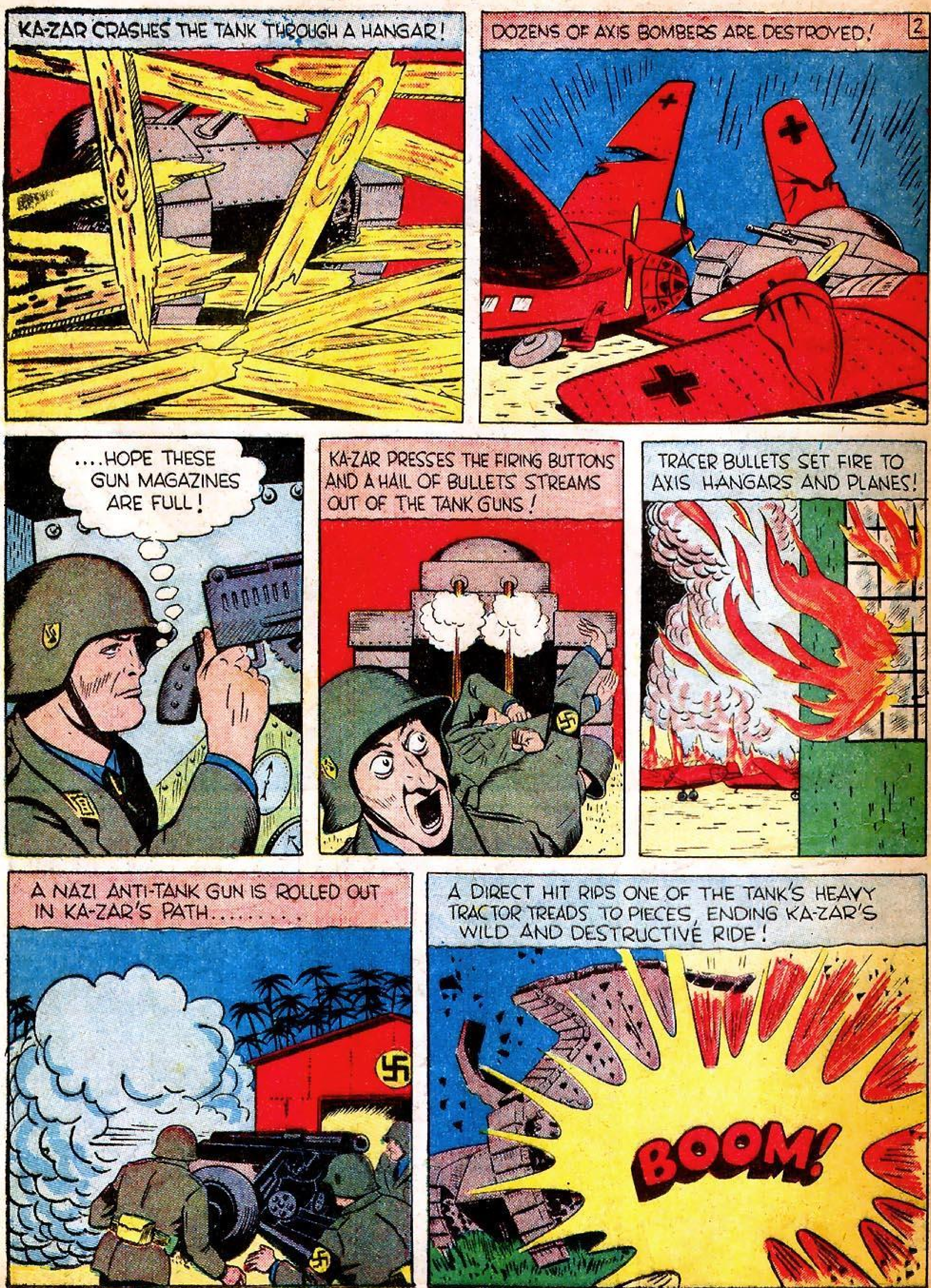
CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE:

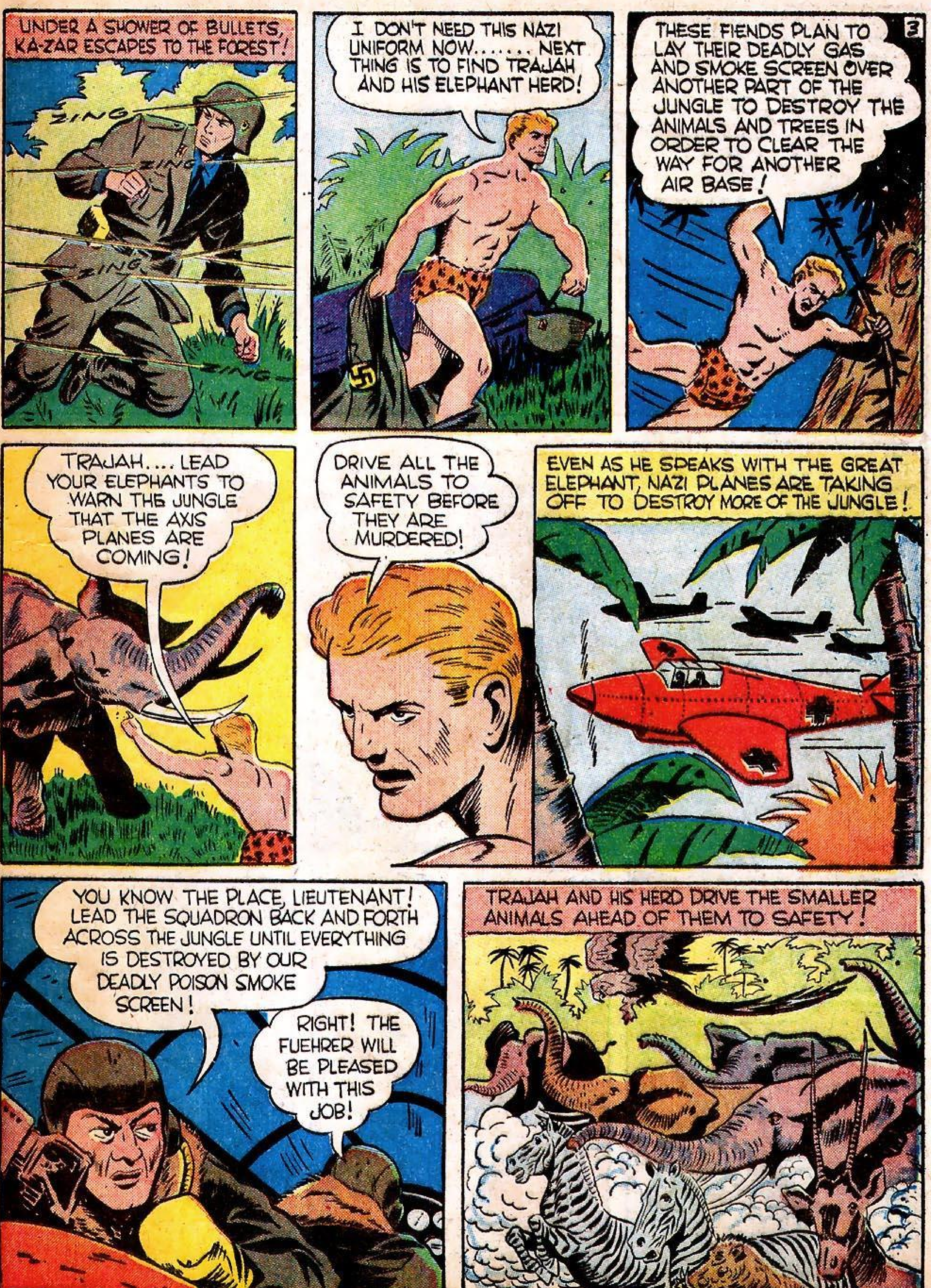
KA-ZAR, IN THE UNIFORM OF A NAZI SOLDIER, IS DETERMINED TO DRIVE THE NAZIS AND ITALIANS FROM HIS AFRICAN JUNGLE AND PREVENT THEM FROM ESTABLISHING OTHER AIR BASES. DISCOVERED, HE HAS ESCAPED FROM A FIRING SQUAD BY HIDING IN A TANK! KA-ZAR MANAGES TO START THE BIG TANK AND TURNS IT ON HIS PURSUERS!

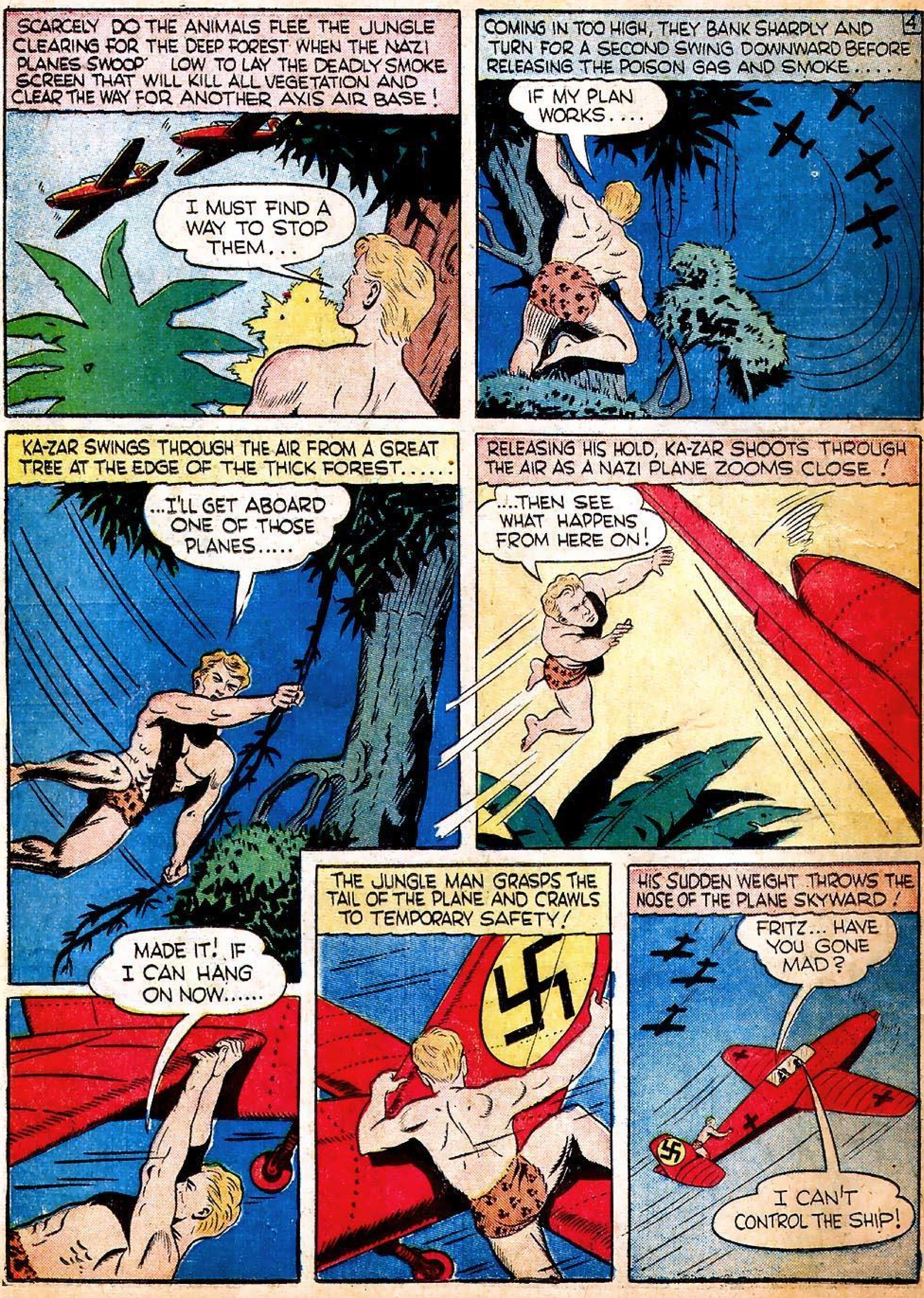

BOY... THIS TANK IS SURE ROLLING NOW!

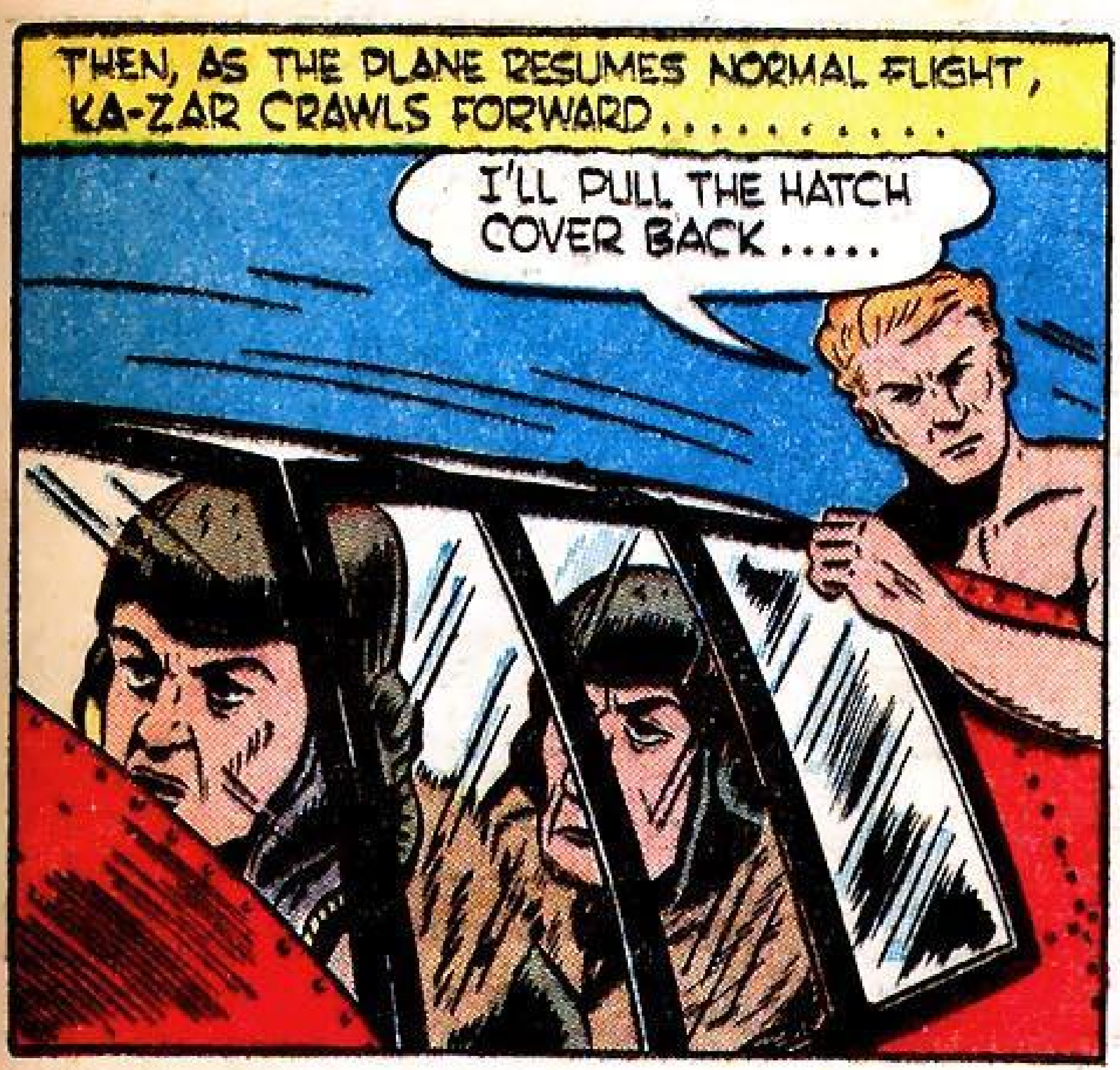

OUT OF MY WAY! HOW DO YOU LIKE A TASTE OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE!

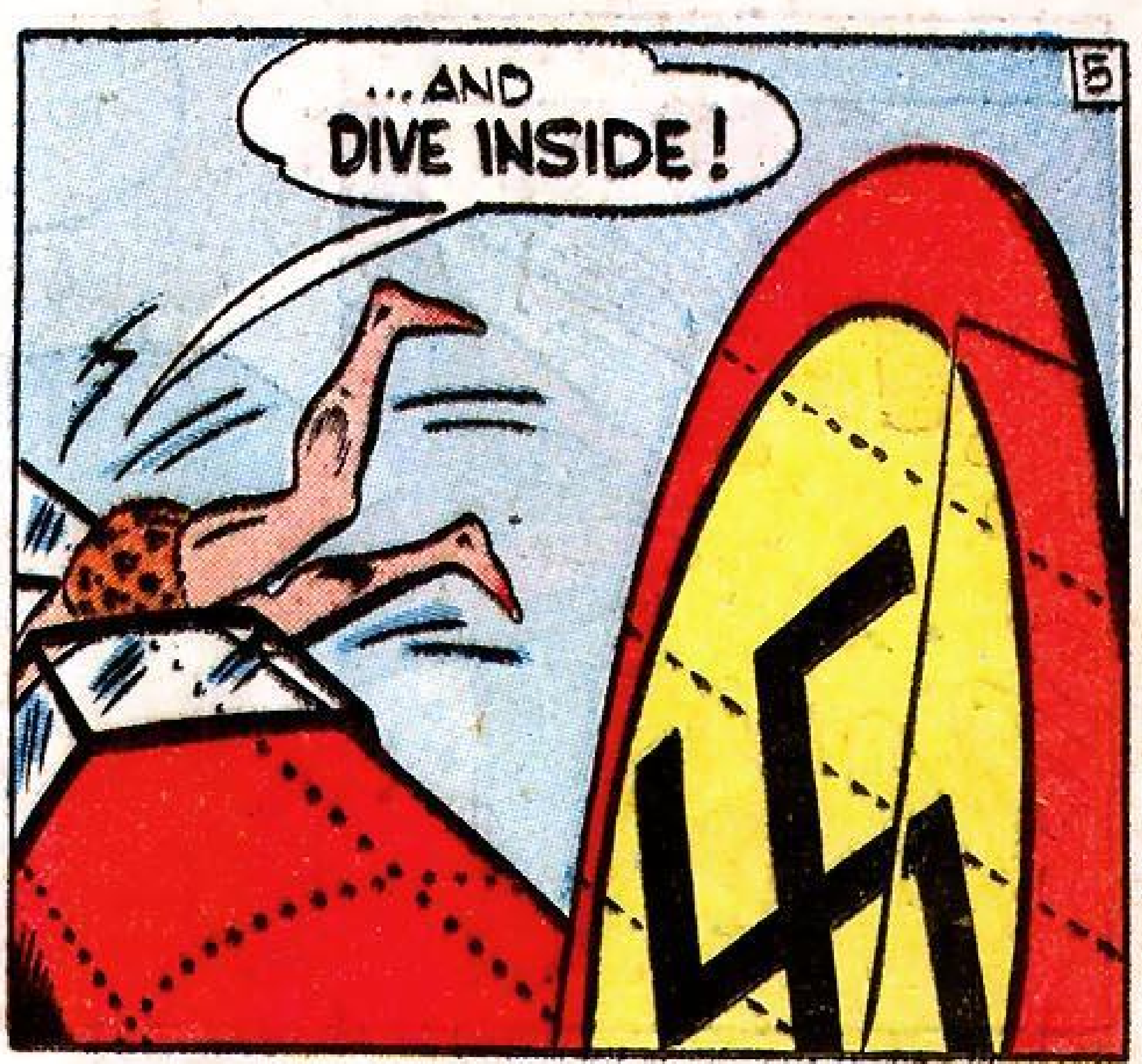

HAVEN'T GOT MUCH CONTROL OF THIS THING.... SO, I'LL TURN IT LOOSE AND LET 'ER BUCK!

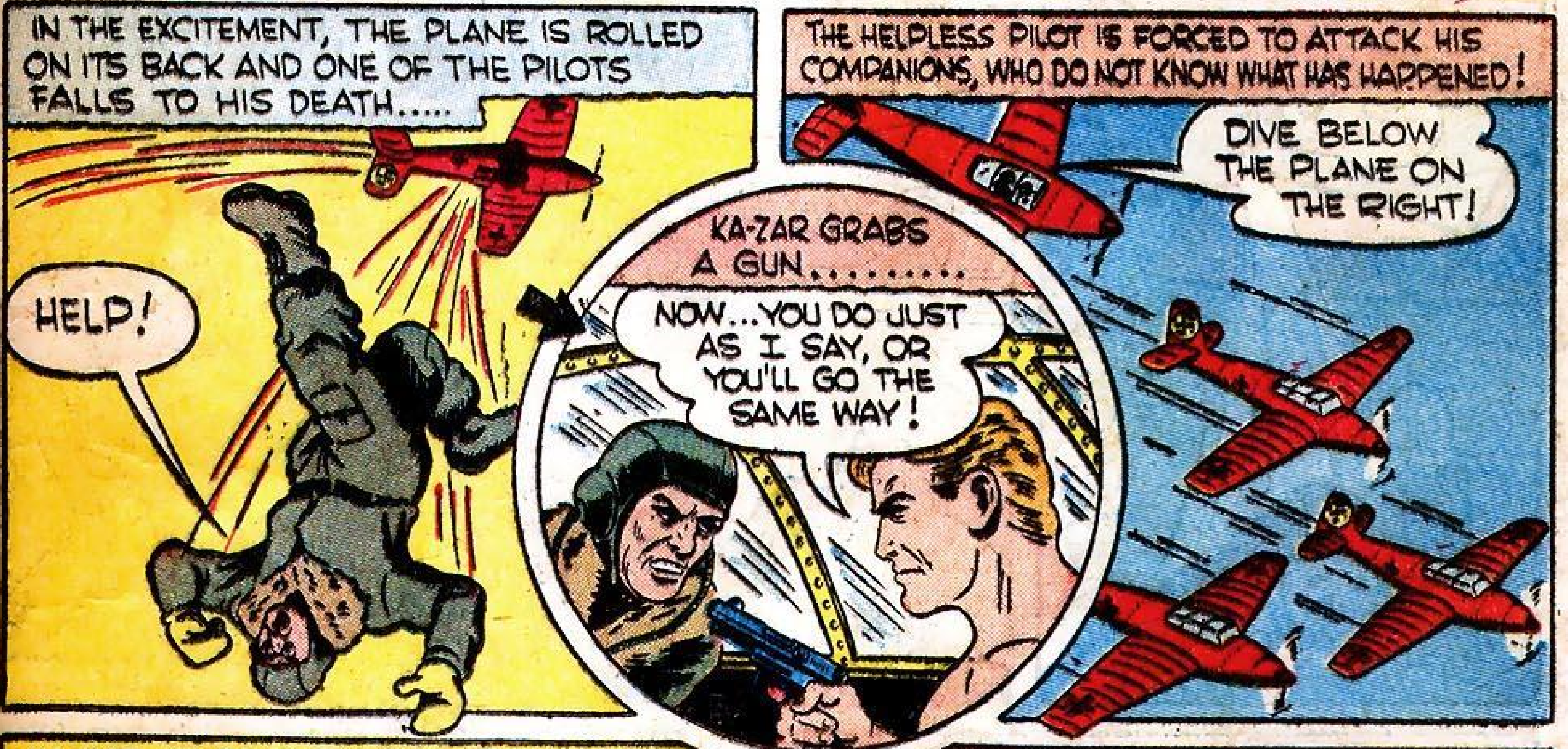

KA-ZAR CRASHES THE TANK THROUGH A HANGAR!
DOZENS OF AXIS BOMBERS ARE DESTROYED!
2
....HOPE THESE GUN MAGAZINES ARE FULL!
KA-ZAR PRESSES THE FIRING BUTTONS AND A HAIL OF BULLETS STREAMS OUT OF THE TANK GUNS!
TRACER BULLETS SET FIRE TO AXIS HANGARS AND PLANES!
A NAZI ANTI-TANK GUN IS ROLLED OUT IN KA-ZAR'S PATH........
A DIRECT HIT RIPS ONE OF THE TANK'S HEAVY TRACTOR TREADS TO PIECES, ENDING KA-ZAR'S WILD AND DESTRUCTIVE RIDE!
BOOM!

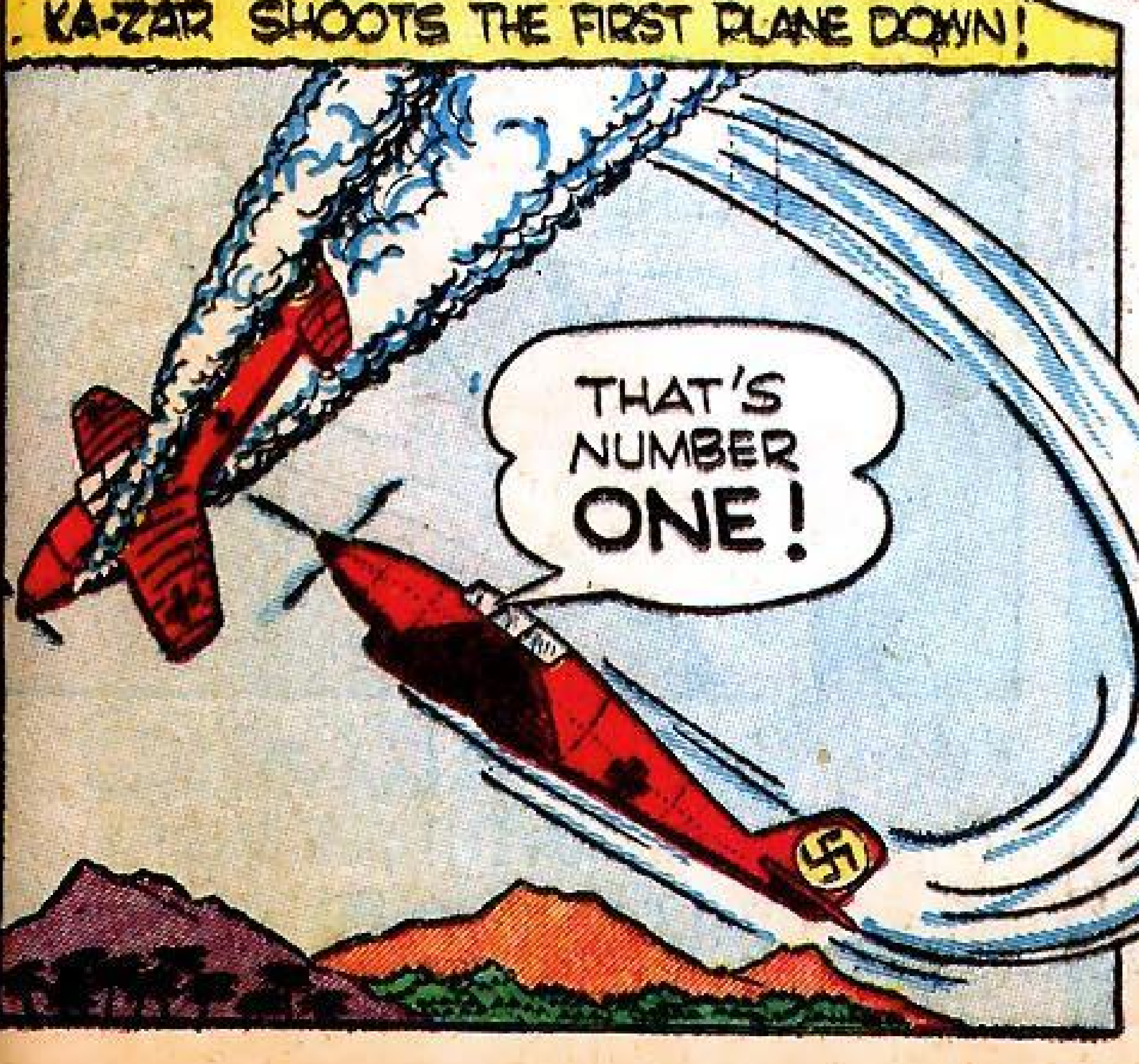

UNDER A SHOWER OF BULLETS, KA-ZAR ESCAPES TO THE FOREST!
ZING
ZING
ZING
ZING
I DON'T NEED THIS NAZI UNIFORM NOW....... NEXT THING IS TO FIND TRAJAH AND HIS ELEPHANT HERD!
3
THESE FIENDS PLAN TO LAY THEIR DEADLY GAS AND SMOKE SCREEN OVER ANOTHER PART OF THE JUNGLE TO DESTROY THE ANIMALS AND TREES IN ORDER TO CLEAR THE WAY FOR ANOTHER AIR BASE!
TRAJAH.... LEAD YOUR ELEPHANTS TO WARN THE JUNGLE THAT THE AXIS PLANES ARE COMING!
DRIVE ALL THE ANIMALS TO SAFETY BEFORE THEY ARE MURDERED!
EVEN AS HE SPEAKS WITH THE GREAT ELEPHANT, NAZI PLANES ARE TAKING OFF TO DESTROY MORE OF THE JUNGLE!
YOU KNOW THE PLACE, LIEUTENANT! LEAD THE SQUADRON BACK AND FORTH ACROSS THE JUNGLE UNTIL EVERYTHING IS DESTROYED BY OUR DEADLY POISON SMOKE SCREEN!
RIGHT! THE FUEHRER WILL BE PLEASED WITH THIS JOB!
TRAJAH AND HIS HERD DRIVE THE SMALLER ANIMALS AHEAD OF THEM TO SAFETY!

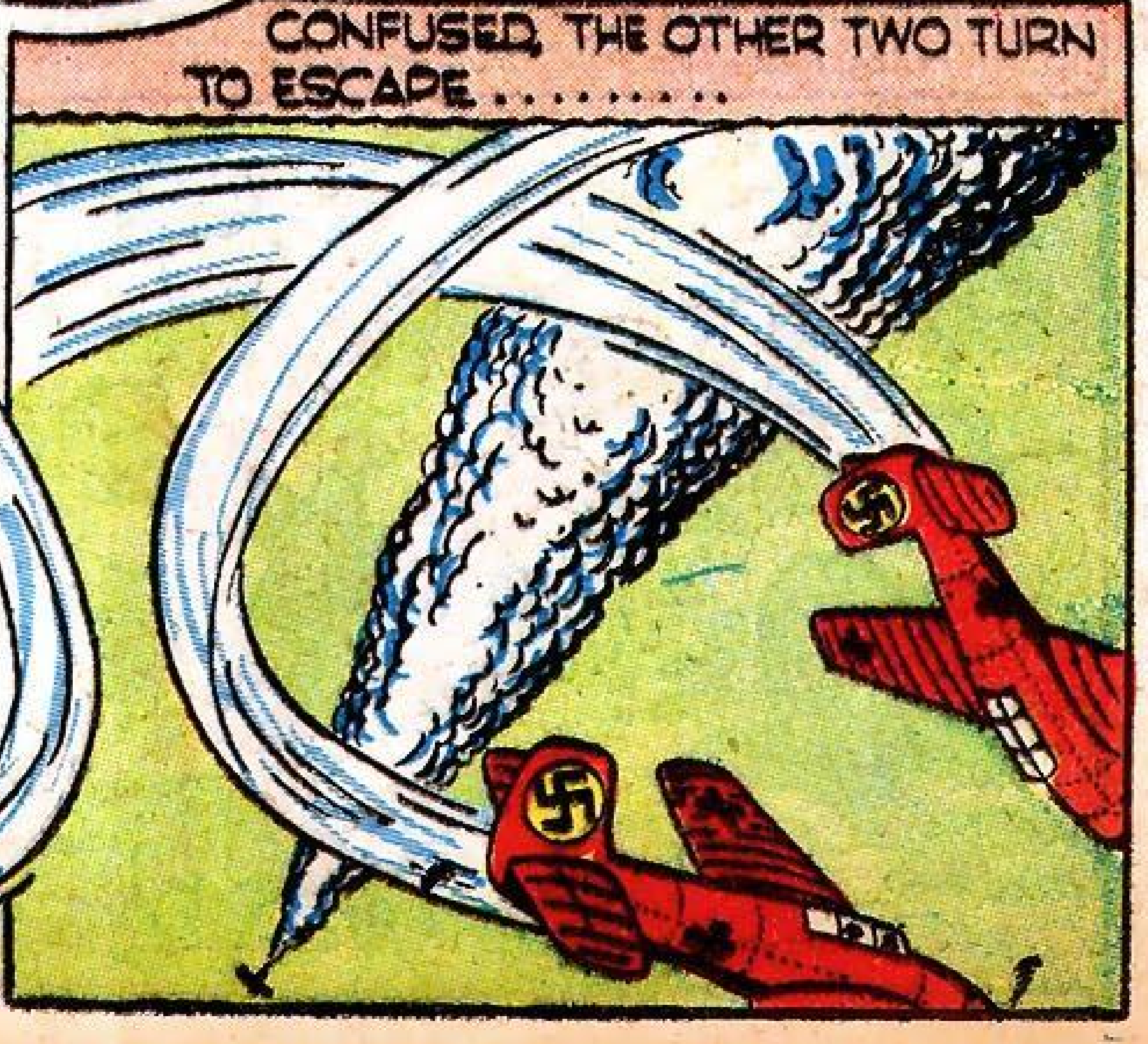

SCARCELY DO THE ANIMALS FLEE THE JUNGLE CLEARING FOR THE DEEP FOREST WHEN THE NAZI PLANES SWOOP LOW TO LAY THE DEADLY SMOKE SCREEN THAT WILL KILL ALL VEGETATION AND CLEAR THE WAY FOR ANOTHER AXIS AIR BASE!
I MUST FIND A WAY TO STOP THEM...
COMING IN TOO HIGH, THEY BANK SHARPLY AND TURN FOR A SECOND SWING DOWNWARD BEFORE RELEASING THE POISON GAS AND SMOKE....
IF MY PLAN WORKS....
KA-ZAR SWINGS THROUGH THE AIR FROM A GREAT TREE AT THE EDGE OF THE THICK FOREST.....
...I'LL GET ABOARD ONE OF THOSE PLANES.....
RELEASING HIS HOLD, KA-ZAR SHOOTS THROUGH THE AIR AS A NAZI PLANE ZOOMS CLOSE!
....THEN SEE WHAT HAPPENS FROM HERE ON!
MADE IT! IF I CAN HANG ON NOW......
THE JUNGLE MAN GRASPS THE TAIL OF THE PLANE AND CRAWLS TO TEMPORARY SAFETY!
HIS SUDDEN WEIGHT THROWS THE NOSE OF THE PLANE SKYWARD!
FRITZ... HAVE YOU GONE MAD?
I CAN'T CONTROL THE SHIP!

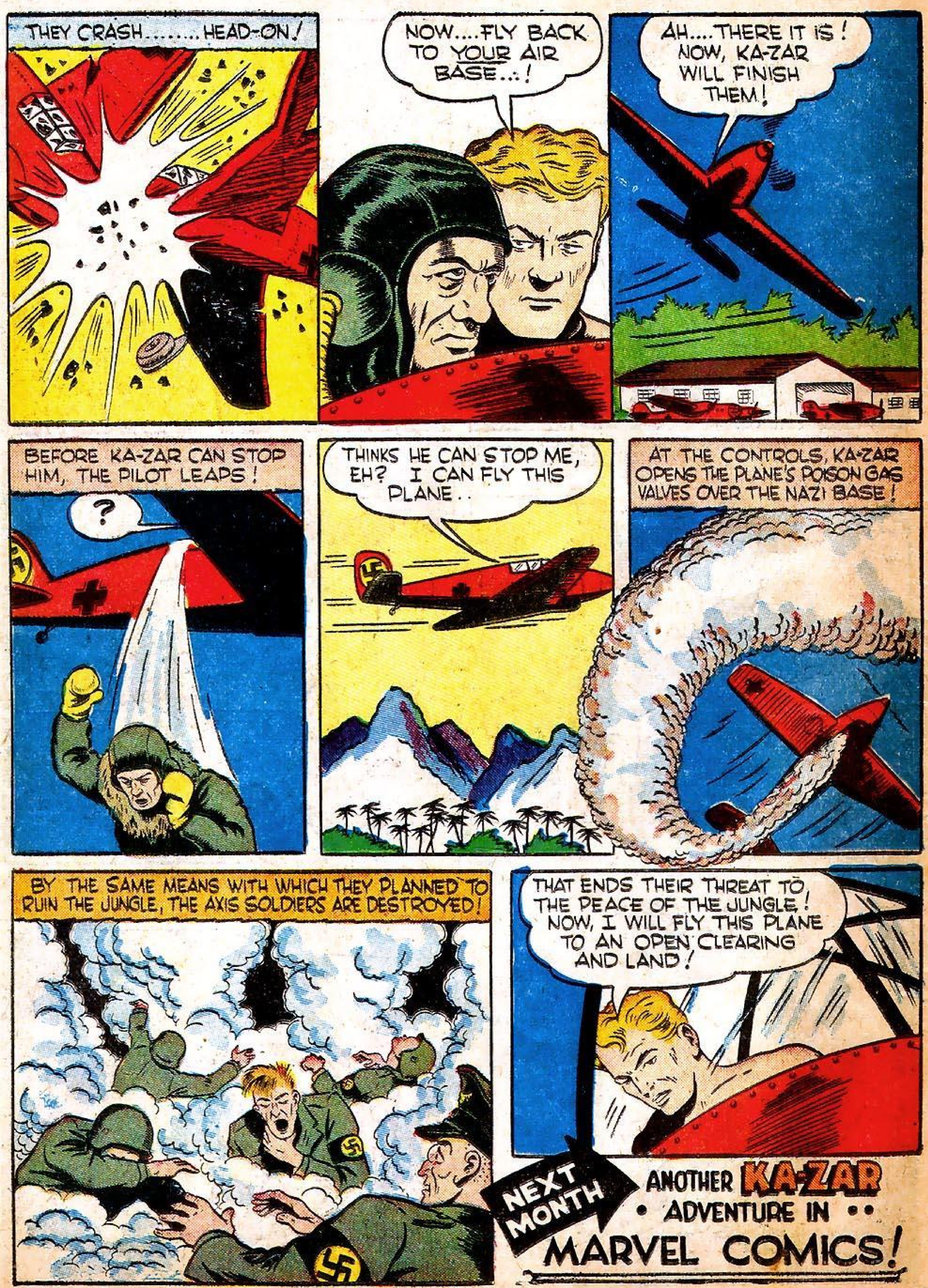

THEN, AS THE PLANE RESUMES NORMAL FLIGHT, KA-ZAR CRAWLS FORWARD..........
I'LL PULL THE HATCH COVER BACK.....

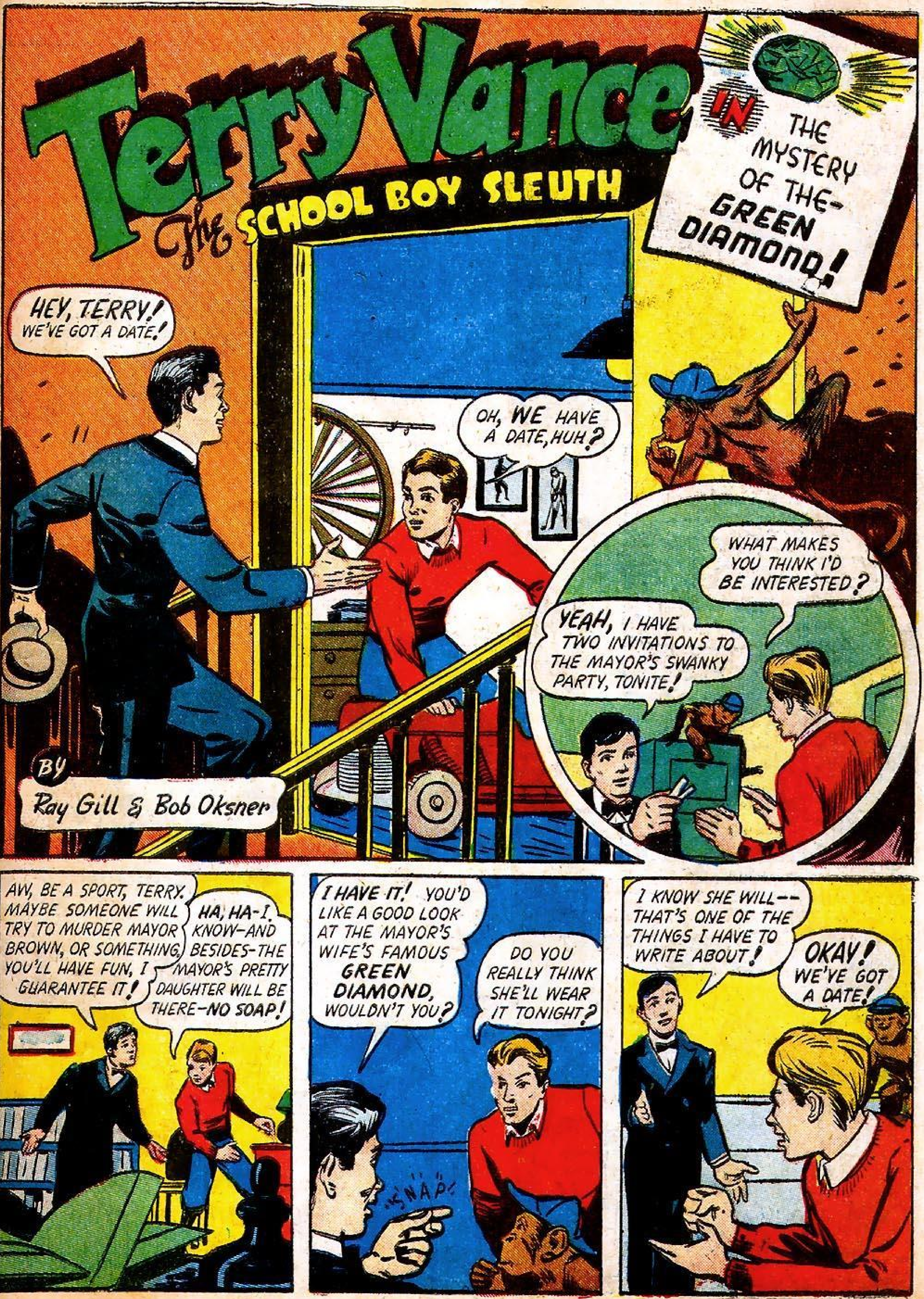

...AND DIVE INSIDE!

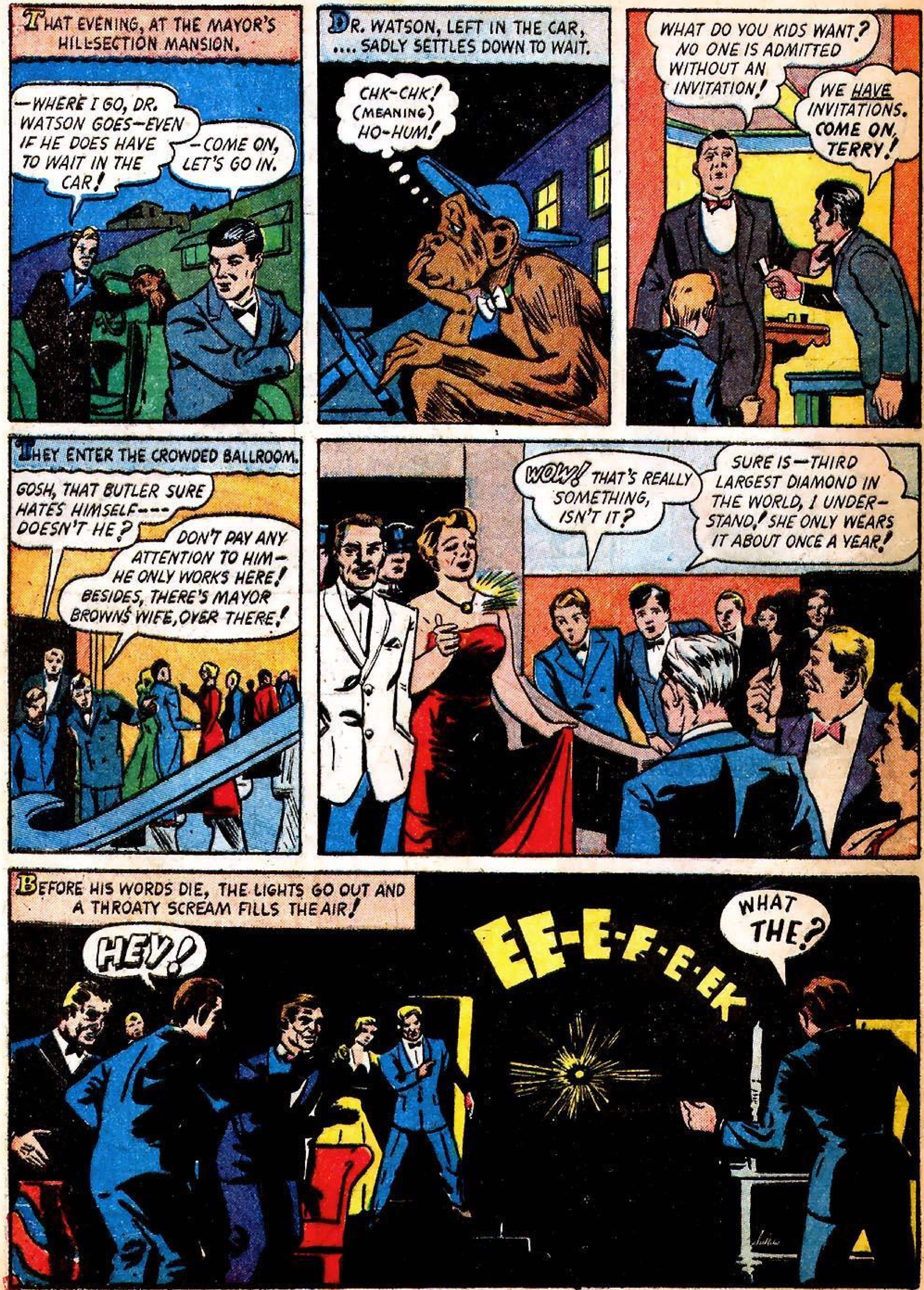

IN THE EXCITEMENT, THE PLANE IS ROLLED ON ITS BACK AND ONE OF THE PILOTS FALLS TO HIS DEATH.....
HELP!
KA-ZAR GRABS A GUN........
NOW...YOU DO JUST AS I SAY, OR YOU'LL GO THE SAME WAY!
THE HELPLESS PILOT IS FORCED TO ATTACK HIS COMPANIONS, WHO DO NOT KNOW WHAT HAS HAPPENED!
DIVE BELOW THE PLANE ON THE RIGHT!

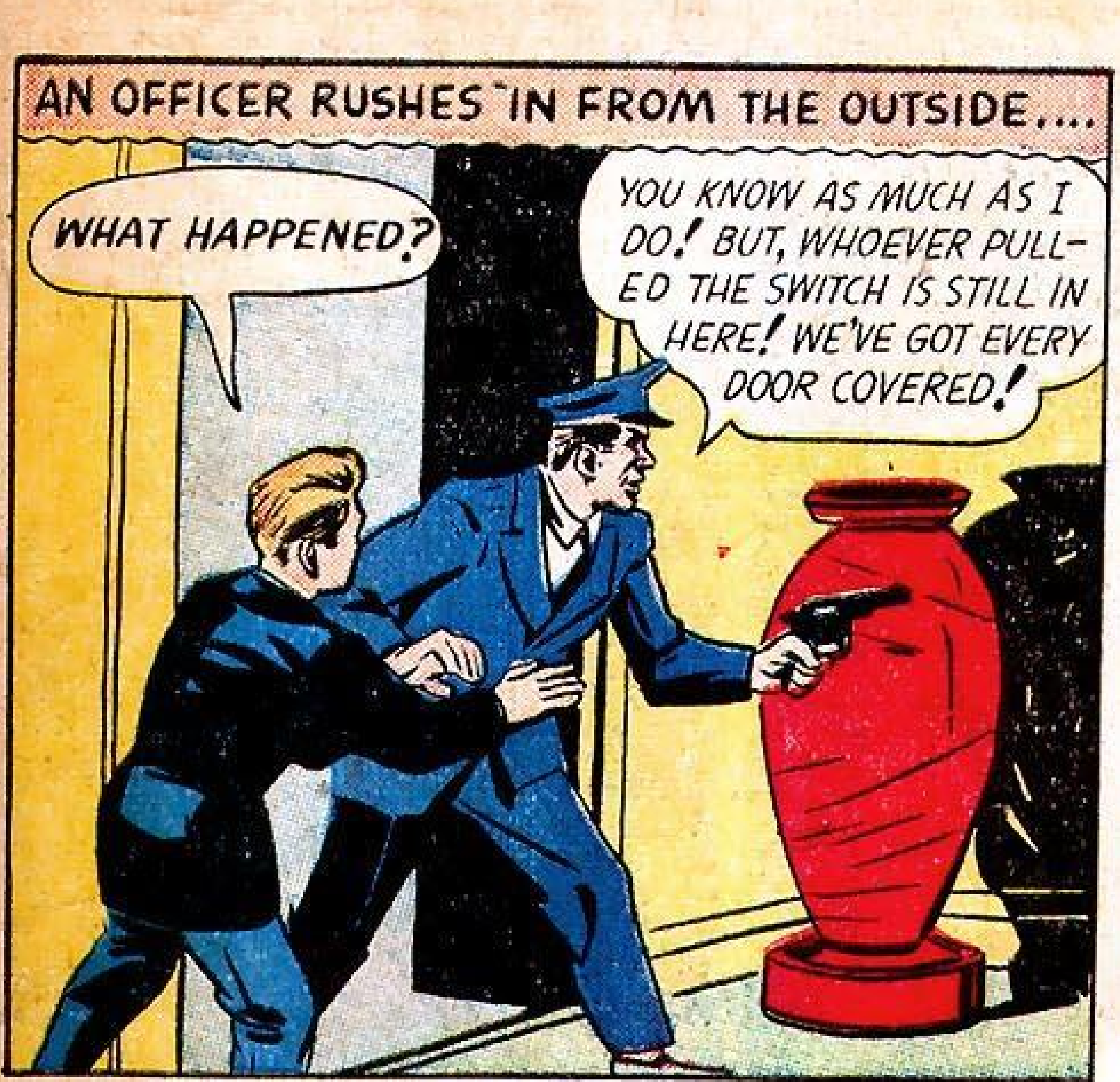

KA-ZAR SHOOTS THE FIRST PLANE DOWN!
THAT'S NUMBER ONE!

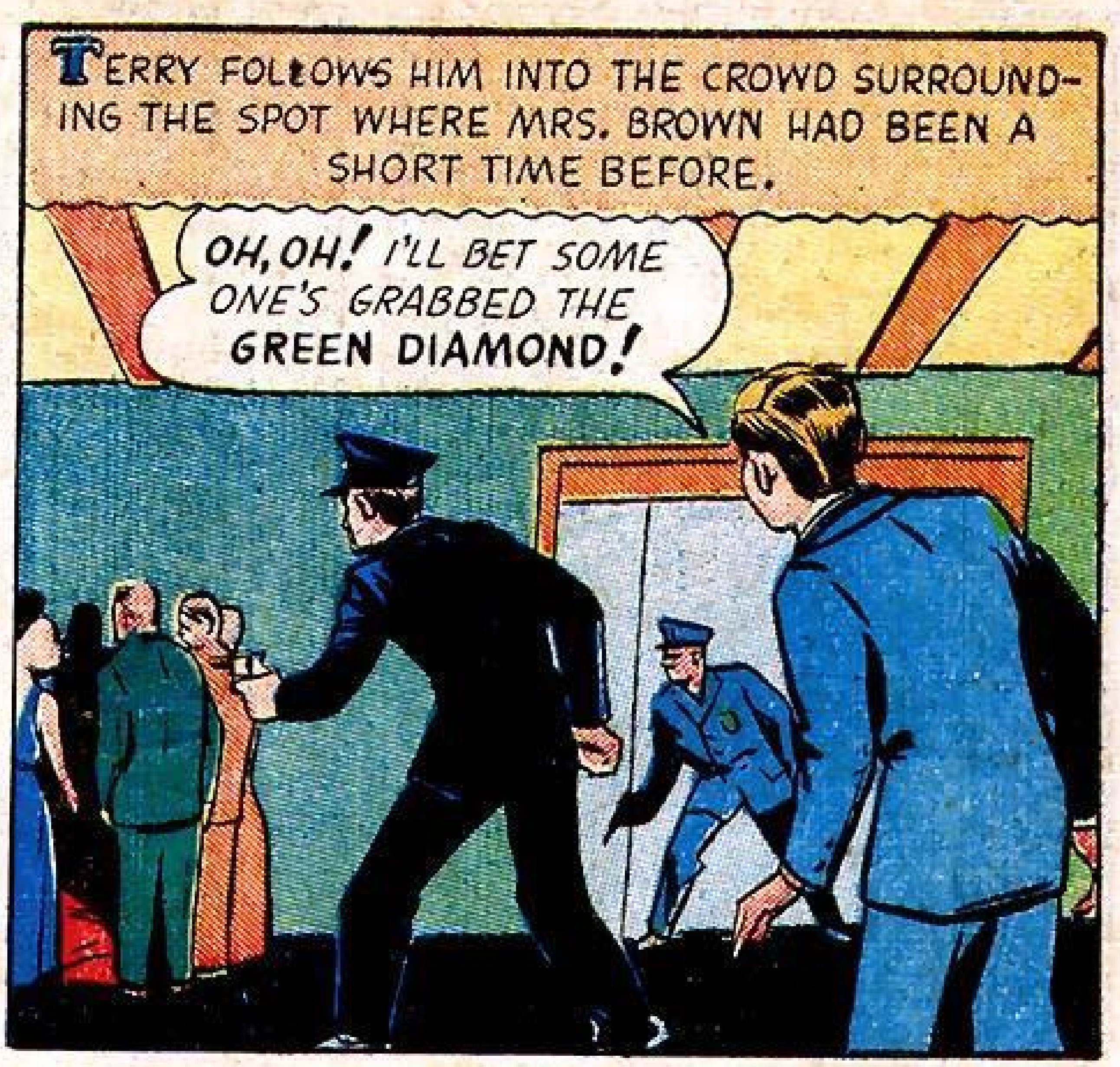

CONFUSED, THE OTHER TWO TURN TO ESCAPE........

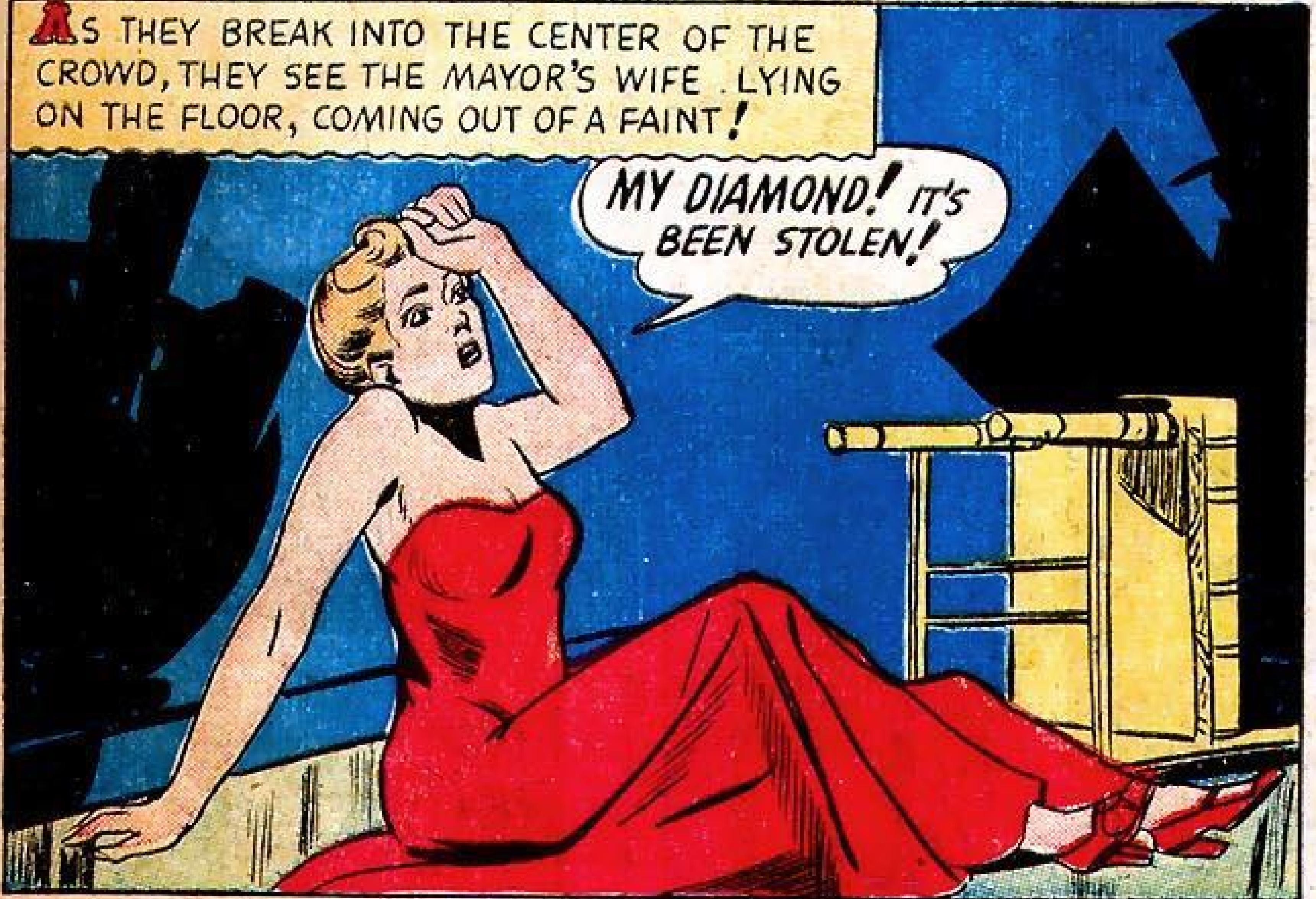

THEY CRASH.......HEAD-ON!
NOW....FLY BACK TO YOUR AIR BASE..!
AH....THERE IT IS! NOW, KA-ZAR WILL FINISH THEM!
BEFORE KA-ZAR CAN STOP HIM, THE PILOT LEAPS!
?
THINKS HE CAN STOP ME, EH? I CAN FLY THIS PLANE..
AT THE CONTROLS, KA-ZAR OPENS THE PLANE'S POISON GAS VALVES OVER THE NAZI BASE!
BY THE SAME MEANS WITH WHICH THEY PLANNED TO RUIN THE JUNGLE, THE AXIS SOLDIERS ARE DESTROYED!
THAT ENDS THEIR THREAT TO THE PEACE OF THE JUNGLE! NOW, I WILL FLY THIS PLANE TO AN OPEN CLEARING AND LAND!
NEXT MONTH
ANOTHER KA-ZAR
• ADVENTURE IN ••
MARVEL COMICS!

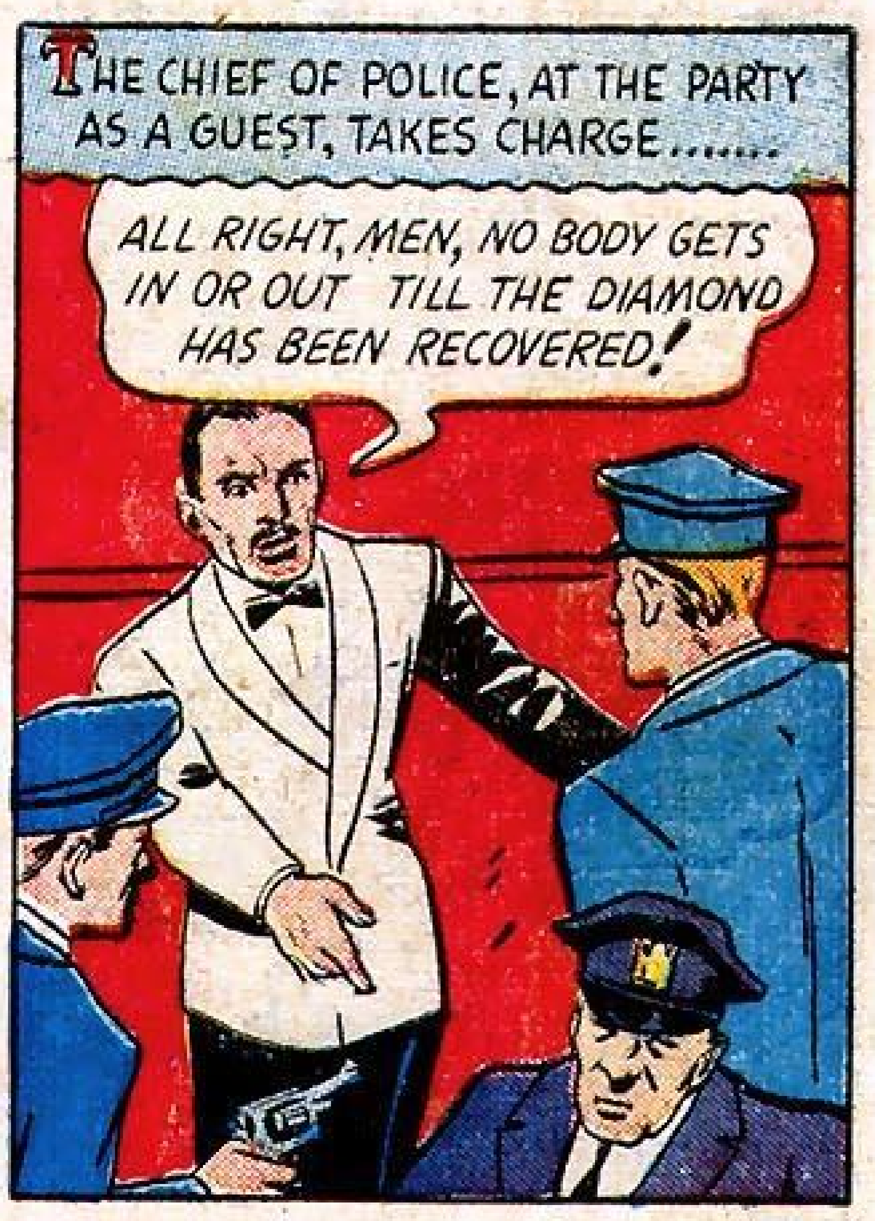

Terry Vance
The School Boy Sleuth
IN THE MYSTERY OF THE GREEN DIAMOND!
HEY, TERRY! WE'VE GOT A DATE!
OH, WE HAVE A DATE, HUH?
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'D BE INTERESTED?
YEAH, I HAVE TWO INVITATIONS TO THE MAYOR'S SWANKY PARTY, TONITE!
BY Ray Gill & Bob Oksner
AW, BE A SPORT, TERRY. MAYBE SOMEONE WILL TRY TO MURDER MAYOR BROWN, OR SOMETHING. YOU'LL HAVE FUN, I GUARANTEE IT!
HA, HA-I KNOW-AND BESIDES-THE MAYOR'S PRETTY DAUGHTER WILL BE THERE-NO SOAP!
I HAVE IT! YOU'D LIKE A GOOD LOOK AT THE MAYOR'S WIFE'S FAMOUS GREEN DIAMOND, WOULDN'T YOU?
DO YOU REALLY THINK SHE'LL WEAR IT TONIGHT?
SNAP!
I KNOW SHE WILL--THAT'S ONE OF THE THINGS I HAVE TO WRITE ABOUT!
OKAY! WE'VE GOT A DATE!

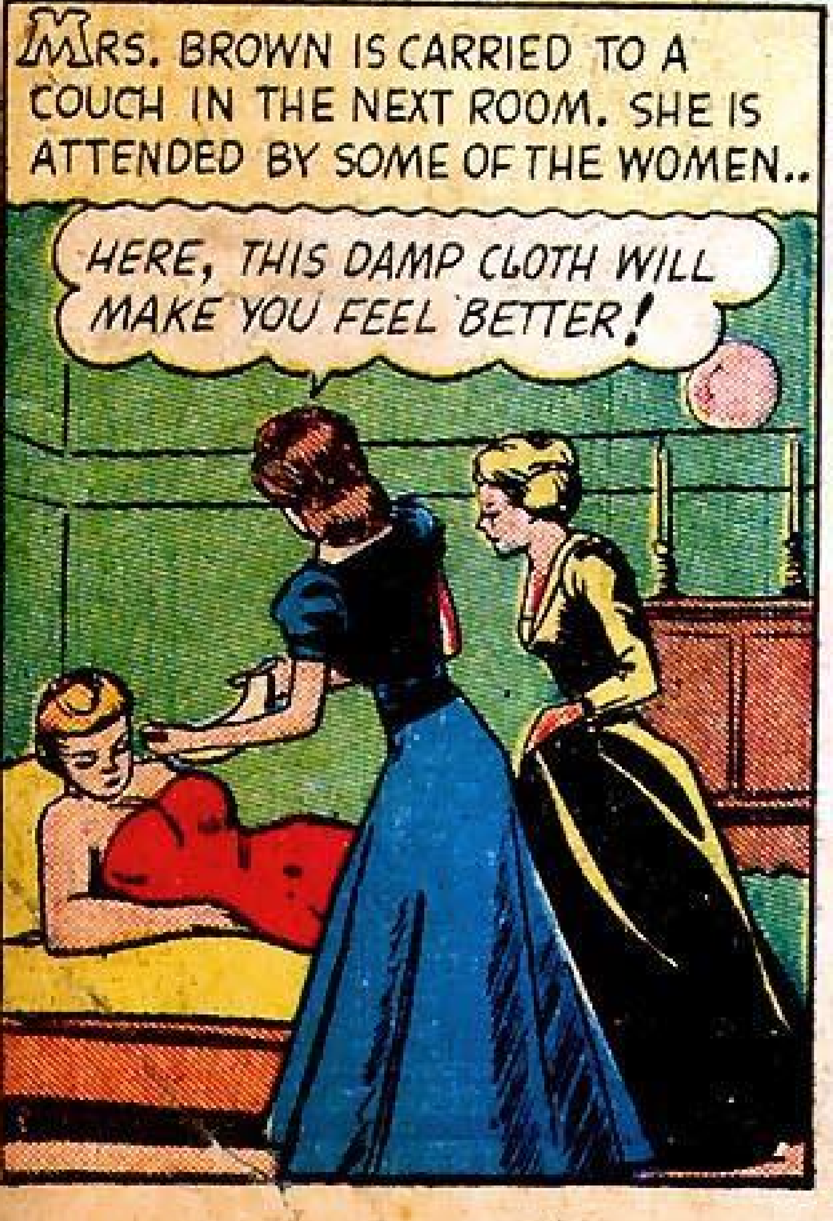

THAT EVENING, AT THE MAYOR'S HILL-SECTION MANSION.
—WHERE I GO, DR. WATSON GOES—EVEN IF HE DOES HAVE TO WAIT IN THE CAR!
—COME ON, LET'S GO IN.
DR. WATSON, LEFT IN THE CAR, ... SADLY SETTLES DOWN TO WAIT.
CHK-CHK! (MEANING) HO-HUM!
WHAT DO YOU KIDS WANT? NO ONE IS ADMITTED WITHOUT AN INVITATION!
WE HAVE INVITATIONS. COME ON, TERRY!
THEY ENTER THE CROWDED BALLROOM.
GOSH, THAT BUTLER SURE HATES HIMSELF--- DOESN'T HE?
DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO HIM— HE ONLY WORKS HERE! BESIDES, THERE'S MAYOR BROWN'S WIFE, OVER THERE!
WOW! THAT'S REALLY SOMETHING, ISN'T IT?
SURE IS—THIRD LARGEST DIAMOND IN THE WORLD, I UNDERSTAND! SHE ONLY WEARS IT ABOUT ONCE A YEAR!
BEFORE HIS WORDS DIE, THE LIGHTS GO OUT AND A THROATY SCREAM FILLS THE AIR!
HEY!
EE-E-E-E-EK
WHAT THE?

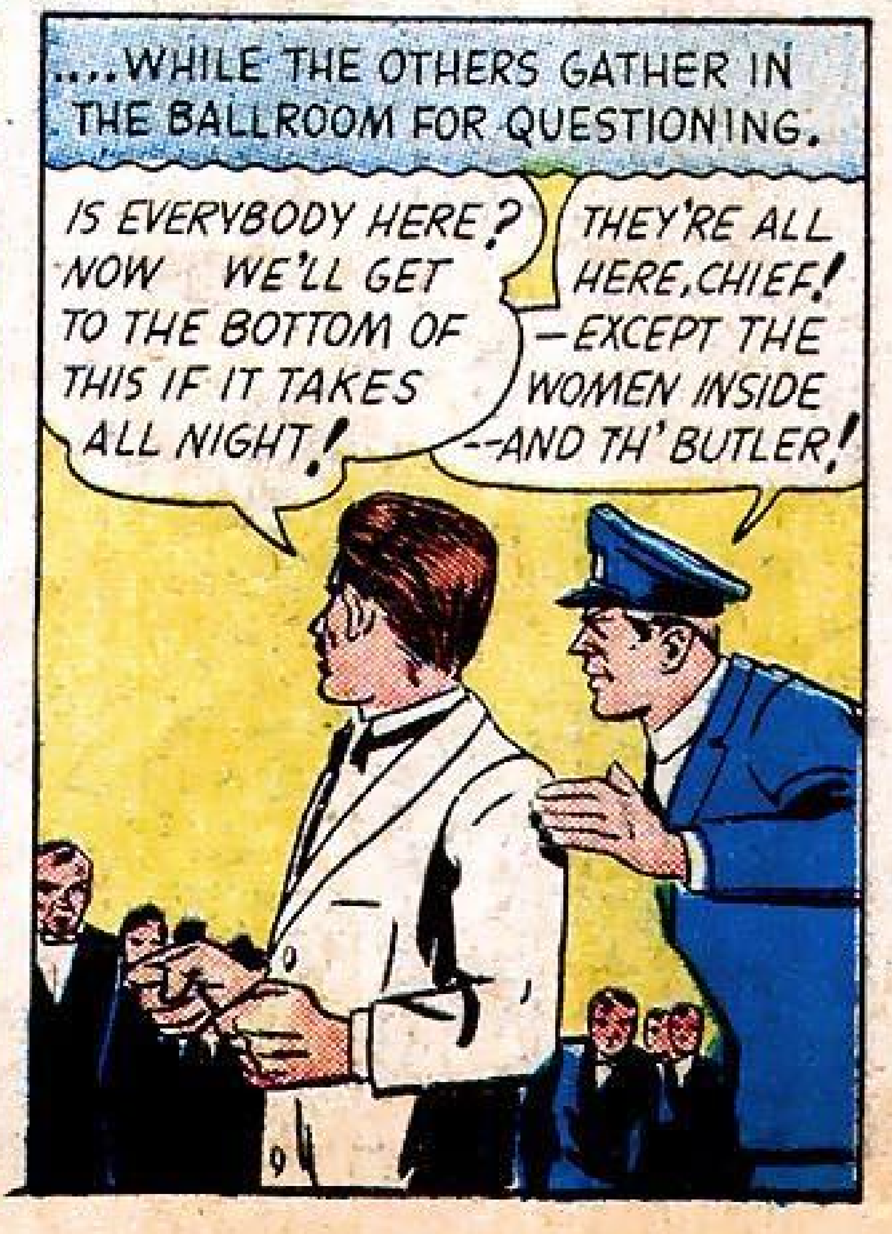

AN OFFICER RUSHES IN FROM THE OUTSIDE....
WHAT HAPPENED?
YOU KNOW AS MUCH AS I DO! BUT, WHOEVER PULLED THE SWITCH IS STILL IN HERE! WE'VE GOT EVERY DOOR COVERED!

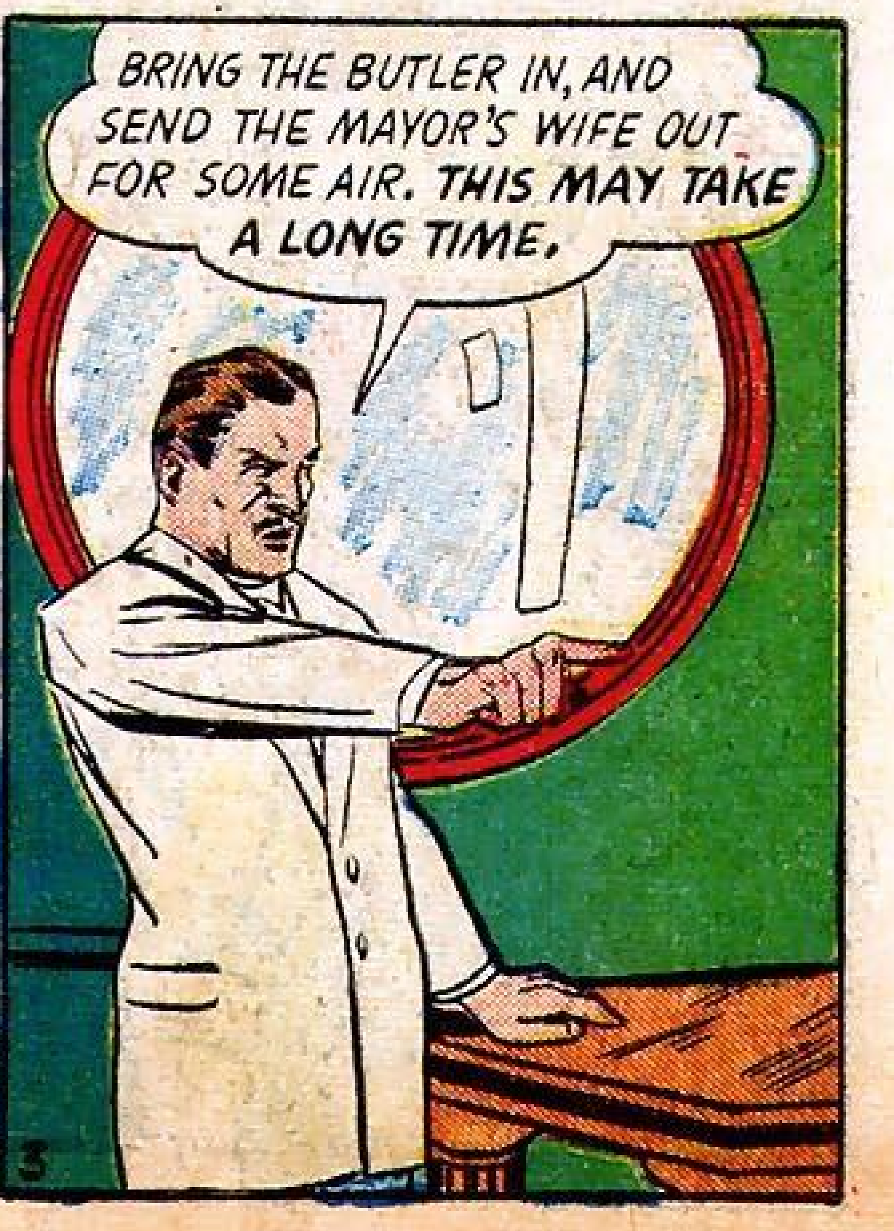

TERRY FOLLOWS HIM INTO THE CROWD SURROUNDING THE SPOT WHERE MRS. BROWN HAD BEEN A SHORT TIME BEFORE.
OH, OH! I'LL BET SOME ONE'S GRABBED THE GREEN DIAMOND!

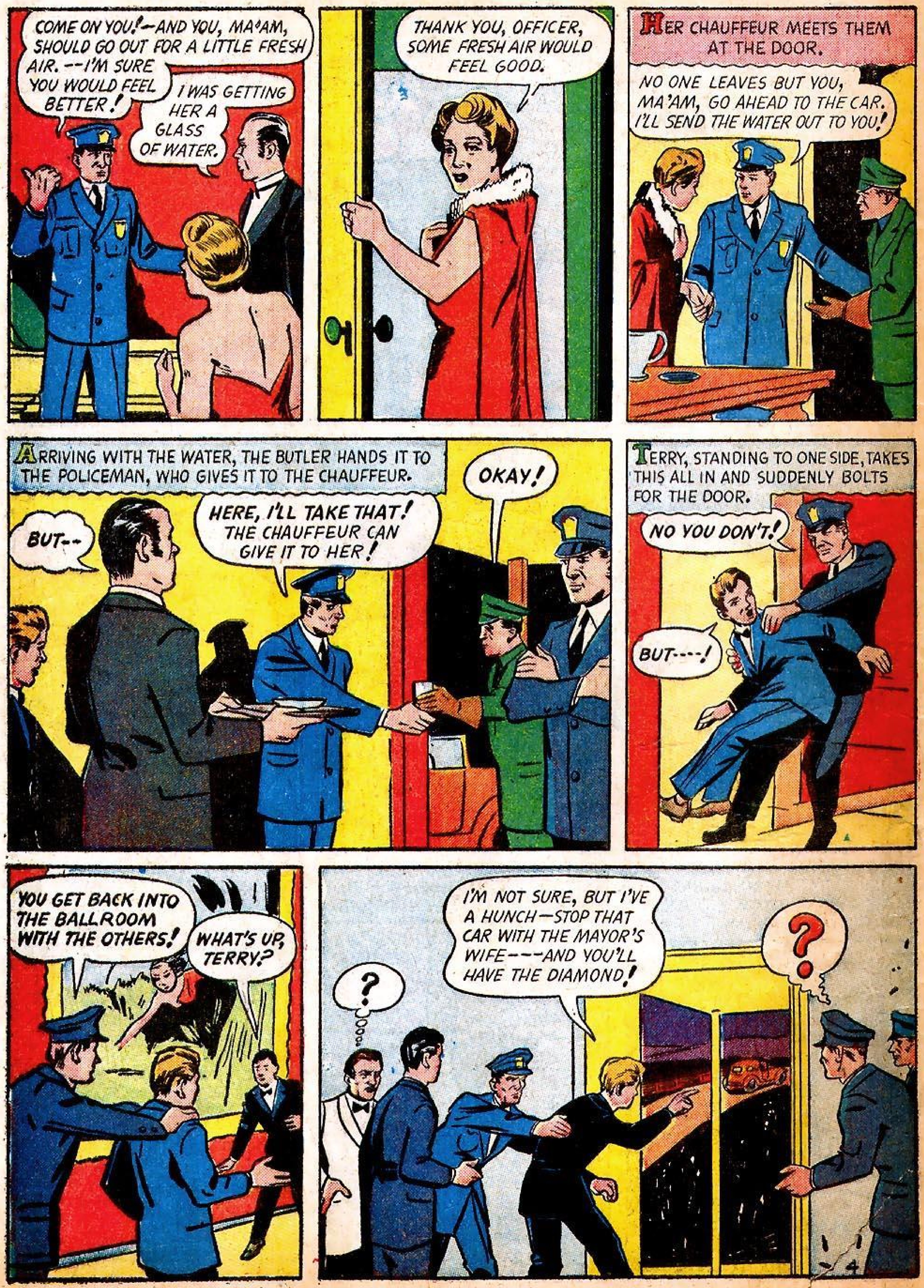

AS THEY BREAK INTO THE CENTER OF THE CROWD, THEY SEE THE MAYOR'S WIFE LYING ON THE FLOOR, COMING OUT OF A FAINT!
MY DIAMOND! IT'S BEEN STOLEN!

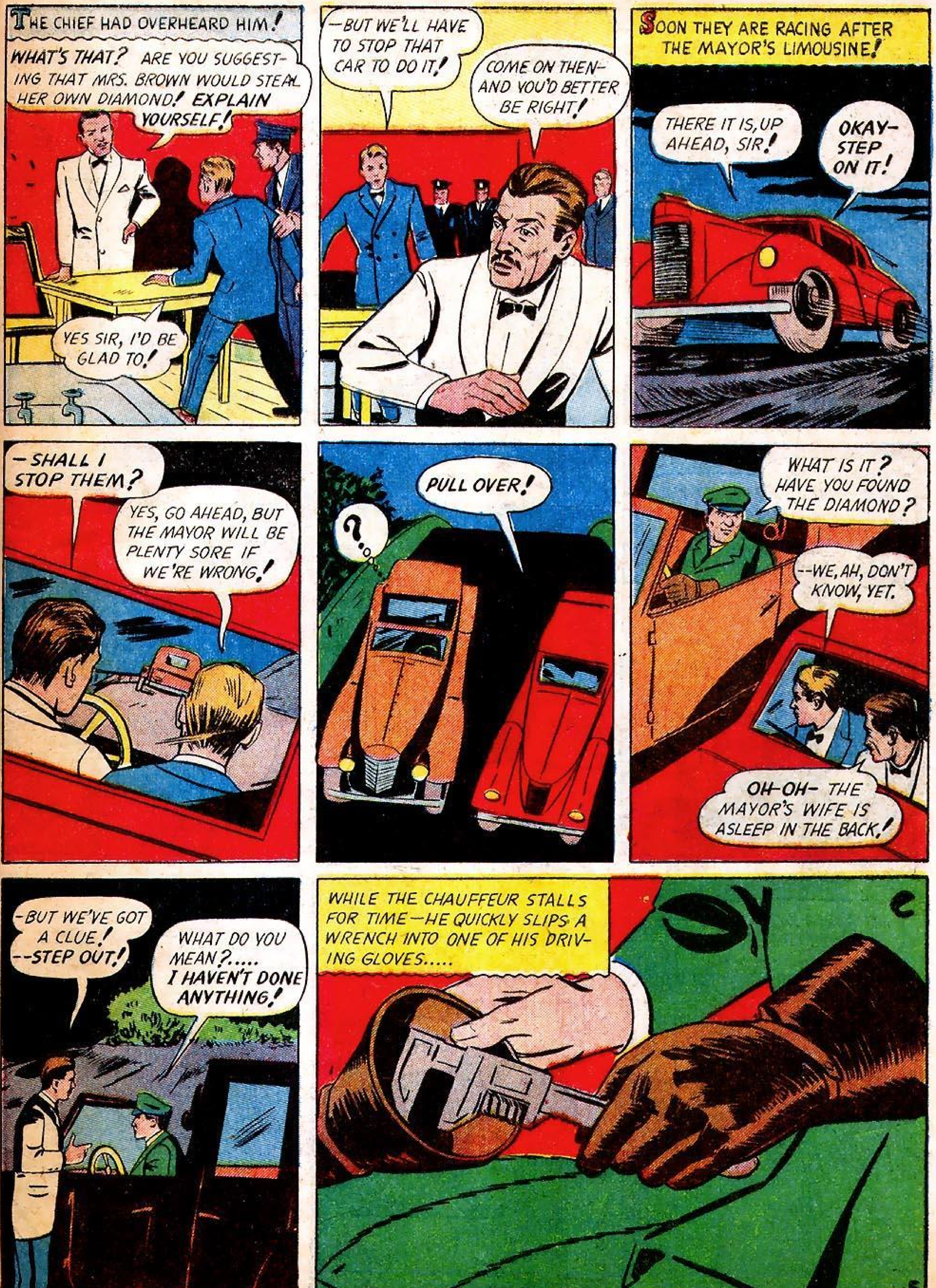

THE CHIEF OF POLICE, AT THE PARTY AS A GUEST, TAKES CHARGE......
ALL RIGHT, MEN, NO BODY GETS IN OR OUT TILL THE DIAMOND HAS BEEN RECOVERED!

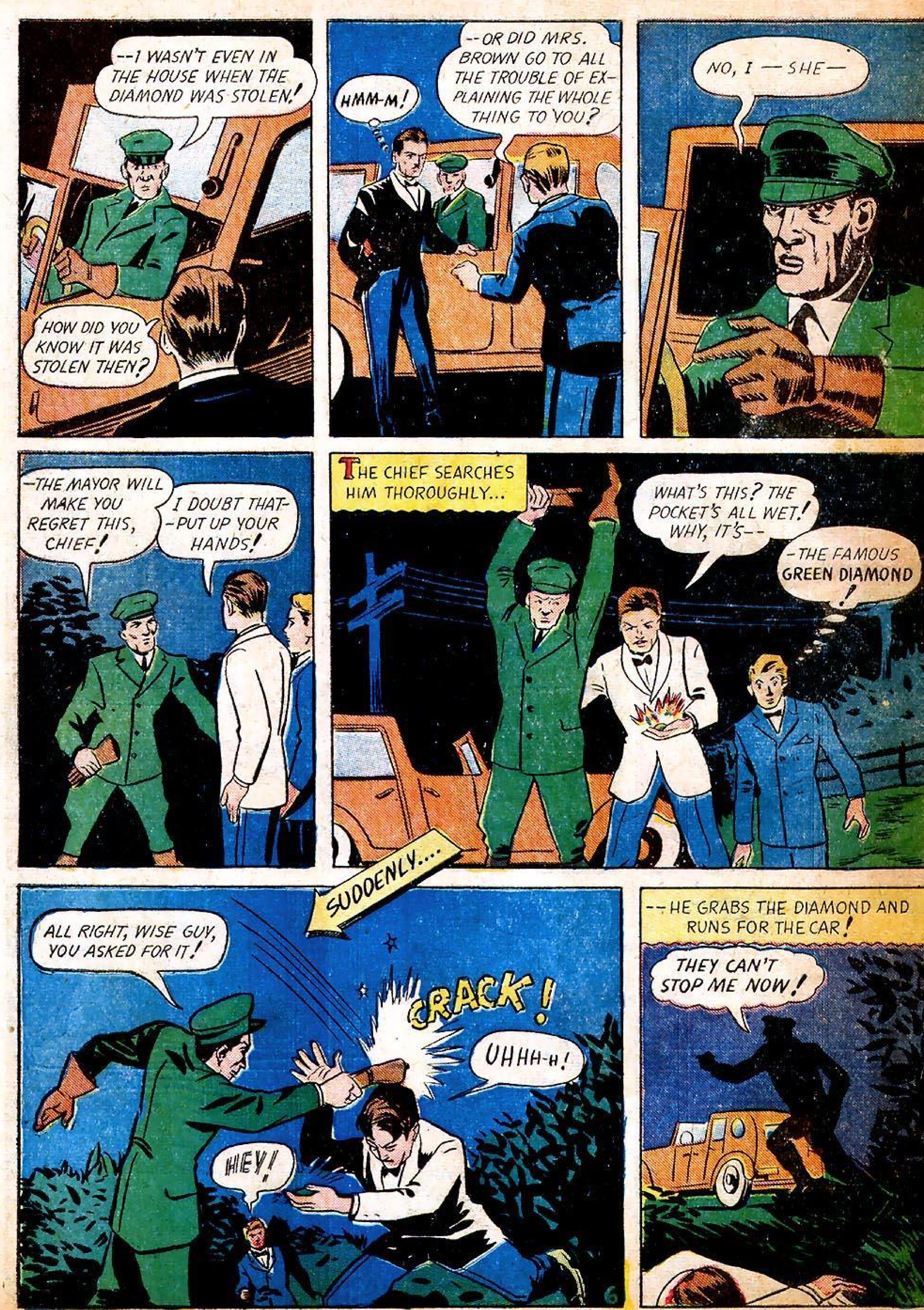

MRS. BROWN IS CARRIED TO A COUCH IN THE NEXT ROOM. SHE IS ATTENDED BY SOME OF THE WOMEN..
HERE, THIS DAMP CLOTH WILL MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER!

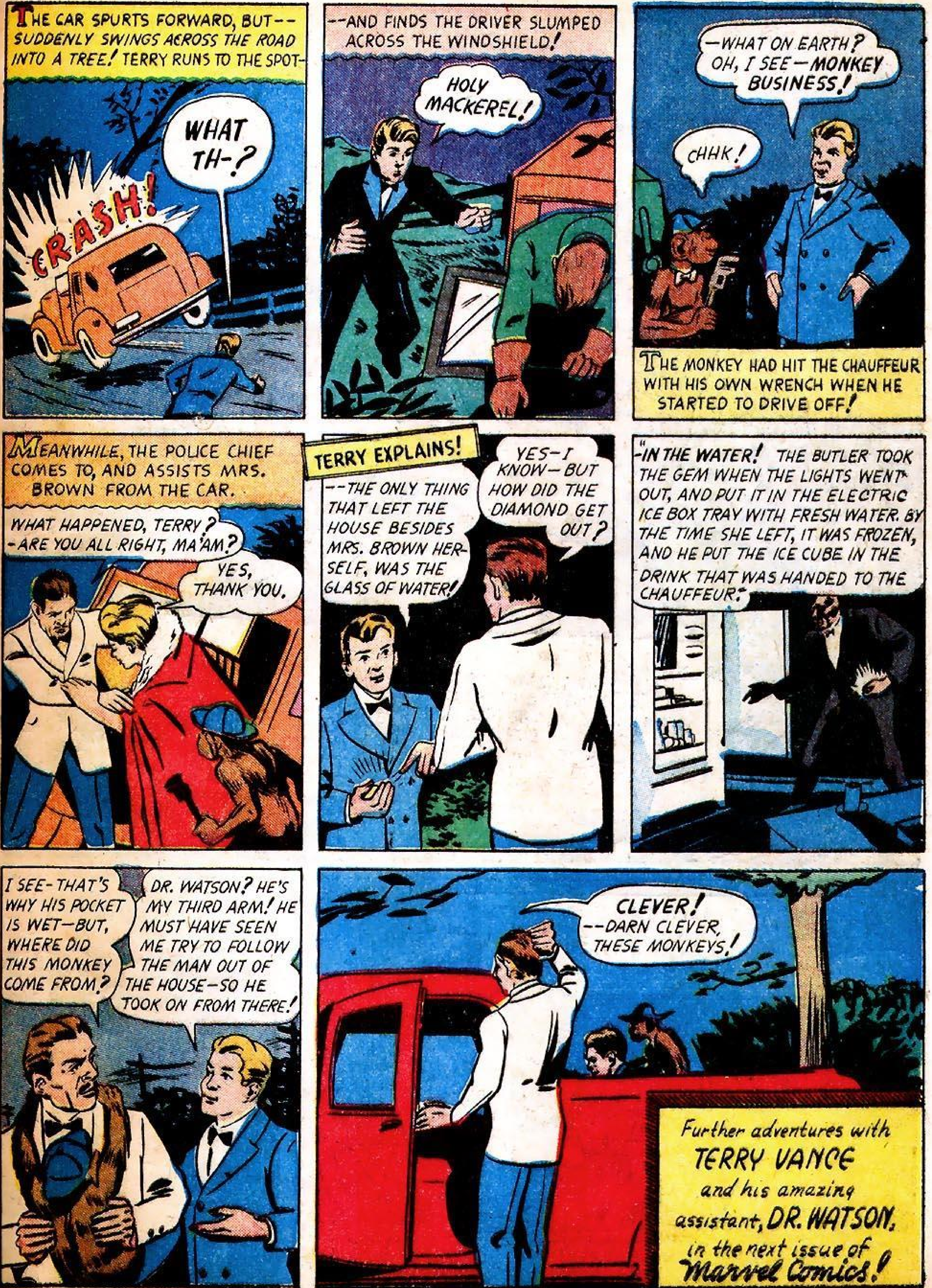

....WHILE THE OTHERS GATHER IN THE BALLROOM FOR QUESTIONING.
IS EVERYBODY HERE? NOW WE'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS IF IT TAKES ALL NIGHT!
THEY'RE ALL HERE, CHIEF! —EXCEPT THE WOMEN INSIDE --AND TH' BUTLER!

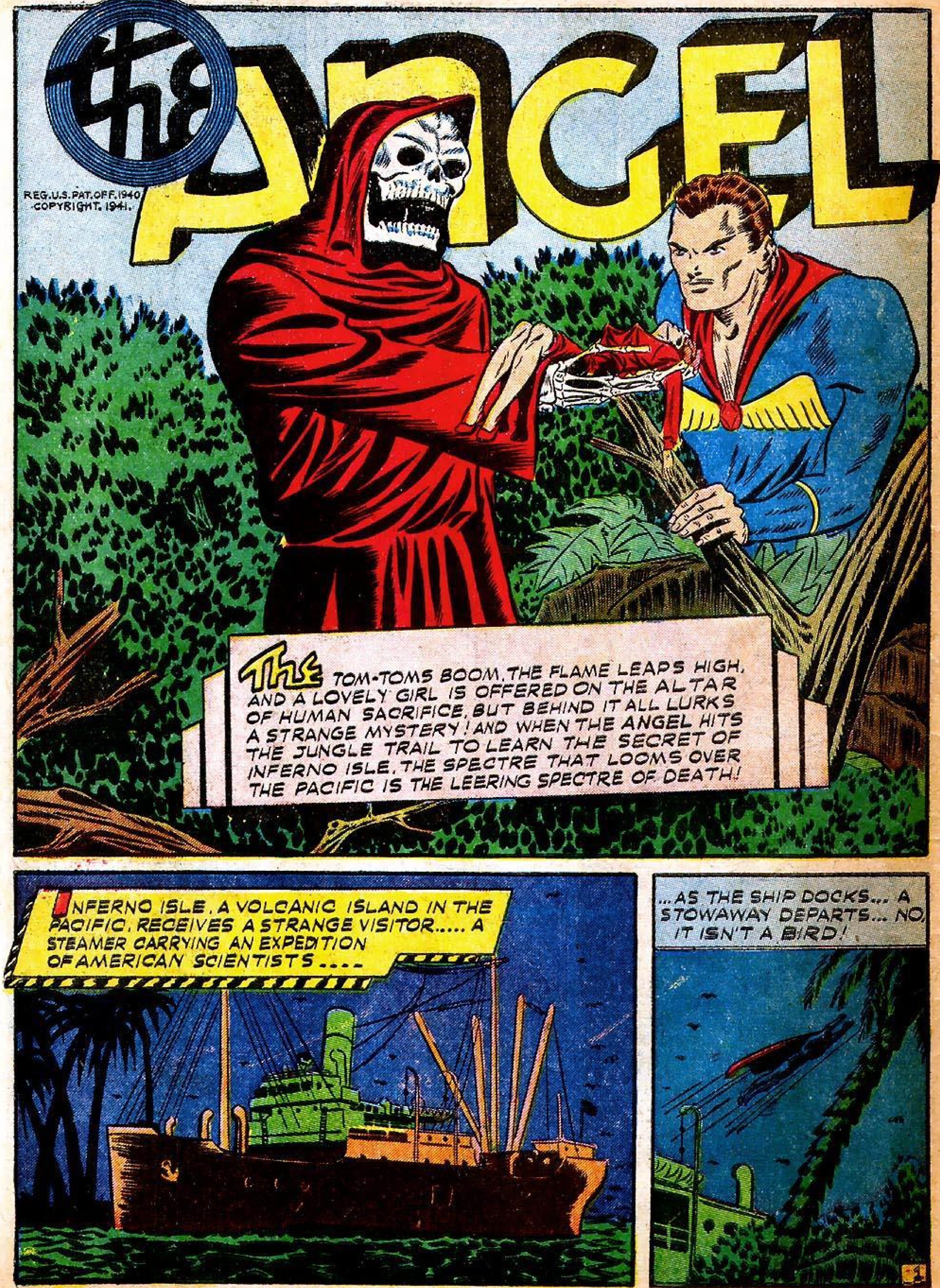

BRING THE BUTLER IN, AND SEND THE MAYOR'S WIFE OUT FOR SOME AIR. THIS MAY TAKE A LONG TIME.

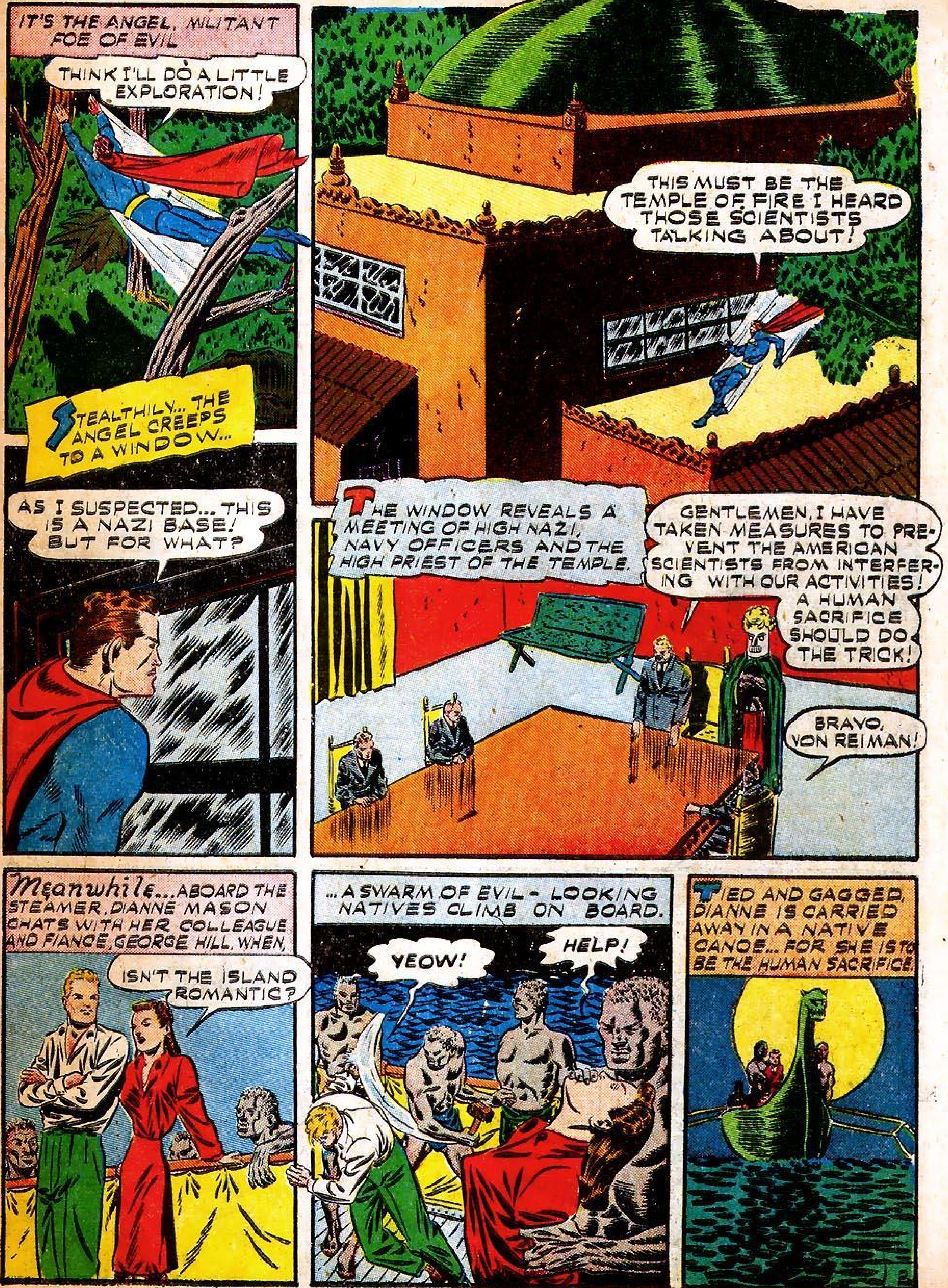

COME ON YOU!—AND YOU, MA'AM, SHOULD GO OUT FOR A LITTLE FRESH AIR.--I'M SURE YOU WOULD FEEL BETTER!
I WAS GETTING HER A GLASS OF WATER.
THANK YOU, OFFICER, SOME FRESH AIR WOULD FEEL GOOD.
HER CHAUFFEUR MEETS THEM AT THE DOOR.
NO ONE LEAVES BUT YOU, MA'AM, GO AHEAD TO THE CAR. I'LL SEND THE WATER OUT TO YOU!
ARRIVING WITH THE WATER, THE BUTLER HANDS IT TO THE POLICEMAN, WHO GIVES IT TO THE CHAUFFEUR.
BUT--
HERE, I'LL TAKE THAT! THE CHAUFFEUR CAN GIVE IT TO HER!
OKAY!
TERRY, STANDING TO ONE SIDE, TAKES THIS ALL IN AND SUDDENLY BOLTS FOR THE DOOR.
NO YOU DON'T!
BUT----!
YOU GET BACK INTO THE BALLROOM WITH THE OTHERS!
WHAT'S UP, TERRY?
?
I'M NOT SURE, BUT I'VE A HUNCH—STOP THAT CAR WITH THE MAYOR'S WIFE---AND YOU'LL HAVE THE DIAMOND!
?

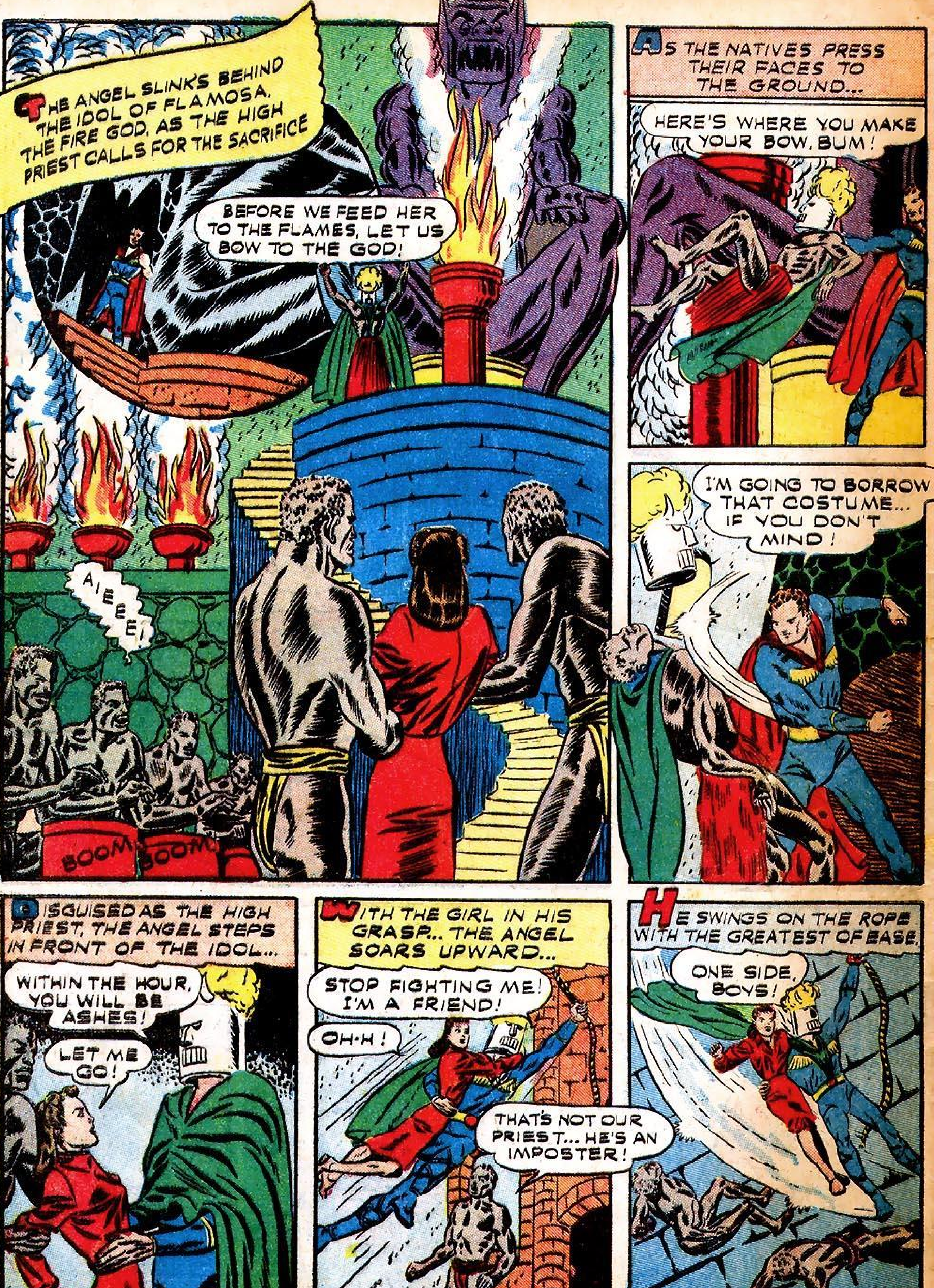

THE CHIEF HAD OVERHEARD HIM!
WHAT'S THAT? ARE YOU SUGGESTING THAT MRS. BROWN WOULD STEAL HER OWN DIAMOND! EXPLAIN YOURSELF!
YES SIR, I'D BE GLAD TO!
—BUT WE'LL HAVE TO STOP THAT CAR TO DO IT!
COME ON THEN— AND YOU'D BETTER BE RIGHT!
SOON THEY ARE RACING AFTER THE MAYOR'S LIMOUSINE!
THERE IT IS, UP AHEAD, SIR!
OKAY— STEP ON IT!
—SHALL I STOP THEM?
YES, GO AHEAD, BUT THE MAYOR WILL BE PLENTY SORE IF WE'RE WRONG!
PULL OVER!
?
WHAT IS IT? HAVE YOU FOUND THE DIAMOND?
--WE, AH, DON'T KNOW, YET.
OH-OH- THE MAYOR'S WIFE IS ASLEEP IN THE BACK!
-BUT WE'VE GOT A CLUE! --STEP OUT!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?..... I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING!
WHILE THE CHAUFFEUR STALLS FOR TIME—HE QUICKLY SLIPS A WRENCH INTO ONE OF HIS DRIVING GLOVES.....

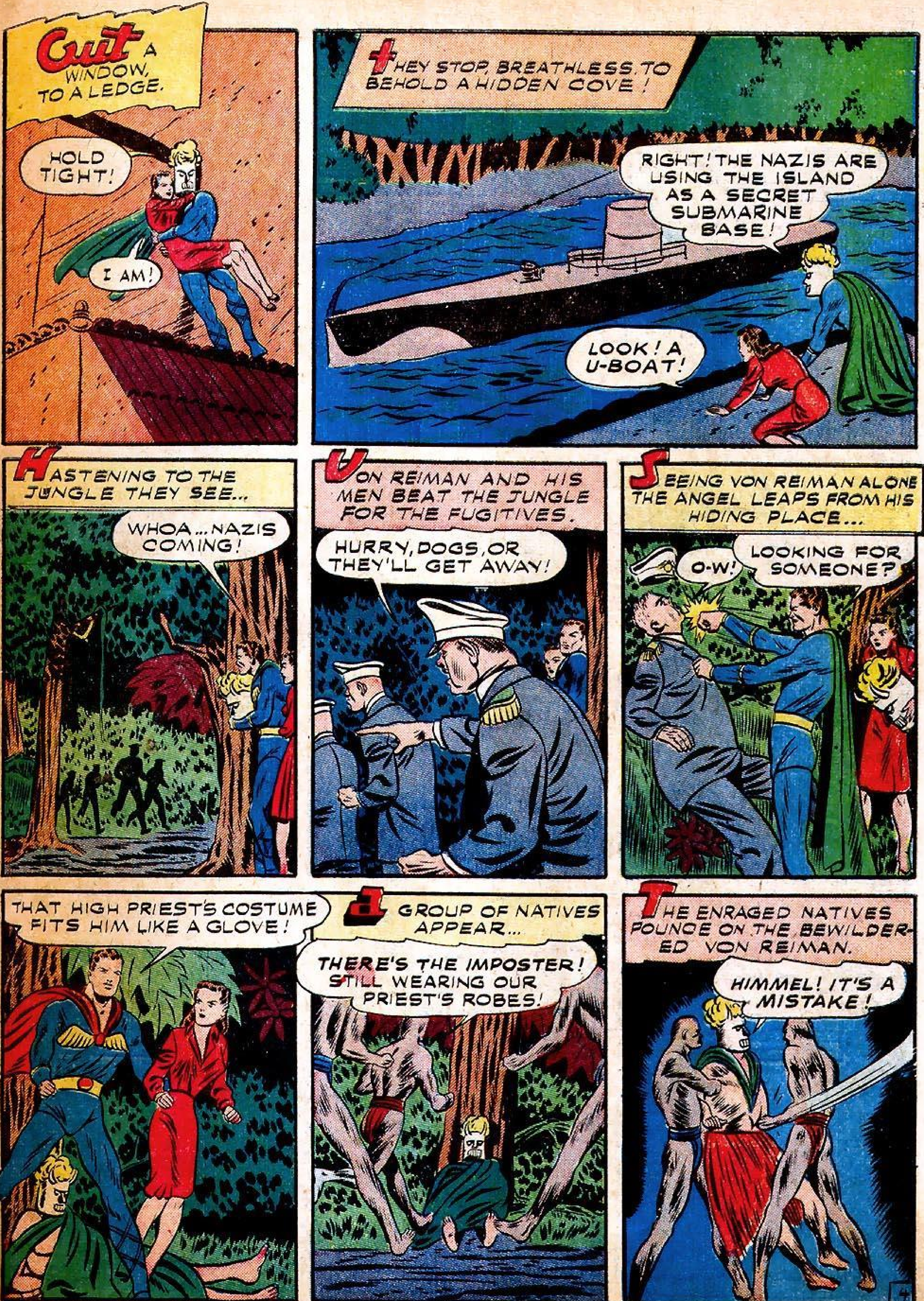

--I WASN'T EVEN IN THE HOUSE WHEN THE DIAMOND WAS STOLEN!
HOW DID YOU KNOW IT WAS STOLEN THEN?
HMM-M!
--OR DID MRS. BROWN GO TO ALL THE TROUBLE OF EXPLAINING THE WHOLE THING TO YOU?
NO, I — SHE—
—THE MAYOR WILL MAKE YOU REGRET THIS, CHIEF!
I DOUBT THAT--PUT UP YOUR HANDS!
THE CHIEF SEARCHES HIM THOROUGHLY...
WHAT'S THIS? THE POCKET'S ALL WET! WHY, IT'S--
-THE FAMOUS GREEN DIAMOND!
SUDDENLY....
ALL RIGHT, WISE GUY, YOU ASKED FOR IT!
CRACK!
UHHH-H!
HEY!
--HE GRABS THE DIAMOND AND RUNS FOR THE CAR!
THEY CAN'T STOP ME NOW!

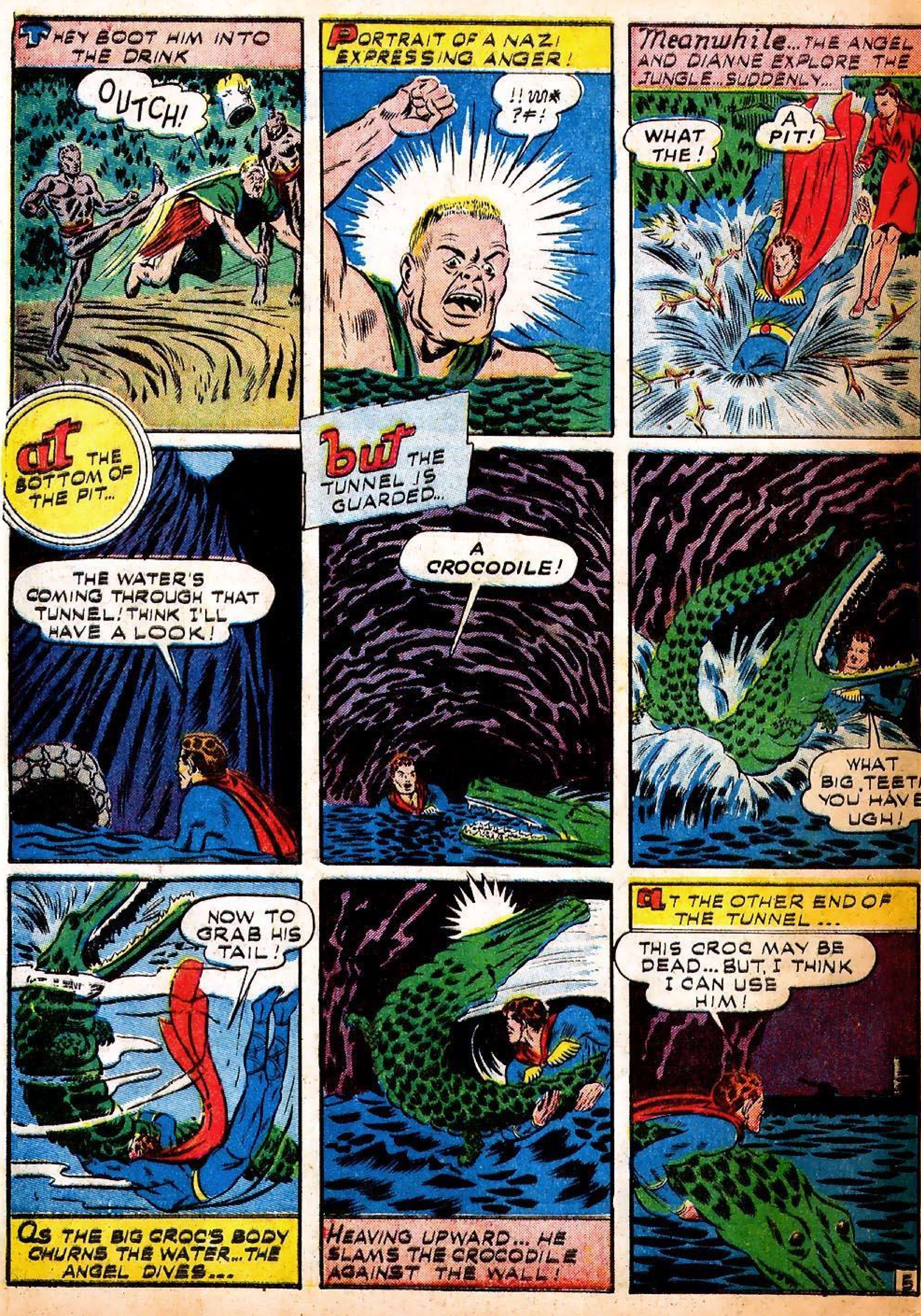

THE CAR SPURTS FORWARD, BUT-- SUDDENLY SWINGS ACROSS THE ROAD INTO A TREE! TERRY RUNS TO THE SPOT-
WHAT TH-?
CRASH!
--AND FINDS THE DRIVER SLUMPED ACROSS THE WINDSHIELD!
HOLY MACKEREL!
—WHAT ON EARTH? OH, I SEE—MONKEY BUSINESS!
CHHK!
THE MONKEY HAD HIT THE CHAUFFEUR WITH HIS OWN WRENCH WHEN HE STARTED TO DRIVE OFF!
MEANWHILE, THE POLICE CHIEF COMES TO, AND ASSISTS MRS. BROWN FROM THE CAR.
WHAT HAPPENED, TERRY? -ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MA'AM?
YES, THANK YOU.
TERRY EXPLAINS!
--THE ONLY THING THAT LEFT THE HOUSE BESIDES MRS. BROWN HERSELF, WAS THE GLASS OF WATER!
YES-I KNOW-BUT HOW DID THE DIAMOND GET OUT?
"IN THE WATER! THE BUTLER TOOK THE GEM WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT, AND PUT IT IN THE ELECTRIC ICE BOX TRAY WITH FRESH WATER. BY THE TIME SHE LEFT, IT WAS FROZEN, AND HE PUT THE ICE CUBE IN THE DRINK THAT WAS HANDED TO THE CHAUFFEUR."
I SEE-THAT'S WHY HIS POCKET IS WET—BUT, WHERE DID THIS MONKEY COME FROM?
DR. WATSON? HE'S MY THIRD ARM! HE MUST HAVE SEEN ME TRY TO FOLLOW THE MAN OUT OF THE HOUSE—SO HE TOOK ON FROM THERE!
CLEVER! --DARN CLEVER, THESE MONKEYS!
Further adventures with TERRY VANCE and his amazing assistant, DR. WATSON, in the next issue of Marvel Comics!

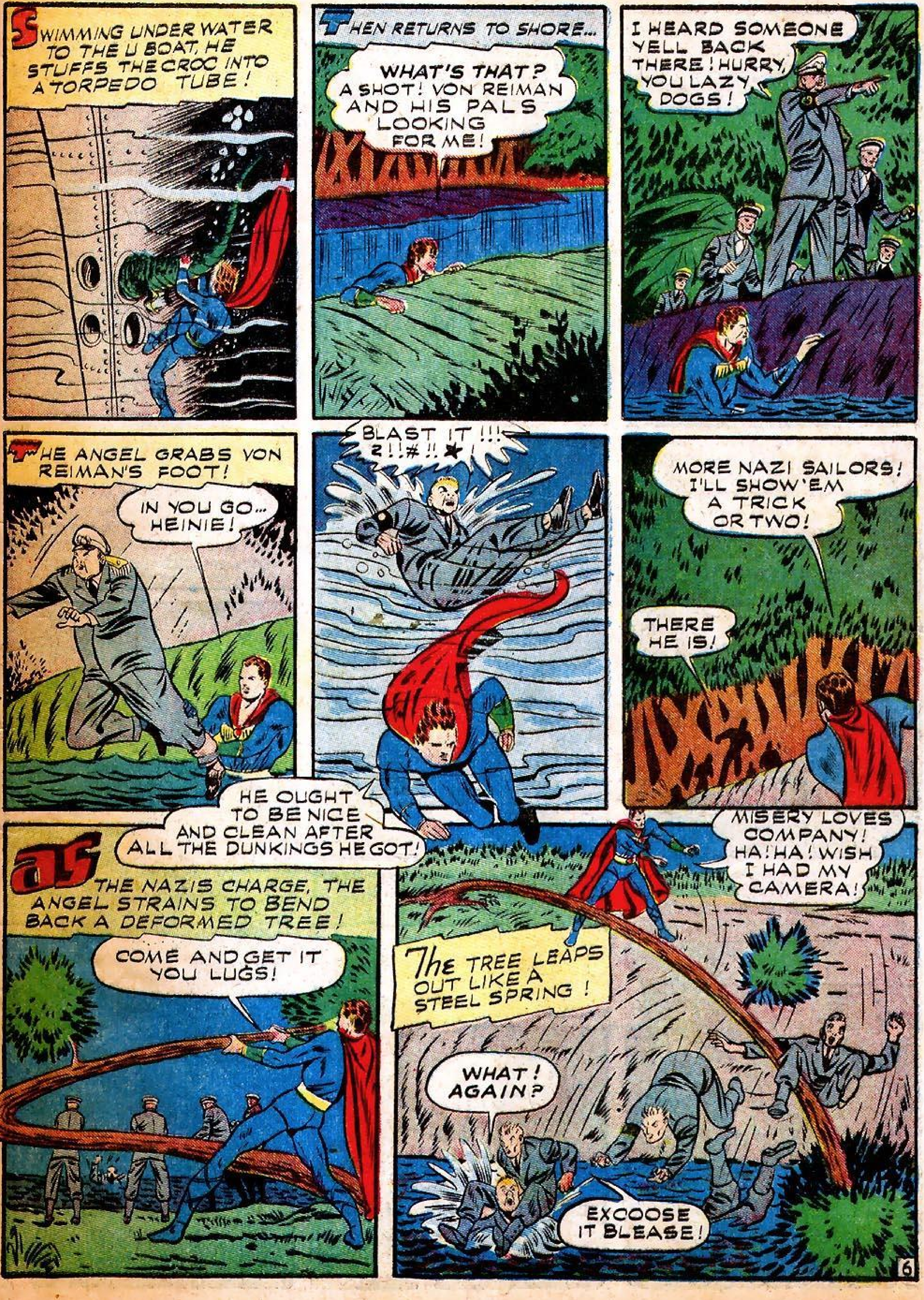

THE ANGEL
REG.U.S.PAT.OFF.1940
COPYRIGHT.1941.
THE TOM-TOMS BOOM, THE FLAME LEAPS HIGH, AND A LOVELY GIRL IS OFFERED ON THE ALTAR OF HUMAN SACRIFICE, BUT BEHIND IT ALL LURKS A STRANGE MYSTERY! AND WHEN THE ANGEL HITS THE JUNGLE TRAIL TO LEARN THE SECRET OF INFERNO ISLE, THE SPECTRE THAT LOOMS OVER THE PACIFIC IS THE LEERING SPECTRE OF DEATH!
INFERNO ISLE, A VOLCANIC ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC, RECEIVES A STRANGE VISITOR..... A STEAMER CARRYING AN EXPEDITION OF AMERICAN SCIENTISTS....
...AS THE SHIP DOCKS... A STOWAWAY DEPARTS... NO, IT ISN'T A BIRD!
1

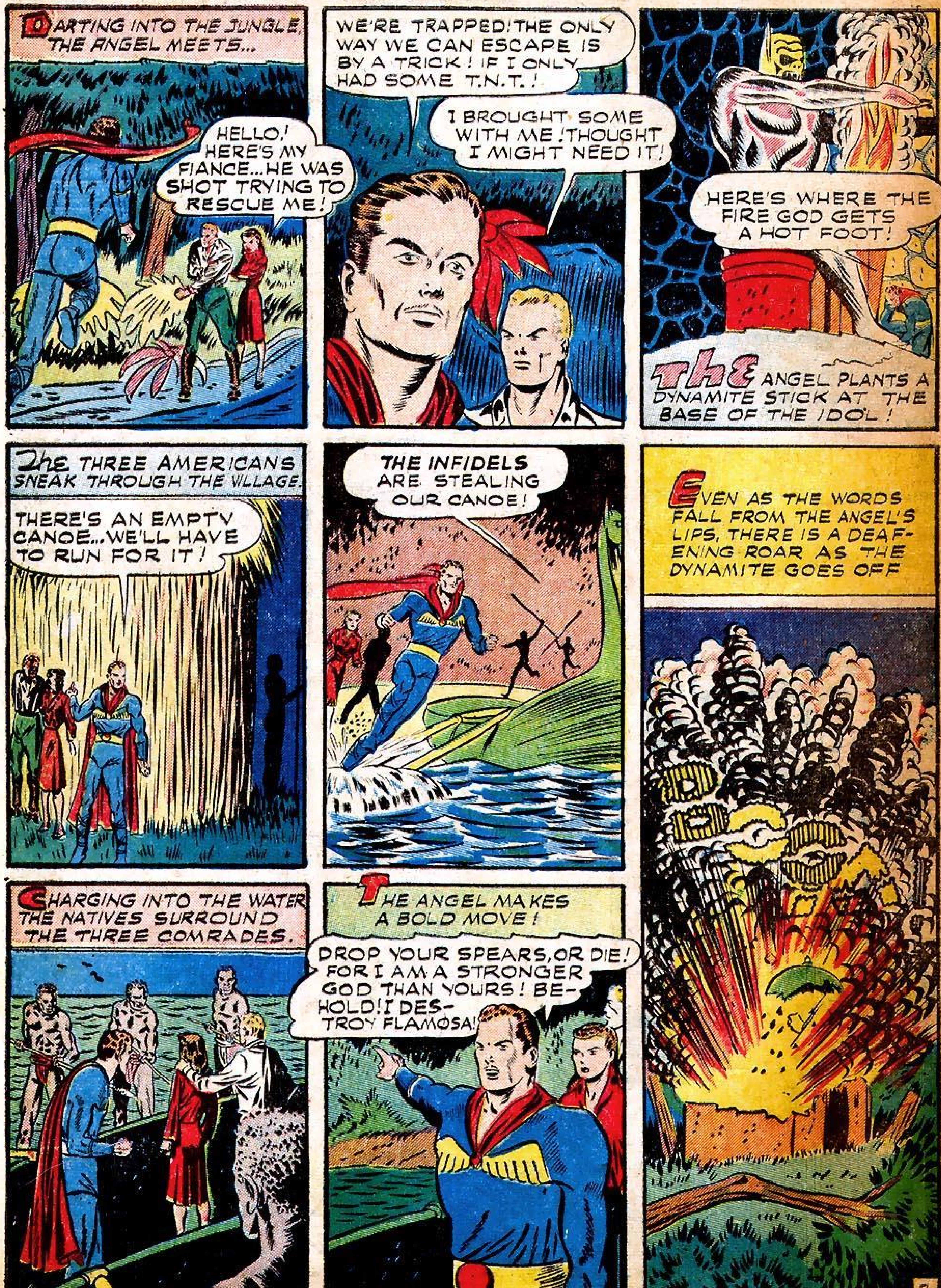

IT'S THE ANGEL, MILITANT FOE OF EVIL
THINK I'LL DO A LITTLE EXPLORATION!
THIS MUST BE THE TEMPLE OF FIRE I HEARD THOSE SCIENTISTS TALKING ABOUT!
STEALTHILY... THE ANGEL CREEPS TO A WINDOW...
AS I SUSPECTED... THIS IS A NAZI BASE! BUT FOR WHAT?
THE WINDOW REVEALS A MEETING OF HIGH NAZI, NAVY OFFICERS AND THE HIGH PRIEST OF THE TEMPLE.
GENTLEMEN, I HAVE TAKEN MEASURES TO PREVENT THE AMERICAN SCIENTISTS FROM INTERFERING WITH OUR ACTIVITIES! A HUMAN SACRIFICE SHOULD DO THE TRICK!
BRAVO, VON REIMAN!
Meanwhile... ABOARD THE STEAMER, DIANNE MASON CHATS WITH HER COLLEAGUE AND FIANCE, GEORGE HILL, WHEN,
ISN'T THE ISLAND ROMANTIC?
...A SWARM OF EVIL-LOOKING NATIVES CLIMB ON BOARD.
YEOW!
HELP!
TIED AND GAGGED, DIANNE IS CARRIED AWAY IN A NATIVE CANOE... FOR SHE IS TO BE THE HUMAN SACRIFICE!
2

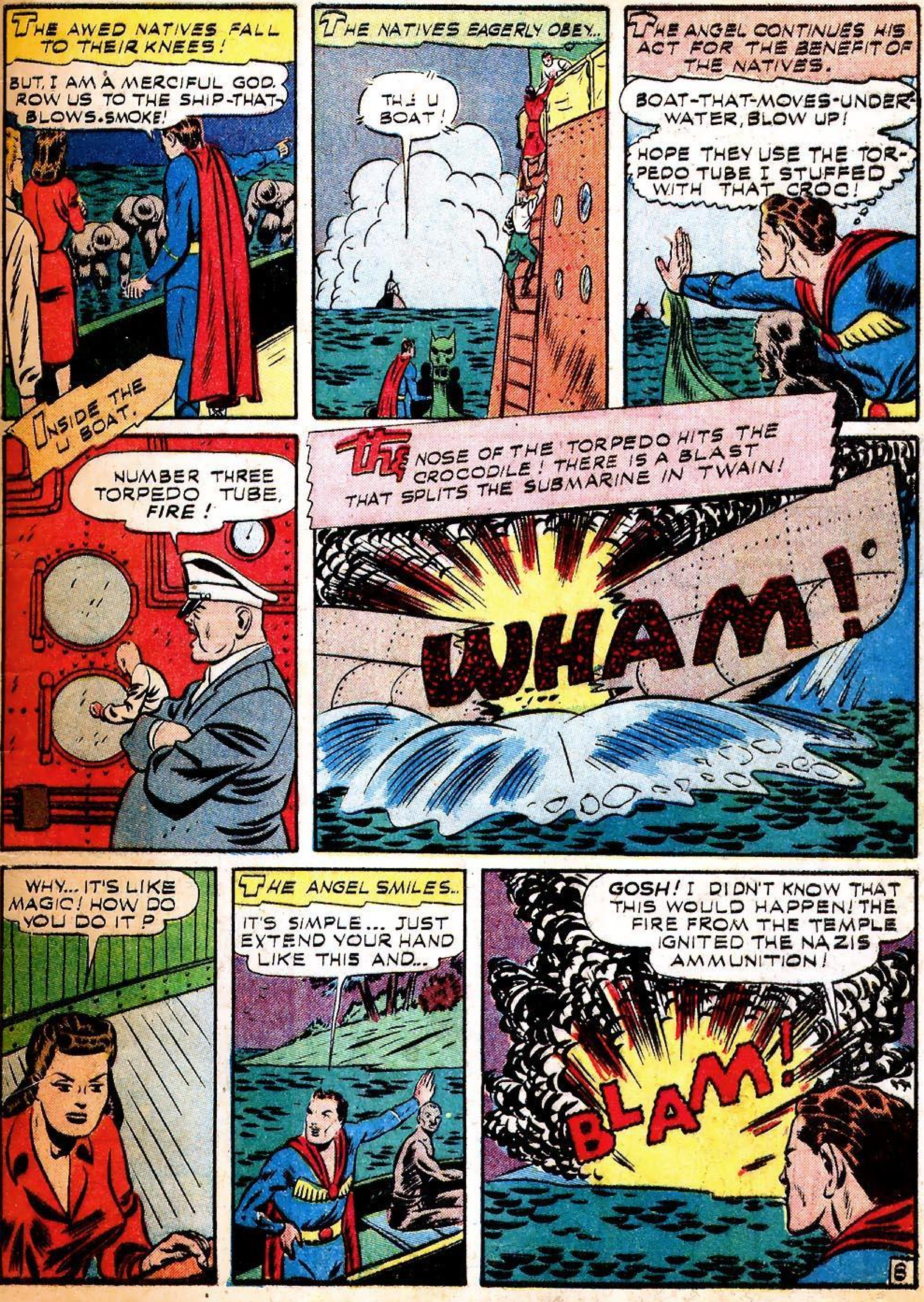

THE ANGEL SLINKS BEHIND THE IDOL OF FLAMOSA, THE FIRE GOD, AS THE HIGH PRIEST CALLS FOR THE SACRIFICE
BEFORE WE FEED HER TO THE FLAMES, LET US BOW TO THE GOD!
AIEEEI
BOOM BOOM
AS THE NATIVES PRESS THEIR FACES TO THE GROUND...
HERE'S WHERE YOU MAKE YOUR BOW, BUM!
I'M GOING TO BORROW THAT COSTUME... IF YOU DON'T MIND!
DISGUISED AS THE HIGH PRIEST, THE ANGEL STEPS IN FRONT OF THE IDOL...
WITHIN THE HOUR, YOU WILL BE ASHES!
LET ME GO!
WITH THE GIRL IN HIS GRASP... THE ANGEL SOARS UPWARD...
STOP FIGHTING ME! I'M A FRIEND!
OH-H!
THAT'S NOT OUR PRIEST... HE'S AN IMPOSTER!
HE SWINGS ON THE ROPE WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE,
ONE SIDE, BOYS!
3

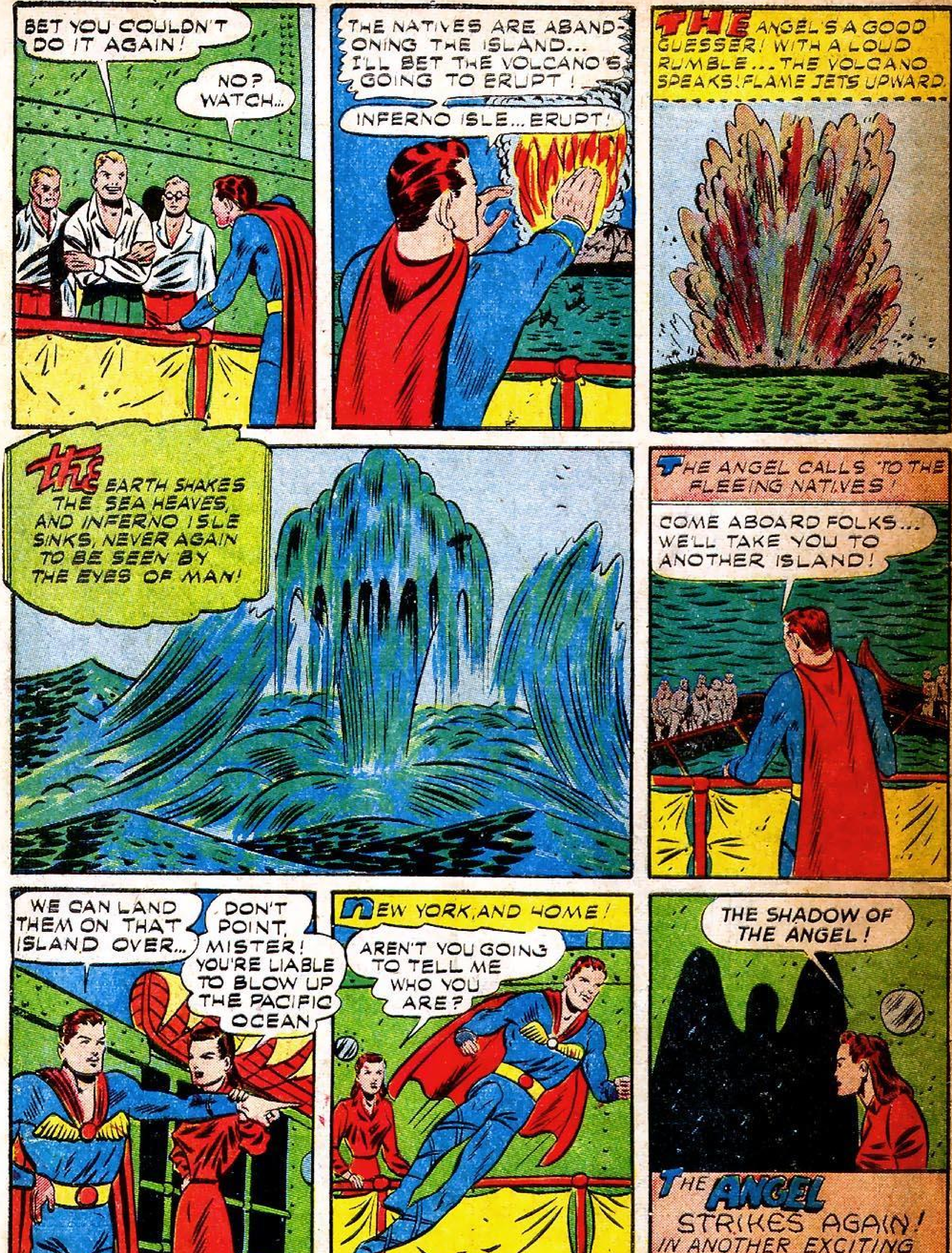

Out A WINDOW, TO A LEDGE.
HOLD TIGHT!
I AM!
THEY STOP, BREATHLESS, TO BEHOLD A HIDDEN COVE!
RIGHT! THE NAZIS ARE USING THE ISLAND AS A SECRET SUBMARINE BASE!
LOOK! A U-BOAT!
HASTENING TO THE JUNGLE THEY SEE...
WHOA... NAZIS COMING!
VON REIMAN AND HIS MEN BEAT THE JUNGLE FOR THE FUGITIVES.
HURRY, DOGS, OR THEY'LL GET AWAY!
SEEING VON REIMAN ALONE THE ANGEL LEAPS FROM HIS HIDING PLACE...
O-W!
LOOKING FOR SOMEONE?
THAT HIGH PRIEST'S COSTUME FITS HIM LIKE A GLOVE!
A GROUP OF NATIVES APPEAR...
THERE'S THE IMPOSTER! STILL WEARING OUR PRIEST'S ROBES!
THE ENRAGED NATIVES POUNCE ON THE BEWILDERED VON REIMAN.
HIMMEL! IT'S A MISTAKE!
4


THEY BOOT HIM INTO THE DRINK
OUTCH!
PORTRAIT OF A NAZI EXPRESSING ANGER!
!! ẃẃ* ?#!
Meanwhile... THE ANGEL AND DIANNE EXPLORE THE JUNGLE.. SUDDENLY...
WHAT THE!
A PIT!
AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PIT...
THE WATER'S COMING THROUGH THAT TUNNEL! THINK I'LL HAVE A LOOK!
BUT THE TUNNEL IS GUARDED...
A CROCODILE!
WHAT BIG TEETH YOU HAVE, UGH!
NOW TO GRAB HIS TAIL!
AS THE BIG CROC'S BODY CHURNS THE WATER... THE ANGEL DIVES...
HEAVING UPWARD... HE SLAMS THE CROCODILE AGAINST THE WALL!
AT THE OTHER END OF THE TUNNEL...
THIS CROC MAY BE DEAD... BUT, I THINK I CAN USE HIM!
5


SWIMMING UNDER WATER TO THE U BOAT, HE STUFFS THE CROC INTO A TORPEDO TUBE!
THEN RETURNS TO SHORE...
WHAT'S THAT? A SHOT! VON REIMAN AND HIS PALS LOOKING FOR ME!
I HEARD SOMEONE YELL BACK THERE! HURRY, YOU LAZY DOGS!
THE ANGEL GRABS VON REIMAN'S FOOT!
IN YOU GO... HEINIE!
BLAST IT!!! Z!!#!! ★!
HE OUGHT TO BE NICE AND CLEAN AFTER ALL THE DUNKINGS HE GOT!
MORE NAZI SAILORS! I'LL SHOW 'EM A TRICK OR TWO!
THERE HE IS!
AS THE NAZIS CHARGE, THE ANGEL STRAINS TO BEND BACK A DEFORMED TREE!
COME AND GET IT YOU LUGS!
MISERY LOVES COMPANY! HA! HA! WISH I HAD MY CAMERA!
The TREE LEAPS OUT LIKE A STEEL SPRING!
WHAT! AGAIN?
EXCOOSE IT BLEASE!


DARTING INTO THE JUNGLE, THE ANGEL MEETS...
HELLO! HERE'S MY FIANCE... HE WAS SHOT TRYING TO RESCUE ME!
WE'RE TRAPPED! THE ONLY WAY WE CAN ESCAPE IS BY A TRICK! IF I ONLY HAD SOME T.N.T.!
I BROUGHT SOME WITH ME! THOUGHT I MIGHT NEED IT!
HERE'S WHERE THE FIRE GOD GETS A HOT FOOT!
THE ANGEL PLANTS A DYNAMITE STICK AT THE BASE OF THE IDOL!
THE THREE AMERICANS SNEAK THROUGH THE VILLAGE.
THERE'S AN EMPTY CANOE...WE'LL HAVE TO RUN FOR IT!
THE INFIDELS ARE STEALING OUR CANOE!
CHARGING INTO THE WATER THE NATIVES SURROUND THE THREE COMRADES.
THE ANGEL MAKES A BOLD MOVE!
DROP YOUR SPEARS, OR DIE! FOR I AM A STRONGER GOD THAN YOURS! BEHOLD! I DESTROY FLAMOSA!
EVEN AS THE WORDS FALL FROM THE ANGEL'S LIPS, THERE IS A DEAFENING ROAR AS THE DYNAMITE GOES OFF


THE AWED NATIVES FALL TO THEIR KNEES!
BUT, I AM A MERCIFUL GOD. ROW US TO THE SHIP-THAT-BLOWS-SMOKE!
THE NATIVES EAGERLY OBEY...
THE U BOAT!
THE ANGEL CONTINUES HIS ACT FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE NATIVES.
BOAT-THAT-MOVES-UNDER-WATER, BLOW UP!
HOPE THEY USE THE TORPEDO TUBE I STUFFED WITH THAT CROC!
INSIDE THE U BOAT.
NUMBER THREE TORPEDO TUBE, FIRE!
THE NOSE OF THE TORPEDO HITS THE CROCODILE! THERE IS A BLAST THAT SPLITS THE SUBMARINE IN TWAIN!
WHAM!
WHY... IT'S LIKE MAGIC! HOW DO YOU DO IT?
THE ANGEL SMILES...
IT'S SIMPLE... JUST EXTEND YOUR HAND LIKE THIS AND...
GOSH! I DIDN'T KNOW THAT THIS WOULD HAPPEN! THE FIRE FROM THE TEMPLE IGNITED THE NAZIS AMMUNITION!
BLAM!


BET YOU COULDN'T DO IT AGAIN!
NO? WATCH...
THE NATIVES ARE ABANDONING THE ISLAND... I'LL BET THE VOLCANO'S GOING TO ERUPT!
INFERNO ISLE... ERUPT!
THE ANGEL'S A GOOD GUESSER! WITH A LOUD RUMBLE... THE VOLCANO SPEAKS! FLAME JETS UPWARD.
THE EARTH SHAKES THE SEA HEAVES, AND INFERNO ISLE SINKS, NEVER AGAIN TO BE SEEN BY THE EYES OF MAN!
THE ANGEL CALLS TO THE FLEEING NATIVES!
COME ABOARD FOLKS... WE'LL TAKE YOU TO ANOTHER ISLAND!
WE CAN LAND THEM ON THAT ISLAND OVER...
DON'T POINT, MISTER! YOU'RE LIABLE TO BLOW UP THE PACIFIC OCEAN
NEW YORK, AND HOME!
AREN'T YOU GOING TO TELL ME WHO YOU ARE?
THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL!
THE ANGEL STRIKES AGAIN! IN ANOTHER EXCITING ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL Comics

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Allow 10 Days

25c

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